



THE  
ORIENTALIST,  
OR  
ELECTIONEERING  
IN  
IRELAND.

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VOL. II.



THE  
ORIENTALIST,  
OR  
ELECTIONEERING  
IN  
IRELAND;  
*A TALE,*  
BY MYSELF.

*Hominem pagani nostra sinit — Mart.*  
**Men and then Manners I describe.**

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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# THE ORIENTALIST.

## CHAPTER I.

‘ To represent is but to personate,  
Which should be truly done at any rate ;  
Thus they who ’re fairly chose without a fee,  
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty ;  
But when a seat is sold by th’ venal tribe,  
He represents them best—who takes a bribe.’

ALL was bustle and expectation in the town and neighbourhood of Ballanaghiera, the ensuing Monday having been appointed by the High Sheriff of the County, for the purpose of electing Knights of the Shire to serve in parliament: the adherents of each candidate

were, or affected to be, certain of success. Lady Llancharne had returned to Hill Town: Frederic, by desire of his father, had reluctantly attended her, in order to permit his cousin to remain at the castle; as Lord Llancharne's unalterable good humour and equal flow of spirits had proved inexhaustible resources against *ennui*: thus was Frederic deprived of witnessing a scene he had long anticipated with impatience. Elaborate and contradictory advertisements were daily published to amuse the voters, who were earnestly called upon to take into their serious consideration, the solemn oath against bribery, or corrupt and illegal practices, whilst underhand every temptation was held out to make them forsworn, and every description of *gift* and *reward* were both directly and indirectly tendered and given to them, and to each of their *kindred*, by whom it was supposed they could be influenced.

Threats of distraining on gale days<sup>1</sup>—

endless promises of forbearing to call in rent—of renewing leases—of permission to cut turf—gather heath—with the use of town-parks—and innumerable offers to purchase old worn-out horses, lean cows, *superannuated* fowl, &c. &c., were hourly made and accepted ; whilst the electors (with certain exceptions) virtuously professed to observe their duty to their country—to their conscience, and to their God—and piously declared they would not for any consideration incur his eternal displeasure, by abusing that sacred oath which they were to take in his presence—yet all the while they were taking the oath, *some few* took every thing else that was offered to them.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of the County had been convened, to consider of a ‘ Reform of Parliament’—and the people were entreated to come to the meeting with a ‘firmness of spirit becoming Irishmen who knew their rights, and were resolved to maintain

them'—as the object of it, included in it every thing dear to freemen, the assemblage was numerous and respectable. The following constitutional test was drawn up by the delegates of the different parishes, appointed by the freeholders for conducting the election of the county in such a manner as was most conducive to its interest, and was proposed to all the candidates for the honour of representing the county in parliament.

“ I, A— B.—do solemnly promise and declare, that if I shall have the honour to represent this county in the ensuing Parliament, I will not accept any place, pension, title or emolument under government, for myself or any other person, either by transference, reversion, or any species of equivocal collusion, during the existence of such parliament. And I do further solemnly promise and engage myself to my constituents, that I will endeavour to the utmost of my power, to promote and procure, and having

procured, to maintain and continue acts of the legislature, for establishing a more fair and equal representation of the people in parliament.—For vindicating all the legal rights of the people, especially the grand privilege, absolute freedom of election.—For subjecting each candidate for a seat in parliament to an oath against his having used bribery, or any other illegal or unconstitutional means of gaining his election. — For excluding pensioners from sitting in the house of Commons, and for reducing the number of placemen as much as is consistent with the public service.

“ I do further promise and bind myself to my constituents, by every assurance that a man of Honour can give or expect, that I shall, at all times, and on all occasions, exactly pursue such instructions as they, constitutionally assembled, think proper to give me—

“ To be, signed, &c.”

This test the different candidates were called upon to subscribe as the

touchstone by which the people were to judge of their individual merits, and by which the electors were to determine whom they ought to trust.

Mr. Taswell cheerfully acceded to it, thereby devoting himself (as his party declared) solely to the service of the people. Mr. Jesswunt refused to affix his signature, as did Lord Glenarm and Sir Edmond Harleigh, but from different motives. The Orientalist's independent spirit, spurned the idea of being trammelled by any party or promise. Lord Glenarm demurred at it, as derogatory to his dignity: when the paper was presented to him, he asked the gentleman by whom it was held, whether he should have his support, and that of his friends, provided he signed it? The answer was, that his Lordship should not have *his* on any terms. Lord Glenarm then begged leave to observe: "My friends on my right tell me, if I  
"put my name to this paper, I shall not  
"have their support. This gentleman,  
"who I must suppose speaks the senti-

“ments of those on my left, tells me I  
“shall not have his, even though I do  
“comply with his request. I therefore  
“certainly must decline subscribing  
“to it.”

Sir Edmond Harleigh also objected, because——because he knew not why! These refusals gave rise to various scurrilous publications.

Monday brought an innumerable concourse of people to the hustings. The partisans of each candidate were distinguished by different insignia. Lord Glenarm's friends wore light brown beavers, with knots of royal purple. Mr. Taswell's had bunches of shamrock affixed to theirs. Sir Edmond Harleigh's sported blue ribbands, upon which were stamped a harp and crown in gold; and Mr. Jeswunt's laurel. The noise and confusion of voices, whilst the crowd pressed backward and forward from one poll booth to another, precluded the possibility of the candidates being heard, until Lord Llancharne, with in-



## THE ORIENTALIST.

vincible good humour, and the oft-repeated entreaty of "Let us *hear* ; silence," "boys," at last succeeded ; and upon the first moment of tranquillity, they were thus addressed by Mr. Taswell.

"Give me leave, Gentlemen Electors, in the fulness of my heart, to express the overflowing feelings of gratitude which you have excited for the distinguished honour conferred upon me, by your flattering invitation to become once more the champion of your rights. You do me but justice in relying on my exertions. I will ever prove myself, as heretofore, worthy of your confidence ; but I need not enlarge on my past conduct, or my well-known attachment, to that best of causes, in which you are embarked. My principles have been tried, and are too long known to you, to require my engrossing a greater portion of your valuable time in expatiating upon them. However, I must say that I am doubly gratified by your invitation, as a malicious and unfounded report

has been industriously circulated, that my health would not permit me to offer myself here this day. I rejoice to say it *is unfounded*; but although contrived, and even placarded for electioneering purposes, it was too despicable an artifice to require a contradiction from me. However, let not the cowardly promulgator shield himself beneath my contempt; let him boldly avow himself, and he shall find that I have a hand steady enough—a heart brave enough—and an arm strong enough to chastise him as he deserves.

“ Excuse me, Gentlemen, for calling your attention to an object so insignificant. I would exhort you to assert and vindicate your rights as *free electors*, not merely now invaded, but long borne down and oppressed. My ambition leads me to wish that I should owe my success to your unprejudiced voice; my glorious hope is, to come in as the representative of the independence of the county, and my earnest entreaty that

you, my valued friends, will continue to deserve the noble appellation of the free, honest, and independent electors of the county of A —— !”

This speech was frequently interrupted by shouts of applause, and Mr. Taswell visibly affected by the universal acclamation; and much exhausted with the exertion he had used, sat down amidst loud huzzas. He was seconded by Mr. Poulton to the following effect :

“ Persevere, ye sons of freedom, in the glorious cause ! Continue to support your worthy, your chosen candidate, Mr. Taswell, who cheerfully subscribed the test which you proposed, and who stands on the true grounds of constitutional liberty ! so shall you save yourselves and your country from slavery and bondage.—Your rights and liberties are at stake ! The freedom of election, the most valuable right you possess, is at stake ! Continue, my countrymen, to defend it ! The rejection of the proposed test by the other honourable candidates,

renders them in fact independent of every other consideration, utterly ineligible. This is a new unthought of circumstance, which bars every claim founded on a previous *promise*.

“ You would not have judged such a thing binding, had any subsequent discovery been made of treasonable designs harboured in the breasts of these gentlemen; and doth not their refusal to give you that security for the rectitude and disinterestedness of their future conduct, excite justifiable suspicions, of the worst of all treasons, of treacherous designs against your *liberty*—against the sacred majesty of the people.

Remember that Mr. Taswell was long in parliament, and that he always acted in the most honourable, free, and independent manner, ensuring to him the confidence and esteem of the *really independent* electors of this county. Remember that Mr. Taswell is the steady friend to the freedom of election, proving

himself equally the friend of the people, and of their liberties!"

Shouts of Taswell for ever! Taswell for ever! rent the air, and Mr. Poulton retired. Sir Edmond Harleigh next presented himself, and began with

"When last I had the honour to address you from this place, gentlemen, I urged every reason which could be adduced to convince you of my good wishes—(still the same 'pon honour!) and of my humble hopes of your support. I now beg to remind you, that I conscientiously discharged the trust then reposed in me by my constituents, and feel satisfied that they will at least do me the favour to concur in the assertion that I neither *bought* their support nor sold their interests! As nothing *new*, gentlemen, remains to be said upon the subject, I shall beg leave to conclude; first reminding you, gentlemen electors, that as I never sold myself, I hope you will never sell me!"

Secretly admiring the wonderful effort he had made, and quite pleased with himself, Sir Edmond sat down, and was seconded by Archdeacon Sloane.

“ Most worthy Electors ; I heartily give you joy, that my valued friend, Sir Edmond Harleigh, has again offered himself to your acceptance : from my intimate knowledge of his character and conduct, I know, should you appoint him to the honour of which he is so deserving, he will neither have to reproach himself nor you to accuse him, of having tampered with your consciences” (or kissed your wives!) whispered Llancharne *en passant* ; unmindful of the interruption, the Archdeacon continued, gravely :

“ It becomes my duty to remind you, that when you are called upon to prove yourselves honest and good men, you must show that nothing can induce you to act contrary to your real sentiments. Be not afraid to refuse, like honest men, to take the solemn oath against bribery,

corruption, or influence. If you feel in your own minds that landlords, agents, or persons who take an active part against your liberty, have attempted to influence you contrary to your inclinations,—whenever they or any other person shall venture to impose *any bias* on your dispositions, either by *promises* or *threats*, by encouragements or discouragements, as to any thing or expectation whatsoever, either with regard to turf or furze, timber or lime, grazing or town-parks, or any advantage or disadvantage that can happen to you,—I say, whenever any matter of that nature comes to your minds, you cannot take that solemn oath; you will therefore by steadily refusing it act like honest and conscientious men, who would not fly in the face of their Maker by such horrid perjury !”

• When Lord Glenarm stood forward, he was greeted by an encouraging cheer; yet he looked agitated, and seemed half afraid to trust his voice ;

but in a few moments this wore off, and he became animated and emphatic. His first words were lost, or not distinctly heard; but he proceeded to say, without further hesitation,—“ I consider the opportunity thus afforded me of addressing the freeholders of this county, one of the proudest moments of my life! Impelled by the honest motives of my own heart, and encouraged by the generous smiles of *your* favour, I have solicited your independent suffrages on the general election. Should you do me the honour to elect me to the important trust of representing your county, although I may not from any reference to my parliamentary conduct *hitherto*, presume to speak of myself, yet I will boldly affirm, that gratitude the strongest and the noblest tie, shall bind me to your interest, and to the latest period of my life, I will remember your honourable approbation.

“In the senate I shall labour to alleviate the burthens of this kingdom, nearly



sinking beneath the weight of unmerited oppression. Should your personal freedom or property be threatened with any hostile attack, I shall strive, by my strenuous endeavours, to repel the invasion. My feeble voice shall ever be ready to stem the torrent of corruption when about to sweep away, by its rapid flood, those rights or liberties which our ancestors bravely fought to establish for *you* their descendants.

“But, alas! I lament to say there are, who, driven on by the fury of ambition to extend their power, are regardless of the bounds the constitution hath set to them; to go beyond which, is an insult offered to the laws, an infringement on the people’s rights. For crimes like these, our history furnishes the instance of one monarch’s blood being shed on the scaffold as an atonement for his offence; and of another being driven from his throne as the punishment of his folly. Will, then, such conduct pass uncensured in Lords or Commoners; or

will you crown with public honours the men who place their hopes of success, not in you, but in them? God forbid! The political delinquency of such persons during their mis-representation of the people, must induce you to reject, with disdain, all future applications which can but serve to remind you that you once trusted them.

“ Although I now present myself un-recommended to your favour and protection—because you know me not—I shall hereafter come forward with other claims on your affection. My hopes of your support are not bounded by the present occasion; I look forward to the expectancy of some future day, when you will again delegate your share of the legislative authority, with confidence of deserving and receiving the honour of that appointment at your hands by the unanimous voice of the county, as a reward for having faithfully discharged the duty I owed to my country.”

His lordship was seconded by the

Viscount Llancharne, who thus addressed the electors :—

“ My Countrymen ;

“ I beg to congratulate you upon the happy prospect you have this day, of securing to yourselves representatives of *great promise* ; men of sterling worth and sound understanding : Sir Edmond Harleigh’s merits are long known to you, and he has just assured you, that he is still the same ! (a general laugh). The late member Mr. Taswell’s political conduct, requires no comment. We all feel that his talents have ever been exerted for our advantage—his life devoted to our service ! His name, as an upright legislator, is engraven on our hearts. He virtuously holds in abhorrence the measures of any administration which threatens to encroach upon the liberty of his country ; nor has he deigned to unite himself with any man, no matter how elevated his station, who would sacrifice or infamously barter the

interest of the state for private emolument!

“Of my noble relative, Lord Glenarm, I *am* proud. He is admirably calculated to do equal justice to the interests of his constituents, and of the state. His superior endowments are peculiarly adapted to adorn the senatorial situation to which he aspires. Your confident reliance upon his faithful and prompt exertions for your weal, are neither misplaced nor fated to be deceived. Actuated by the animating sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the principles of our constitution (hitherto unrivalled for excellence and freedom), Lord Glenarm will become the distinguished ornament of his country, the able supporter of national independence. His lordship is the friend of Ireland, because he is equally the enlightened and constitutional friend of the empire: his expansive mind will ever be found cool in its researches, and steady in maintaining

projects conceived for the nation's welfare.

“ Of the other candidate, I may not presume to speak, as any knowledge I have acquired of his character, is not drawn from personal observation ; but of my Lord Glenarm I unhesitatingly affirm, that should you repose on him, and your discriminating voice select his lordship as one of your representatives in parliament, he will invariably consult your inclinations ; nay, more—when matters of national importance may come before that legislative body to which he hopes to be by you deputed, he will not alone require your advice, but act in conformity to it, uninfluenced by the traitor's bribe—unwarped by the flatteries—unawed by the frowns or threats of those who would betray you !”

“ A clap for Lord Glenarm ; but 'tis “ your honour we mean,” was roared by a thousand voices at once. “ Hell's “ blazes to him that wouldn't send your

“honour to parliament, without a coat  
“to your back, afore any one of them  
“all—But we’ve lost *it*—Cree crathih  
“chooha—(a vexed heart to them) that  
“took it from us. Muh voloughth ur-  
“rha (my curse upon them). Och Erin  
“ma vourneen slau lath go bragh!”—  
(Erin, my darling lost for ever).

The Viscount bowing expressively to the crowd, took his cousin’s arm, saying, “Perplex me, Sidney, but I think  
“it better to escape with a coat, torn  
“as it is, than to remain here in *cuerpo*,  
“and be left without one to my back;  
“which these gentlemen, it would seem,  
“consider a mark of distinction. But  
“where the deuce is Jesswunt all this  
“time? I have not yet seen him.”

“He was here this moment,” replied Lord Glenarm; “I was speaking to him  
“as you entered.”

“Why did not you show him to me;  
“I am really curious to see him; for  
“somehow we have never met. Is he

“ the invincible, the *maraviglioso adolo-*  
“ *cénzo* he has been described to us ?”

“ Not the invincible, I trust; but  
“ come, stroll down street, and I will  
“ introduce him to you; you may then  
“ judge whether he is this all-conquering  
“ hero,” was the reply, and the Viscount  
left the hustings.

Three of the candidates having addressed the multitude, and declared their sentiments, it now remained for the Orientalist to express his. He was called for, advanced, and bowing gracefully, all was in a moment hushed around.

## CHAPTER II.

‘ *Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.*’

‘ Good sense and nature always speak the same.’

“ MY Friends!” he exclaimed, “ And though not my fellow countrymen, still,” he emphatically repeated, “ my friends! dear to my heart by almost every association which can unite man to his fellow-man!” (a burst of applause for some time suspended his address) “ What, though I have not the happiness to boast, that Ireland is my native soil, is she the less dear to my soul? when, after traversing Europe, and the greater part of the eastern hemisphere, I return to her hospitable shores in search of happiness and home, as the country chosen of my heart, and dear to me as my native clime. Proud to claim such a mother! may I not hope



to be received in her bosom, acknowledged as her adopted son, and to cherish with fraternal affection, and be cherished by my adopted brethren, whilst I study to render myself worthy of their esteem, by endeavouring to deserve it !”

Acclamations were here redoubled, hats and wigs darkened the air, and for many minutes it was impossible to hear any thing but a confused murmur of approbation. Silence once more obtained, he thus resumed—

“ I will not dwell upon the circumstances which induced me to seek a naturalization in this country ; they are already understood ; and since I have obtained the privileges of a British subject, I should deem myself unworthy of the name, were I capable of abusing them. It hath been objected against me, that I am an “ *Alien* ;” I cannot deny that I have not long enjoyed the pleasure of being known to you ; but short as that knowledge may be, I am induced

to flatter myself, it is an introduction to a further and lasting intimacy, I do not seek to blazon my own merits; but should you, my much-respected friends, place the laurel of success on my brow, I must say, that I am no *Alien* from your regards; you have *naturalized* me in your affections, and, believe me, I will never become an *absentee* to your interests.”—(Fresh applause).

“ So much hath been already said to you by the gentlemen who preceded me, it may appear superfluous in me to trouble you with any thing further; but the cause is of such importance, I cannot be silent. You are now called upon to declare to the world, whether you are really *men of spirit*, or dishonest, abject slaves, undeserving of the name of Irishmen! No person can merit the former, who has not a high relish for those inestimable rights which, founded on nature, and confirmed to him by the constitution, discriminate a British subject from the slaves in France, or in

Turkey. And in vain shall ye profess a regard for those privileges, if you be deterred from the faithful discharge of your duty as electors—a duty of the highest obligation—by the menaces of a landlord —perhaps a peer, who tramples at once on reason, the constitution, and the laws, by daring to interfere in elections. Can he be worthy of the name of man, who goeth like the patient ox, with a yoke upon his neck to his master's crib? Or like the fawning spaniel, licks the dust from off his feet, for the sake of his paltry scraps, or from fear of the feeble uplifted arm?

“ The sovereign power of the state has its foundation amongst, and resides ultimately with, the Electors. They choose that body, which by retaining control over the national purse, can yet say to tyranny, ‘ Shorten thy strides, or measure back thy presumptuous steps;’ but that *yet* will be of short duration, if the electors for counties do not conscientiously choose those whose

conduct hath been, or promises to be directed to the public good—spurning the application of such as never have given, and possibly never may give a single vote with a view to that great object, whose very offer of their disservices is an insult to the understandings of the people, and who rely for success on that interest and influence which are a direct invasion of their rights. Are ye honest? are ye just? Whoever defrauds his neighbour in a trifling matter of property, forfeits his claim to that character; and shall he retain it, who defrauds not one neighbour, but the whole great community, where the security of property, liberty, and life is at stake?

“ People may possibly lull their consciences asleep in matters of this sort; but if there be an obligation on us from nature and religion, to do what is fair, what is honest, what is praiseworthy for the good of mankind, it is here transcendently great; it is not an

individual that solicits your justice, your beneficence, or your charity; but it is the collective body of the empire that pleads for the preservation of the rights of the present race, and of posterity; for it cannot be disputed, that whoever discharges this trust with fidelity, contributes, as far as in him lies, to this greatest of all ends; whosoever betrays it, is guilty of the vilest baseness, and does what he can to accumulate misery on countless thousands.

“Think then of your ancestors, of yourselves, and of your descendants, and approve yourselves as worthy guardians of your endangered franchises in the eyes of your country, and of that God, who hath called you to be free, and by whom I trust your choice will be directed!”

The Orientalist ceased; but it would be difficult to convey a just idea of the rapturous plaudits he obtained; it were better not attempted. He was seconded by Mr. Wilder, senior, who exclaimed—

“ Rejoice, ye sons of freedom, rejoice ! the bondage under which the county of A—— hath groaned for years, will now have an end, and liberty from your support will triumph. A perseverance for a few days of that noble spirit with which ye are animated, will give to your early candidate, Skeffington Taswell (whose name stands recorded in the Journals of Parliament as an inflexible patriot), a colleague of equal worth—every man will cry out, this must be the incorruptible Jesswunt !”

Mr. Wilder found it impossible to proceed ; the clamour of the multitude could no longer be restrained ; mingled shouts were heard of

“ Taswell for ever !”—“ Jesswunt the incorruptible !”—“ The inflexible Patriot Taswell !”—“ Hats aff for Lord Glenarm, and succiss to HIM.”

Whilst Sir Edmond Harleigh, and the true blues narrowly escaped a groan, one of the Baronet’s humble adherents, more zealous than judicious, ventured

to cry " Sir Edmond Harleigh, and good *look* (*i. e.* luck) to him !"

" Arrah, may be it's good *looks* to him, " you mane—Chioun pooka err botthah," (the death's head on a mopstick), was the reply—to which was added, " Musha " then Blarney, the less yourself says " on that head the better, for it's he " that has but a *blue* chance of succiss, " Chioun eon," (the ninny hammer). Bunches of laurel entwined with shamrock, and fastened to long poles, were triumphantly carried in honour of the most popular candidates. A fellow seizing an old brown wig, hoisted it on the end of his shillelagh, and paraded it about as emblematical of the beavers worn by the Clanroy party, humorously crying, " Hibernia be damned—down " with the shamrock—Britannia for " ever." This trophy was indignantly snatched, and alternately rescued and re-snatched by the contending parties, until not a remnant of it remained, when a loud voice vociferated

“ Bad manners to yourself and Britannia—By de holy Saint Patrick, who  
 “ rid us of all vinemous reptiles, de lion  
 “ shall never trample on de shamrock !”

“ Abbirr shuin ah ghonee,” (say that always) my hearty, was returned by some of the populace.

The day being far advanced, each candidate polled but one tally, when the high sheriff adjourned to the following morning at ten o'clock. At the close of the second day's poll, the numbers stood as follow :

For Lord Glenarm . . .	96
Mr. Taswell . . .	88
Mr. Jesswunt . . .	53
Sir E. Harleigh . . .	47

Thus far Lord Glenarm was crowned with success—his friends congratulated him on the superiority of his numbers, and insinuated that the reports of the Orientalist's wonderful popularity must either have been exaggerated, or without foundation ; if true, it had proved of no avail. The Viscount's hopes arose



in proportion to the accounts he had heard of his adversary's indolence, when at the conclusion of the third day, the majority was still in his own favour. Speculating upon the probable advantage to be derived from courting the gentlemen freeholders, many parties had been given at the castle, for the purpose of bringing together Lord Glenarm, and those from whom he looked for support, and to whom by his having hitherto resided in England, he was but little known. To judges of men and manners, his Lordship appeared what he really was, amiable, sensible, and well-informed; to those of inferior discrimination, he judiciously adapted his conversation and attentions, with an ease, which at once proclaimed the gentleman of finished education, and happily removed all inequality arising either from diffidence or ignorance. Lord Clanroy professed himself an enemy to *faction*, and to have the real interest of the country solely at heart; yet it was

suspected that his wish to emancipate the county, as he was pleased to term it, arose but from a desire to dictate to it; and many of the neighbouring gentlemen felt with concern that they had been unwarily drawn in by an early canvass, and before Sir Edmond Harleigh had started into a promise of leaving their second voices at the disposal of the Earl. Upon the junction with the Baronet, some were of opinion, and argued, that although trammelled by their previous promise, they would not submit to an unfair monopoly, to the exclusion of Mr. Taswell, and that if such were attempted, they would hold themselves freed from their indiscreet engagement. His services to the county in general, and to individuals in particular, were strenuously urged by his friends, and memorable passages from his speeches were extracted from the Parliamentary Debates, and republished, wherein it appeared, to the confusion of his enemies, that his warmest

efforts had been exerted to procure an equal trade for Ireland, and in the plain unambiguous sense of the phrase, to place her upon an equal footing as to commerce, with England herself; that she might bear in the mercantile scale a similar balance, and her sons of every religious persuasion be permitted to enjoy all the common immunities which are extended to the other members of the state. His competitors could not produce such titles or prove themselves equally deserving of support: it was true the Orientalist and Lord Glenarm had not had similar opportunities, and Sir Edmond Harleigh was looked upon as a complete cipher.

Thus the Electors vacillated between the tried and untried candidates for their favour. Taswell's friends urged his past parliamentary services—Jesswunt spoke not of what he had done in the neighbourhood, and made no promises; but though he was silent as to these particulars, others were loud in rehearsing

the advantages he had procured for the town, and pleaded for him his vicinity and claims as a neighbour and man of weight and property, to whom they could at any time have access, and who, united with Mr. Taswell, would assuredly promote the interest of the county. Lord Glenarm and Sir Edmond were denominated 'Absentees' and 'House lodgers;' yet, with unaccountable inconsistency, to these very men were the electors, by the judicious management and affability of the Earl, bound to afford their unequivocal support.

Some of these wavering characters had been invited, together with Lord Clanroy's family, to a dinner party at Mr. Stewart's, to which Sir Edmond Harleigh had sent an apology. One of the company, a plain honest country gentleman, much pleased with Lord Glenarm's sentiments, and impressed with a just sense of his merits, deplored his own inability to second his Lord-

ship's interest, not from any previous promise, but from a regular catalogue of obligations which he conceived that Sir Edmond had imposed on him, and in return for which, he said he now intended to give him "a plumper." Mr. Drumgoole was seated between Lady Eleanor and Nourhan, to whom he thus uninterruptedly detailed his vast debt of obligation—

"He was the best friend I ever saw. It was he got me made high sheriff of the county——by-the-bye I lost two thousand pounds by it. When my wife died he wrote me a beautiful letter, which I kept to this minute. He sent my eldest son then in his last illness, a commission in a marching regiment. At his next visit he inquired the name of my son there, and on hearing it was the same as mine, said he loved him for it. He then took down the name of my *other* son Bob in his pocket-book—not that I ever heard any thing about it since"—(Lord Llancharne with difficulty

suppressed a fit of laughter at a *debt* of gratitude which had left the *donee* minus two thousand pounds). “ Nay, more, he gave me a lease of a large tract of mountain farm considerably under its value, on which I planted six and twenty thousand trees, and had nearly walled it in, when an ejectment was brought upon the title; we went ding dong to law, and after an expensive suit I was defeated and regularly ejected. On this occasion, indeed, his friendship appeared more than ever: he grieved for my disappointment as if it had been his own, and promised to make me a recompense superior to my loss—though by-the-bye I have heard nothing of that since; but last week he offered, if I would accompany him to Dublin, to carry me to levee, to introduce me *himself* to his Ex—c—n—cy the L—d L—t—n—t; and as a still further proof of his high regard, to procure me the honour of Knighthood! But poor Mrs. Drumgoole cannot now share the credit, or enjoy

the felicity and honour of being called my Lady—so I have my doubts whether it would be seemly in me to accept, after her death, what would have been the joy of her heart had she lived.”

“ But the great probability is, that “ you may marry again, Sir,” returned Lord Llancharne; “ and your second “ choice have an equal taste for such a “ distinguished title.”

“ If your Lordship has influence in “ the quarter where I would choose,” resumed Mr. Drumgoole, looking tenderly at Nourhan, “ and will promise, “ that if I play the old fool and seek for “ a young wife, I shall not be laughed at “ for my pains, I may think seriously “ about it—”

“ Now, Harry,” whispered Frederic, “ would it not be a heresy to utter ‘ *Vie-lards qui deviendrez maris, mettez bien “ vos lunettes?*’ I could not for the soul “ of me mar Nourhan’s pleasing pros- “ pects—could you?”

“ These favours,” continued Mr.

Drumgoole, without waiting for Lord Llancharne's reply, "have bound me to Sir Edmond." Some person with whom the Baronet was not so *deservedly* a favourite, observed, that it would be a pity if such a useful friend and generous fellow did not now succeed, as it would be *unknown* the additional obligations he might still confer. Mr. Drumgoole, though not always happy in the selection of his own expressions, understood the point and replied—

"I perceive, Sir, you mean the contrary  
"is the reverse. However I have not ad-  
"vanced any thing with respect to Sir Ed-  
"mond but my *own* sentiments, and what  
"I can prove. He is I know generally  
"considered a parsa——parsi——"

"——monious," gently whispered Nourhan.

"Penurious," said Lady Eleanor, thinking the difficulty had arisen from natural impediment of speech, and wishing by the substitution of another word, to relieve the embarrassment.



“ A parsinurious man,” resumed Mr. Drumgoole, with a bow expressive of thanks to each lady, and happily blending in the term the information jointly communicated—“ But I want not his “ wealth; his friendship is the thing—*that* “ he has proved, and with *that* I am “ satisfied.”

Mrs. Stewart recollecting that Lady Clanroy had not coveted Mrs. Poulton's acquaintance, although she had suffered that lady's presence at the masquerade, and had afterwards visited at Poulton Place ; now purposely omitted to invite any of that family to dinner ; but to leave them out altogether would have been petty treason ; she therefore sent a card for the evening. Not having an idea that Mrs. Stewart had company, Mrs. Poulton arrived whilst they were at table, and most unexpectedly made her appearance with the *dessert*. She stood too well in her own opinion to fear her company could ever be considered intrusive ; therefore, without an apology

for her premature arrival, she gratulated herself aloud upon being in such good time. Her familiar salutation was by Lady Clanroy returned with chilling indifference; but her feelings were not sufficiently sensitive to understand that a Countess, with mortifying condescension, quite distinct from real regard, could, upon a significant look from an Earl, express a volume of polite interest for her and Mr. Poulton's welfare, without feeling other than sovereign contempt for either. And whilst Lady Clanroy lost no opportunity of looking Mrs. Poulton into insignificance, that lady's ignorance of fashionable life was of such advantage, that she felt obliged and fully entitled to her Ladyship's highest consideration. A beholder, without the aid of Ithuriel's spear, could have read the secrets of both hearts.

When the Castle party had retired, Mrs. Poulton inquired if any body could

tell who or what Miss Vatchel really was—adding with significant winks and nods that she was monstrous like the ould lord, and pretending a knowledge of circumstances not universally known, but of which she affected much information. When pressed by Archdeacon Sloane to explain her inuendoes, she replied—

“ It is no *uinendo* of mine, Archdeacon,  
“ but the plain truth—poor Lady Clan-  
“ roy told me as much—however, I’ll say  
“ no more—but I’d bet a *fippenny* she  
“ hasn’t them diamonds and fine clothes  
“ for nothing—the girl’s a stranger—  
“ and mind my words—if she doesn’t  
“ turn out—my Lordship’s daughter—  
“ or his *mawchereami*. But there’s them  
“ present (looking at her daughters)  
“ has twenty thousand golden shiners  
“ for their potion—though they don’t  
“ hold their heads as high as that  
“ Miss——”

“ I have always heard that Lady

“Clanroy intends a handsome fortune for Miss Vatchel,” observed Mrs. Stewart.

“Aye, poor thing,” returned Mrs. Poulton, with an accent of sympathy, “glad I suppose to get rid of her at any price—for the husband is as fond of her as if she was kiff or kin to him.”

“His Lordship’s interest too—” interrupted Fortescue, thinking aloud, “would be a great temptation to some men to pay court to the reigning favourite. And the young men all seem as fond of Miss Vatchel as of Lady Eleanor.”

“That is another heart-break to my poor dear Countess,” rejoined Mrs. Poulton; “for sartain that Vatchel is a dangerous girl to leave in the way of a young parson.”

The Archdeacon, who had whimsically combined in idea the young lady’s beauty with the expected portion from Lady Clanroy, together with

the Earl's interest, now acknowledged that she was a girl whom no person could behold with indifference, and "on the hint," he determined to lose no time in ascertaining her expectations, and making known his sentiments in her favour, never dreaming of a refusal.

Ensign Fortescue had, in imagination, advanced by quick marches to the first place in Miss Vatchel's good opinion, and with the Earl's assistance to a company—majority—and 'tis well if a field-marshal's baton would have circumscribed his views, had he not been compelled to halt—and attend Mrs. Poulton to her carriage; whilst Mr. David, regardless equally of fortune or interest, remembered but the young lady's personal charms, and silently resolved to try the weight of his money and accomplishments, by making Miss Vatchel a tender of his hand. Thus from different motives had Mrs. Poulton, by her envy and malevolence, roused

three admirers, where she wished to have sunk in character, and to have crushed an innocent unoffending young female.

## CHAPTER III.

-‘ *Intus et in jecore ægro*

*Nascuntur domini-*

‘ Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.’

HITHERTO Lord Glenarm had every prospect of success ; but the Orientalist proved himself to be an able general, and towards the close of the election, poured in such a number of votes, that upon the day expected to be the last but one of the contest, Lord Glenarm found, to his inexpressible chagrin, that both of his opponents had the advantage of him, one by twenty-nine, the other twenty-five. Sir Edmond Harleigh had withdrawn, and returned to Dublin. Despatching a hasty line to his mother expressive of regret at the disappointment his father should experience, Lord Glenarm intreated the Countess to lose

no time in driving to Ballanaghiera, saying, that nothing less than her personal interference exerted in his behalf, could turn the balance. That he apprehended he was completely thrown out, as he had but forty-three to poll upon whom he could calculate, and that by all accounts, Begum had double that number.

This unpleasant intelligence much surprised Lady Clanroy. The defeat of her son was in itself a circumstance sufficiently mortifying, without the aggravation of his being frustrated in the centre of his father's territories and dependants, by a stranger whom she considered an insignificant. Ingenerated meanness, she charitably supposed, had best instructed him how to gain such advantages; his great wealth, the only recommendation she could allow him to possess, had, she concluded, been lavished upon the vulgar herd, who, regardless of the pretensions of her son, were now going to discard a nobleman



for a nobody—Ordering round the barouche, which had been early in readiness, the harnesses decorated with orange and purple ribbands, she drove towards the hustings, but the crowd was excessive: the drivers finding the horses nearly unmanageable, drew up in front of the principal inn. The carriage was instantly surrounded by a number of gentlemen, who prevailed on the Countess, Lady Eleanor, and Nourhan, to alight. Pressing invitations to visit different adjoining houses were politely declined; and the Countess entering the Clanroy Arms, desired to have an apartment, from whence she could see and converse with whom she pleased. They were accordingly shown into a room, the windows of which were not separated by either area or railing from the street. In deep conversation stood the Dean of Corbally and Lady Clanroy at one window, whilst Lady Eleanor and Nourhan at the other, affably saluted the electors as they passed: the sashes

were thrown up, and the busy scene being perfectly novel, and on Glenarm's account, particularly interesting, they were for some time highly amused.

Innumerable bulletins passed from the hotel to the hustings ; the Countess wished to encourage Lord Glenarm, whose replies were desponding. Although secretly mortified at his probable defeat, Lady Eleanor affected to treat the matter with indifference, and was about to retire from the window to join her mother, who seemed greatly depressed, when a party of gentlemen approached, amongst whom she recognized the elder Mr. Wilder. Conceiving him to be one of her brother's friends, she instantly courtesied, addressed him, and in hope of hearing something satisfactory to communicate, inquired what prospect Lord Glenarm had then of success. He bowed distantly, and gave an evasive answer ; but the tones of her voice having reached the gentleman's ear, upon whom Mr. Wilder leaned, he

started—and turning round, displayed the well-remembered features of the Stranger, the person who Lady Eleanor had, by her cousin, been informed, was Mr. Macgloughlin.

The recollection of her seeming neglect instantly recurred to her; she wished to apologize for it, and for the inattention, though undesigned, of her family; but it was an awkward subject to introduce before strangers. Whilst returning, with ill-concealed embarrassment, his involuntary salutation, they advanced, and in her endeavours to appear tranquil, she rather abruptly introduced the existing contest, unguardedly mentioned the disappointment Lord Glenarm was likely to experience, in which she truly sympathized, and expatiated upon the high character of his opponent; lamenting they could not mutually succeed, as perhaps equally deserving of success.

When the stranger recognized Lady Eleanor, instead of flying from attrac-

tions he had found irresistibly fascinating, he felt as if rivetted to the ground—a mutual embarrassment (although arising from different causes) prevented a detection of it in each other, but it did not escape Mr. Wilder's observation, who became unusually reserved. When she ceased to speak, he said—

“ May I beg to inquire, Madam, if  
“ Mr. Jesswunt has the honour of being  
“ known to your Ladyship ? ”

“ I am not personally acquainted with  
“ the gentleman,” she replied—

With much surprise Mr. Wilder continued—“ Is it possible ? Have you not  
“ met him in company ? ”

“ Never to my knowledge, I assure  
“ you, Mr. Wilder,” she returned ; “ and  
“ although he is the only person in this  
“ neighbourhood whom I have the least  
“ curiosity to behold, yet, strange to  
“ say, I have never had an oppor-  
“ tunity of seeing him.” Addressing the stranger who had paid marked attention to her words, whilst an animated smile

lighted up her features, as the idea of what she was about to express crossed her mind, she added—"When we meet, "I am convinced I shall know him by "intuition—I have heard such innumerable anecdotes of his munificence, "such endless traits of philanthropy "and benevolence, that I expect to find "them legibly traced in every lineament of his face."

Her smile was contagious, and at this remark became general, except with Nourhan and the stranger, who, with a heightened colour, observed, "The "reports of such extraordinary merits "are mere *persiflage*."

"Nay, Mr. —, Mr. — (Macgloughlin, "she could not call to mind), think me "not so illiberal as even to question "the Orientalist's pretensions to so much "virtue, *because* he is unhappily the "opponent of my relative. I have already declared my conviction of his "superior merits; they are too universally extolled to leave a doubt upon

“ my mind of their existence ; and I repeat my regrets that good old Mr. Taswell did not quietly follow Sir Edmond Harleigh’s example, and leave the younger, and, in my humble opinion, *as* deserving candidates, to share the honours and fatigues of the ensuing parliamentary campaign : and *doubly* shall I deplore it if Glenarm be ultimately thrown out.”

Mr. Wilder, who had, during this speech, reflected on the foregoing observations, now rejoined, “ I am not an advocate for placing confidence overmuch, in physiognomy ; the study of the human face divine, is of a nature too complex to be always depended on, even with the assistance of Lavater ; the fancies of men are generally so diversified by different temperature of constitution, that every person possesses some property or propensity wherein none other bears a resemblance, and the smallest variation of feature may materially affect the dis-

“ positions connected with the finest  
“ cast of countenance. It therefore re-  
“ quires a world of experience and time  
“ (which your ladyship has not had  
“ years to acquire) to mature the judg-  
“ ment in forming opinions and conclu-  
“ sions of a man’s general temper of  
“ mind from his countenance.”

The stranger, unwilling to interrupt  
Mr. Wilder now remarked, “ Had Jess-  
“ wunt earlier known your sentiments,  
“ madam, upon the event of this day, I  
“ am confident he would have acted  
“ differently from what he has done ; or  
“ did he now conceive, that his resigna-  
“ tion could afford *you* even a momen-  
“ tary gratification, I am persuaded he  
“ would feel, as I now do ; and by with-  
“ drawing, as I should, find greater satis-  
“ faction in so terminating the contest,  
“ than in the most brilliant victory he  
“ could gain.”

“ You are very obliging, Sir,” returned  
Lady Eleanor, who, with all possible  
*self-approbation*, could not but consider

the compliment too flattering from a stranger. "But I much fear the East-Indian is not altogether so com-pleasant. How I lament that you do not chance to be that identical personage. In that case I should put your *sincerity* to the test, and take advantage of your polite declaration in favour of Glenarm, to whom I should joyfully become the harbinger of such delightful intelligence."

Drawing a letter-case from his pocket, the stranger hastily wrote some lines on a slip of paper with a pencil, and having directed it to the Viscount Glenarm, and presenting it to Lady Eleanor, said, "Lose no time in dispatching this *billet* to his lordship; and let me hope you will at least be convinced of the *sincerity* of my *respect* for your ladyship." Taking Mr. Wilder's arm, and accompanied by the other gentlemen of his party, he hurried away from the hotel, and was soon lost to sight.

"Were those gentlemen speaking to



“ you, Eleanor,” inquired the Countess.  
“ Yes, mamma,” she returned ; “ but  
“ *who* they were, except Mr. Wilder  
“ and *the stranger*, I cannot conjecture ;  
“ and here is a note given me by the  
“ stranger, with peremptory directions  
“ to have it immediately dispatched to  
“ Glenarm.” Nourhan repeated what  
had passed.

“ Truly enigmatical,” said Lady Clan-  
roy, “ but as the horses have been put  
“ to, his request shall be complied with.”  
On reaching the hustings, they sent in  
for Lord Glenarm, who joined them,  
saying—

“ All is lost ; I have decidedly no  
“ chance ; it is thought the poll will  
“ close in half an hour ; there is but one  
“ booth open ; I shall not stay here to  
“ witness Jesswunt’s triumph, but will  
“ start for England in the morning ; I  
“ wish we had not left it ; confound  
“ these paddies.”

Silently giving him the stranger’s  
note, Lady Clanroy patiently waited to

hear the contents; but in the extravagance of his wild and incoherent expressions, their meaning was incomprehensible. “Am I awake? Is this reality? “Where did you get that paper?” he cried, throwing it into the carriage; “who gave it to you? keep me no longer in suspense, but tell me the whole truth at once;” and without hearing the required explanation, his lordship suddenly left them. Smiling at this rhapsody, Lady Eleanor listened with fresh perplexity, whilst the Countess read aloud—

“Mr. Jesswunt presents his compliments to Lord Glenarm, has the honour to apprise his lordship that all opposition has ceased. Mr. Jesswunt will not suffer another man to poll for him, and begs to resign in favour of Lord Glenarm. Happy in this opportunity to gratify Lady Llancharne, Jesswunt devoutly hopes that every satisfaction which unblemished honour can afford, may cheer

Lord Glenarm in the vicissitudes of a political career.

“ *Ballanaghiera, Friday.*”

“ Jesswunt!” repeated Eleanor.

“ Incredible!” said Miss Vatchel.

“ Some clumsy electioneering hoax,” observed the Countess; “ it cannot be possible that the person whom Eleanor and my nephew have so long known, under the several denominations of ‘ the stranger’—‘ sporting ghost’—‘ spirit of the bog,’—and though last, not least horrific, Mr. Mac—something barbarously Irish—should prove at length to be Mr. Jesswunt in *propria persona*.”

“ Really, mamma, it is still a mystery to me,” rejoined Lady Eleanor; “ but there is Mr. Wilder—he may unravel it.” Lady Clanroy bowed; he approached, and with constrained civility, congratulated her upon the triumph Lord Glenarm had obtained—which he

observed was *now* undisputed. The Countess rather haughtily demanded, if the gentleman upon whom he had leaned passing the hotel, were Mr. Jesswunt.

“An hour since,” he replied, “I could, without hesitation have assured your ladyship, that the gentleman of whom you speak, *was* Mr. Jesswunt; but his recent conduct has convinced me he *is* no longer himself, but a madman—or fool. After gaining the point hollow, he knocks under without assigning any reason for so doing, except a woman’s—that he had ‘*changed his mind*,’ forsooth. However, it is to me of little import. He struck in haste, and will repent at leisure. In the height of his frenzy, he asked me to join him in an excursion to the lakes of Killarney; which I begged leave to decline. The inconsistency of his actions make me to apprehend, that his intellects are deranged. Nothing less than insanity could tempt a man to relinquish, when gained, a matter that had created to himself such expense,

and to his friends so much trouble and anxiety. He would have commissioned me before we parted to make his excuses to the freeholders he has deceived; but that I positively refused, as I know of none adequate. Your mighty refined, generous, heroic *gallant* men! (glancing at Lady Eleanor) are in my opinion the most absurd fools (at times) in the creation. However, it may be all for the better; a wavering disposition, guided by caprice (which till within this hour, I never dreamed, was Mr. Jesswunt's character) would make a poor figure in the House of Commons."

Bowing with additional *hauteur*, excited by Mr. Wilder's acerbity of manner, the Countess desired to "drive on" with the hope to escape from a scene where, with loud huzzas and joyous acclamation, the populace proclaimed their regard for their respective patrons. At this moment, a servant, in the Taswell livery, covered with dust and on horseback, made his way through the crowd.

“What is the matter?—any thing the matter, Dennis?” echoed from all sides.

“Matter enough in all conscience,” returned Dennis; “it’s all over with my poor master.”

“Aye, for sartain,” was the answer. “He is pretty sure of his seat, any how.”

“Sure of a seat in heaven, you mean, and more’s the pity!” rejoined Dennis, “for it was himself that was the kind master! but he is gone!”

“Gone where?” was demanded by numbers, fearful of receiving the dreaded reply, yet anxious to hear the remainder.

“To heaven, I tell you, and I’m sorry for it!” sobbed Dennis: “he dropped dead this very minute fornint my face, the cross of Christ upon us!”

A general groan, caused by deep feelings of regret, interrupted the bearer of these doleful tidings, who afterwards, patting the neck of his horse, resumed,

“ Augh! never again will the poor  
“ master throw his leg over your back,  
“ Sheelagh! and many’s the time he  
“ crassed it jewel! for it was yourself  
“ he prided in! Oghone, many’s the  
“ good day you bore him through thick  
“ and thin, after the hounds clane over  
“ the hedges, and nately across the  
“ foord; but you’ll never bear him  
“ again, nor the likes of him neither—  
“ His dying eyes were fixed on you,  
“ Sheelagh, any how—for sure he never  
“ drew breath more from the blessed  
“ minute he ris his foot to the stirrup,  
“ and fell flat upon the broad of his  
“ back! myself thought the fut slipt  
“ surely, and the baste even turned to  
“ look at the master, the cratur. I lifted  
“ him in my arms, but he was stone  
“ dead—all black in the face like—  
“ ‘Dennis,’ says he, ‘my poor son!’—  
“ ‘Och, I’ll never forget the look he gave  
“ me—‘tell him,’ says he, ‘I loved  
“ him to the last—though he broke  
“ my heart. Bless him! I forgive

“ ‘him—God forgive him!’—Augh it’s  
“ myself has the loss in him—I will  
“ never see such another master.”

The lamented intelligence of Mr. Taswell’s sudden death having spread rapidly, was communicated to Lord Glenarm ere he had made known the Orientalist’s intentions, except to Lord Clanroy, and to his own family. Jesswunt’s resignation was now unnecessary; but that did not lessen the obligation: and the Viscount rejoiced in the prospect of having a colleague, whom he could esteem, in lieu of a rival whom he should distrust. He was nevertheless shocked by Mr. Taswell’s dissolution, who had been but the very day before so busy; so animated, so wholly devoted to worldly speculation.

“ What an awful thing is sudden  
“ death,” observed Nourhan.

“ Awful, indeed,” said the Countess.

• ‘ In strength and beauty, man appears  
Fitted to stand the shock of years,  
We look—and lo! he’s gone :



He sinks untimely to the grave,  
Nor friends, nor riches then can save,  
Nor birth, nor high renown.'

' Thus do our short-lived pleasures fly—and yet  
to life we cling.'

The contest over, all parties united in lamenting Mr. Taswell, and lavishing praises on Lord Glenarm; even those, who an hour before had appeared solely devoted to Mr. Taswell's interest, now proved their own instability by hailing with boundless applause one so lately his rival, illustrating that

' An habitation giddy and unsure,  
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.'

Smothering his vexations, Mr. Wilder had confined to his own breast the intended resignation of the Orientalist; nor to any, save the surmised author of it, had he ventured an opinion on the inconsistency of Mr. Jesswunt's conduct. Now that affairs had taken a turn still more unlooked for, he arrogated to himself considerable merit for his forbear-

ance in having withheld from the freeholders a disclosure which would have equally mortified them, and wounded his self-consequence; for it had been remarked, that not even the candidate himself had appeared so sanguine as to the result, or so hostile to the opposite interests. Forgetful alike of the 'madness' and 'folly' of his friend, and of his own displeasure at an act of such 'romantic gallantry,' he posted to Kilmoyne, fearful that he might not arrive in time to prevent the threatened excursion to Killarney.

"Sad news," cried Llancharne, galloping up as the Countess pronounced the word 'cling.'

"Pray, Harry, give your horse to the groom, and take a seat home with us," she returned. Lady Eleanor was then called upon to relate all that had passed at the Clanroy Arms. She commenced, but faltered and paused, when she recollected that her eulogy had been directed to the Orientalist's own ear.

“ Perplex me, coz! what now—is  
“ our sporting apparition no longer  
“ M’Loghlin, but Jesswunt; I hope you  
“ did not blab and discover we were all  
“ in love with him?” then playfully  
taking her hand, as this inquiry joined  
with her own reflections to increase  
the *embarras* she sought to suppress,  
he added, “ I really never smoked *that*  
“ business till now—the secret is per-  
“ fectly safe in my keeping however.”

Reprimanding him for such rhodomontade, the Countess desired Lady Eleanor to proceed, as her unaccountable silence left room for misconstruction.

“ Mr. Jesswunt must either have supposed that I thought his countenance  
“ void of the benignity my imagination  
“ had pictured,” she resumed, “ or  
“ have laughed at my want of discern-  
“ ment; for I clearly proved my deficiency in what I would fain have  
“ ascribed to myself: I am quite grieved  
“ at my folly.”

“ By all that’s fanciful Nohr, I shall  
“ keep out of your way when I have  
“ any freak in contemplation, lest you  
“ might detect it in my phiz; but cheer  
“ up, sweet coz, or you will make me  
“ sad—Jesswunt is a worthy after all—  
“ you must invite him to the Castle, my  
“ dear Countess—you will be charmed  
“ with him—Glenarm and he may, I  
“ suppose, be chaired to-morrow—you  
“ shall then see what a handsome dog  
“ he is. How we contrived it, I am  
“ utterly at a loss to conjecture, but  
“ since the first day of this election, we  
“ have never met—although Sydney told  
“ me we were always playing at *Cligne-*  
“ *musette*. From curiosity, I absolutely  
“ haunted the places he frequented, and  
“ now I think of it, I positively saw him—  
“ but the charm was not then dispelled,  
“ and I thought he rejoiced in a very  
“ different name. In future, I promise  
“ you we shall be inseparables.”

## CHAPTER IV.

‘ Why does the blood thus muster to my heart ;  
Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness ?’

RECALLED by a hasty summons from Mr. Wilder, the Orientalist had left Dublin sooner than he intended, and returned to Kilmoyne. In the state of his mind, variety of pursuit, and constant occupation were desirable ; and for several days previous to the election, the exertions he had, of necessity, to make, prevented his thoughts from dwelling so much on the supposed Lady Llancharne, and he hailed it as a symptom of returning tranquillity. Having purchased very considerable estates in Ireland upon his first arrival, he chose Kilmoyne for his place of residence : a man possessed of fortune’s gifts, seldom finds a difficulty in forming ac-

quaintances and connections. His society was courted, and when better known, he was universally esteemed.

At the dissolution of parliament, he was undecided, whether to accept an invitation from Sir Hector Mac Neil to visit his seat on the banks of the Clyde, accompany a party then going to Cheltenham, or to offer himself a candidate for the county. Though not long resident in the neighbourhood, his urbanity of manner, and generosity of disposition had procured him many steadfast friends, who strongly urged him to postpone these excursions, and ensured his success. They suggested the great probability of Lord Glenarm coming forward in opposition, and rejoiced in the prospect; the powerful party Mr. Jesswunt had gained, having left no apprehensions of his defeat, for the Clanroy family were still greater strangers in the country. Discontented at the Earl's continued residence in England, and seeming desertion of his pa-

trimonial estates, many of the more wealthy of his tenantry had conceived a disgust for the family, which would require judicious management to overcome. And amongst the less opulent, the contest would inevitably cause a disbursement of his Lordship's money (to regain forfeited popularity) which would ultimately tend to promote their benefit. Should Lord Glenarm plead the antiquity of the establishments formed at Ballanaghiera by his progenitors, and his consequent claims for support, his father's non-residence would prove a more weighty argument to his disadvantage, as it clearly indicated that he inherited not the patriotic virtues, which had characterised his ancestors.

When the Orientalist returned to Kilmoynce, he did not as formerly seclude himself from the world ; and although he as sedulously avoided the Clanroy family, he had accidentally been in company with Lord Glenarm, and introduced to him ; but for obvious reasons,

no intimacy succeeded. Not a party, in either of the adventures wherein his family had encountered Mr. Jesswunt, his Lordship was unconscious that the stranger and his opponent were one. The insurmountable languor under which the Orientalist sometimes appeared to labour, had by many been imputed to excessive *indolence*; but though Epicurus records it as an attribute to his gods, and places it amongst the happiness of the blessed, Mr. Jesswunt justly conceived that the divinity he worshipped not only afforded his own bright example to the contrary, but instilled a moral precept against it. His friends supposing the visible depression had its origin in fears for the event, enumerated frequent instances of abstraction, and bantered him upon such unusual dejection: ashamed of the implied pusillanimity, he rallied, entered with seeming avidity into their measures, and now he was himself again.



Amongst those who busied themselves with unwearied perseverance to promote his success, was Mr. Wilder, one of the gentlemen, with whom he had strolled from the hustings upon the last day of the election. Occupied by the gratulations of passing friends, he had approached the hotel, where stood Lady Eleanor, without a thought of her vicinage ; and when he beheld her, instead of retreating, he advanced ; surprise chained his tongue, whilst she (unconscious of his presence) commented on his character : ignorant of the mistake which had represented him under a different name, and which partly resembled his respecting herself, he found her answer to Mr. Wilder a happy relief, as she thereby acknowledged to have never seen him. The superior interest she evinced for Lord Glenarm, united with the regret she expressed at the idea of a defeat, first suggested the thought of resigning in his favour for her gratifi-

cation; and no man (especially if in love) is at all times wise.

Generally acting from first impulsion, he hesitated not to withdraw; to oblige Lady Llancharne, he thought no sacrifice that depended on himself too great; and he suffered himself to be guided by the feelings of the moment, without taking time to reflect on the probable consequences. When he had hurried from the hotel, and parted with those who had joined him in the street, he ventured to tell Mr. Wilder of what he had just done. Struggling to suppress the anger and vexation this intelligence excited, that gentleman was yet surprised into a petulant discussion of the subject, and reprobated the folly of the procedure in terms rather severe. But Mr. Jesswunt resented it not, nor attempted to palliate an act which he felt to merit censure. Overlooking all that had been said as originating in warmth of temper aroused in his own behalf, and from sincerity of

regard, he kindly urged Mr. Wilder to give him the pleasure of his company to Killarney, promising, as an inducement, a full explanation upon the road, of the motives by which he had been actuated. Mr. Wilder positively declined the invitation, saying, that no explanation could satisfactorily account for such instability, or be sufficient to atone for a disappointment so trying to his friends.

Regretting that he seemed so much hurt by the termination of the business, the Orientalist cordially shaking Mr. Wilder's hand, observed, "We must  
" not part in wrath—let me hope, my  
" good Sir, that ere my return I may be  
" reinstated in your favour, although  
" you now unkindly refuse to become  
" my escort—"

"Do not misunderstand me," was the reply; "as *Mr. Jesswunt*, whom this  
" morning I felt proud to denominate  
" *my friend*, I could willingly have at-  
" tended you to the remotest part of  
" the globe; but as a *Knight Errant*, in

“ which character you now have thought  
“ proper to appear, I refuse to become  
“ your *Es-quire* (mind, not your *es-*  
“ *cort*)—as I am rather old for deeds of  
“ chivalry. *I* should cut but a sorry  
“ figure, wielding a lance and buckler  
“ in defence of some distressed damsel;  
“ but *you* may hope to return crowned  
“ with myrtle—to lay your spoils at the  
“ feet of *her* for whom you have relin-  
“ quished the glorious triumph of this  
“ day.”

Here was an implied discovery ; and having silently exchanged bows, they separated. Hurrying to the place where his carriage and servants waited, the Orientalist took the road to Kilmoyne, leaving his adherents at Ballanaghiera to form such conjectures, and make such comments as they might think proper, on the inconsistency of his conduct, and whimsicality of an action with which he was not perfectly satisfied ; but he was speedily overtaken by Mr. Wilder, and brought back to the hust-

ings, from whence he was the next day to be chaired. With the following address, closed Electioneering in Ireland.

*To the Worthy, Free, and Independent  
Electors of the County of A——*

Gentlemen ;

With sentiments of lively gratitude, and with hearts full of the most friendly attachment to yourselves, and the interests of your county, we beg you to accept our warmest acknowledgments for the very high honour this day conferred upon us, in returning us as your Representatives to Parliament, and for committing to our care and our fidelity, your interests. The honour is infinitely flattering, being the kindest proof of confidence that you could bestow on a first choice of us, and we feel ourselves bound to your interests with corresponding zeal and affection. To encourage the growing prosperity of our

country at large, to promote and extend its foreign trade, to protect and increase its manufactures, particularly the linen manufacture, in which you are so intimately interested, shall be the unwearying rule of our public conduct.

Honoured as we are by such an unequivocal proof of your approbation and regards, we will make it one great object of our attention at all times to be watchful for opportunities of serving you, gentlemen, collectively as well as individually.

We have the honour to be,

With great respect,

Gentlemen,

Your most faithful, most obedient

And obliged humble servants,

GLENARM,

*Ballanaghiera.*

STUART JESSWUNT.

The *vehicles* in which the new members were to be chaired, were decorated with laurel and coloured ribbands; never had a gayer pageant appeared at Ballanaghiera. A temporary *rustic* balcony had

been thrown up in front of the Clanroy arms, from whence, as the youthful legislators passed, showers of silver were scattered amongst the crowd, by Lady Eleanor, Nourhan, and the Countess. From every window bevy of beauty waved white hands and kerchiefs. A military band in open carriages preceded the procession; several gentlemen on horseback followed with royal purple favours, bearing small flags, some green, some purple, on which various inscriptions were stamped in letters of gold. When the cavalcade first appeared in view, a number of drays which had been stationed with hogsheads of porter, gave place to a moving mass of heads and hats—the barrels were rolled about, their ends knocked in, and pails, pig-gins, hats, wigs, and even old shoes, immersed in the foaming liquid. Amongst the various applicants for this refreshing beverage, a poor basket woman put in her claim, and having gratuitously taken her fill, cast a longing eye upon the staves that had been torn from the

barrels ; stooping to secure the prize, which she safely deposited in her basket, it was rudely torn from her grasp ; her bonnet was assailed in another quarter ; and whilst she rushed forward to rescue the basket, she was held back, by the skirt of her cloak ; it was fastened at the throat ; and untying the string, she prepared for combat ; but Paddy, ever ready for battle, either with, or for his enemies, so he is but permitted to fight, scorned the idea of attacking one of the fair sex, and restored the basket, despoiled however of the contents, which were reserved for a bonfire.

Seated in their triumphal cars, the Orientalist and Lord Glenarm returned with dignity the greetings of the populace, and lavished on them a profusion of silver. The members were escorted to their respective residences, where refreshments being distributed amongst the crowd, they dispersed in parties to conclude the day, with rejoicings, bonfires, and intoxicating revelry. When



the ladies at the castle had retired after dinner, Lord Glenarm's health was proposed, and the Earl added—" May the " spirit breathed at the hustings not " evaporate in the House of Commons." In return, his Lordship begged to give the health of his colleague and *friend* Mr. Jesswunt. The Earl desired to see his note, and for the first time it was perceived, that he had therein mentioned his voluntary resignation was intended to gratify Lady Llancharne. With unfeigned surprise, Lord Clanroy inquired when, how, or where his sister had become acquainted with the Orientalist.

" By all that's inexplicable, that is a " question which even I cannot answer," returned Llancharne. "'Tis strange, " wondrous strange.—His retired mode " of life kept him at a distance from us " all. I had no inclination to go in " pursuit of a person who appeared to " court an everlasting exclusion from " the society we frequented, but it

“ seems my mother and he have had  
“ some mysterious intercourse.”

“ How could he possibly have learned  
“ my aunt’s particular anxiety on this  
“ event,” inquired Lord Glenarm; “ and  
“ why wish to pay her such a distin-  
“ guished compliment?”

It was an enigma that could not be solved.

The different encounters with him were now spoken of, and it was generally lamented that he had not been earlier identified. “ From this note,” said Llancharne, “ it should seem my  
“ old mother is in his confidence; as it  
“ is for her amusement he professes to  
“ resign, I will ride to Hill-town to  
“ breakfast, on purpose to badger her  
“ about it—”

“ That is,” said Frederic, “ provided  
“ you escape temulency this evening, of  
“ which I am amphibological. On these  
“ septennial occasions, the ancient cus-  
“ tom is, for the whole neighbourhood  
“ to prolong computations in their sym-

“ posiac meetings, to the utter banish-  
“ ment of reason, whose empire is  
“ usurped by tumult—vain debates of  
“ senseless jargon succeed, and, amongst  
“ the village prolusions, are carried on  
“ by various tongues at once, which  
“ din commingling, nought is under-  
“ stood of their mad rant.”

“ Then, Freddy, *you* should go by all  
“ means to some of those social parties,’  
returned Llancharne ; “ for without the  
“ aid of inebriation, your customary  
“ dialect is quite enough to puzzle their  
“ intellects; I question if their ‘ mad  
“ rants’ could so perplex mine.”

The surprise occasioned by the Orientalist’s declaration was trivial, compared with that experienced when Lady Llancharne solemnly protested she had never either spoken to him, or held correspondence with him, on that or on any other subject; and it was the received opinion at the castle, that he was insane.

“ Notwithstanding the seeming incon-  
“ sistency of his conduct,” observed

Llancharne, "I never saw a man who  
"from our first interview I so much  
"admired, or felt such inclination to  
"esteem;" adding in an under key, "I  
"cannot wonder at your predilection,  
"madam Nohr—but hush, you will  
"find me a deep one—a true disciple  
"of Harpocritus."

This was not the first insinuation of the sort the Countess had overheard; and turning with a look of painful inquiry, she earnestly regarded Lady Eleanor. The peculiar interest she had always evinced when he was spoken of, now recurred to her; she felt that Lady Eleanor had reason to be grateful to him, and dreaded that in her inexperienced mind, that noble feeling might be unconsciously blended with a softer sentiment. The early prejudice Lady Clanroy had imbibed against him, was rather strengthened than diminished by his late success; not even his generous offer of relinquishment could soften her; she felt it was an obligation; and if pos-

sible disliked him the more for having attempted to confer it. Immediately after the election, Lord Glenarm had visited him, and with unfeigned regret had heard that he had left the country; the period\* of his return unknown. To the Countess it afforded secret satisfaction: she wished not to cultivate his acquaintance, and fervently hoped his absence might be prolonged until her family had left Ballanaghiera.

A large party had been given at the castle to those whose interest had been exerted in behalf of Lord Glenarm. His Lordship was, in the course of the ensuing week, to entertain a number of his constituents at dinner in Ballanaghiera, at the Clanroy Arms, and on the evening of the day to give a public ball and supper, to which every person of any respectability in the neighbourhood was promiscuously invited. Jesswunt's absence on this occasion was doubly vexatious; and the Viscount wished to have written to him, to urge his return,

but the Countess would not hear of it. The ball was advertised in the papers, and stewards regularly appointed. Lord Llancharne proposed that hand-bills should be struck off, to intimate that, by command, there should be moon-light for that evening, and begged that a request in the shape of an N. B. should be tacked to the invitations, namely, that “ ladies “ were *expected* to come without nails in “ their brogues; the gentlemen in full “ dress; and that leather aprons could “ not be admitted.” To which Frederic gravely protested, that had he been consulted in time, he should have made a *mise decente* a condition, or *sine qua non* of admittance.

It had been intimated to the friends of the late Mr. Taswell, that his remains were to be interred in the family vault, at Ballanaghiera, on the following day; and such persons as chose to pay the small but last tribute of respect to his memory, were required to send in their names. Previous to his unexpected

departure from Kilmoyne, The Orientalist had given directions to have his equipage and six horses in readiness to attend the funeral. At eight o'clock in the morning, the hearse in which all that remained of the once luminous orator, virtuous statesman, and enlightened patriot, were to be conveyed to the silent tomb, arrived at Birch Hill. By Lord Llancharne his public as well as private character had always been revered. To the Earl his domestic worth had not been so well known; in politics they had embraced different sides of the question; yet he acknowledged that Mr. Taswell's integrity was not only unimpeachable, but incorruptible; and on the present melancholy occasion, all animosity arising from the late contest, all bitterness of feeling, excited by steady opposition to the measures of government, when he conceived such measures were in contradiction to his own sense of right, subsided; and in common with the

whole neighbourhood, his Lordship united in deploring the death of an honest man!

At eleven o'clock, the procession moved slowly from the great door, over which waved in solemn ostentation the emblazoned achievement. Foremost in the van walked the faithful Dennis, bare-headed, and leading his lamented master's horse—no longer saddled for the field—but covered with black housings and crape upon her forehead. Mr. Taswell's favorite dog, whom no caresses could entice from the room in which his master had been laid out, had silently followed the coffin to the hearse; and taking his station underneath the body, crouched, and looked wildly at the concourse of strangers. Now that all was in motion, he rushed forward, and as he had been wont to do, sprung up and caressed the mare; then turned to Dennis and licked his hand. The firmness of this faithful domestic was no longer proof; but covering his face, he



sobbed, and in a voice nearly inarticulate, exclaimed

“ Augh, this is the sorry day for us,  
“ Coolieen—It’s a poor sight to see our  
“ best friend laid low—Ah! little do  
“ you know your loss—wait a bit—  
“ who’ll call you now to his side, and  
“ pat your head, and praise your loo-  
“ ing eyes, and wish you had a tongue  
“ to speak your affection—master  
“ Skivvy would—but he is—God mend  
“ him—”

The velvet coffin was nearly concealed by the pall, on which armorial bearings were hung: similar escutcheons were suspended from the housings of the horses. Mr. Taswell’s carriage, containing his elder son—chief mourner—and alone—came first—in regular succession every equipage of the neighbourhood for miles around slowly followed to the church-yard. An immense concourse had there assembled; and when the coffin was placed on tressels in the aisle, the church was crowded to suffocation.

Dean Butler officiated, and never before had he witnessed such a congregation at Ballanaghiera. It was indeed, the stillness of death which reigned. If aught could add to the awful beauty, the sublimity of the office, it was the dignified impressive delivery of the Dean. The grave was prepared, and as the coffin was lowered into the earth, he emphatically pronounced

“ In the midst of life we are in death :  
“ of whom may we seek for succour,  
“ but of thee O — — ”

“ O God ! ” frantically exclaimed a voice ; and bursting through the throng, Murray prostrated himself upon the coffin. “ My father — ” he ejaculated — but further speech was denied him.

“ Seize him — seize him ! ” cried Fortescue, the five hundred pounds glittering in his mental view.

“ Shame ! — shame ! — ” was murmured around. “ Respect the dead, and  
“ spare the *wounded*,” sobbed Dennis,

“ for the sake of Him who was bruised  
“ for our offences !”

“ Seize the robber !” reiterated Fortescue.

“ Were his crimes of the deepest  
“ dye,” cried Llancharne, interposing,  
“ he should not now be molested !—  
“ Are you a man ?” he continued, “ and  
“ can you not compassionate misery  
“ like this ?”

“ I must do my duty,” returned Fortescue. “ He was my prisoner, and escaped me. He is again in my power, and who shall dare snatch him from me ?”

“ Knock down the pitiless ruffian !” cried fifty voices at once, and a conflict with the Ensign ensued ; but a soldier of Fortescue’s regiment, drawn like his superior from idle curiosity to witness the interment, stole away unperceived on the first alarm, and speedily returned with a serjeant’s guard : they carried fixed bayonets. “ Fire,” cried Fortescue, “ a rescue.”

“On your peril,” said Llancharne:  
“Here is no rescue. There has been no  
“caption—”

“Skeffington - Murray Taswell,”  
shouted Fortescue; “rise—you are my  
“prisoner—march ——”

Murray moved not—breathed not;  
but Coolieen, with his paws across his  
neck, licked his cheek. “In all my life,”  
exclaimed the Dean, “I never wit-  
“nessed a scene so distressing, so  
“shocking, so revolting to the better  
“feelings of humanity; I may not  
“counsel you, Mr. Fortescue; you  
“know your duty; but in this wreck  
“before you, could you not spare a  
“few moments, in honour of the de-  
“parted, from the strict fulfilment of  
“that duty? Here this unfortunate  
“cannot remain—*too* soon will be wrested  
“from his sight the sad object which  
“hurried him into this danger; per-  
“haps I err in delaying the rites of the  
“church, but I could not tear this un-

“ happy culprit from his father’s corpse,  
“ even to set him at liberty.”

“ And such a meeting too,” sobbed Dennis, endeavouring to raise his young master. Llancharne assisted him, and Murray, the picture of speechless despair, was unresistingly seized by the soldiers, handcuffed, and ordered to march; but his limbs refused their office. Llancharne offered his equipage, which was declined with savage fury by Fortescue; and a carriage made of musquets received the luckless bandit.

“ You shall not separate us, Mr. Fortescue,” cried Llancharne; “ I will  
“ protect him to the gaol; although I  
“ have no knowledge of him, I feel such  
“ commiseration for his misfortunes,  
“ such respect for his grief, that I will  
“ not desert him in this his hour of  
“ extremity.”

## CHAPTER V.

‘ Without being handsome, his was a face which it was impossible not to remark ; for it bore the print and expression of every virtue which the mind reveres. The gentleness and sincerity of his looks bespoke the calm and goodness of his soul ; they testified, that ferocious passions had never tainted the purity of his heart, but that its susceptibility was capable of disturbing his peace.’

AT a little distance from the Castle, and discernible through the trees, stood the romantic ruins of Muckamore Abbey ; in former times it had been considered a place of much strength, and was famed for the beauty of the Gothic architecture : now mouldering to decay, it was an object calculated to excite both interest and curiosity. To explore the ruins had long been projected by the younger part of Dean Butler’s family, who, with the Misses

Waller, had been invited to an early breakfast at the Castle, from whence the party were to walk to Muckamore. The weather proving favourable, the pedestrians set forward in high spirits; Lord Glenarm undertook the charge of Frances Butler and Maria Sidney; Henry Butler followed, with Lady Eleanor and Julia Sidney; Lord Llancharne offered his services to Nourhan and Maria Butler; and Frederic, with a book, walked on, regardless of any other companion, and resigned to Charles Butler the unenvied happiness of escorting Sophia and Laura Waller. Ere they had quitted the avenue, Archdeacon Sloane and Mr. David Poulton rode up; Lord Glenarm would have returned with them, but, dismounting, they entreated permission to join the party, and to send their horses forward to the Castle, which being readily accorded, they recommenced their walk. The road led through a field to a narrow and winding pathway, formed between

two hedges of mingled privet and white thorn, terminated by a stile and gate. Here they found another interruption ; the gate was locked : a council was held whether it would be most advisable to postpone their ramble to a future day, send a footman back for the key, and await his return, or cross the stile and go forward. Whilst deliberating, the mid-day mail appeared in view : anxious about letters he expected, Lord Glenarm apologized for a temporary desertion, and promising to overtake the party, returned to the Castle.

Proposing, as the most decent expedient, to cross the stile ere further impediments should arise, Llancharne, holding Nourhan's arm, suddenly stepped forward, desiring the Archdeacon to follow his example with Miss Butler, and unceremoniously hurried on. Deprived of the society he wished for, it was indifferent to the disappointed Archdeacon which of the other ladies should obtain the honour of his escort ;



he therefore mechanically observed his lordship's directions. Although annoyed that a preference so desirable had been given to Nourhan, Miss Butler considered, as <sup>the</sup> the walk was of some length, it would be more convenient to accept the Archdeacon's assistance than attempt it alone, and prudently acquiesced in silence. Each of the competitors for Miss Vatchel's smiles had that morning taken horse, and ignorant of the motives by which they were individually attracted, had met unexpectedly; at sight of Llancharne, Fortescue felt his "courage ooze," and he retreated; but meeting Lord Glenarm upon his return alone, he once more ventured, and coming up at the moment, made a tender of his services to Lady Eleanor: this he thought might prove a favourable opportunity for learning every particular relative to Nourhan, but she declined both his and Henry Butler's attendance; the latter, piqued by her refusal to continue a

partner of his walk, strode on with Julia Sidney, whilst the Ensign, with a shrug of amazement at a rejection so little expected, gave his arm to Miss Waller, who gladly left her sister in care of Charles Butler. Deeply engaged in conversation, this desertion was by them unnoticed; they reached the stile, and passed on. Miss Butler and Maria Sidney had remained with Lady Eleanor. Mr. David Poulton singing,—“How happy could I be with either, were t’other *two* charmers away,” now advanced.

“With neither of us, Sir, I apprehend,” cried Frances Butler, quickly retreating.

“I wait for my brother, Sir,” said Lady Eleanor, as Frederic slowly approached with his book.

“You wouldn’t prefer a *brother* to *me*, surely,” asked Mr. David, not a little disconcerted.

“I would not, I am sure, Mr. *Deevey*!”

returned Maria Sidney, with a mixture of irony and good nature.

“ Never say it again, dear girl,” cried the now happy swain, and seizing her hand she tripped lightly over the stile, where a moment he lingered to repeat his offers of assistance, but Frederic, consigning the volume to his pocket, advanced.

“ If you pursue the path which leads diagonally through the adjoining field, ladies,” he observed, “ it will lead you to Muckamore ; you cannot undesignedly tralineate.” Throwing himself carelessly on the trunk of an old tree, he deliberately drew forth his volume, saying, “ Pray do not wait for me, I shall follow, but just now I am anhelose.”

“ Would it be generous, Mr. Gray,” asked Maria Butler, “ to place us in the road to ruin, and then to desert——”

“ Do lay aside your book, Frederic,” added Lady Eleanor, “ and grant the pleasure of your company.”

“ You must accept my excusation, ladies,” he replied, “ I am not now in a deambulatory mood ; besides, there are problems here I wish to enunciate.” To her further intreaties he answered, “ Eleanor, I am unswayable ; your arguments, like a seeming demonstration, mathematically speaking, are very specious in the diagram, but fail in the mechanic operation. Pray recollect the misfortunes entailed on posterity by the inabstinence of Mistress Eve, and endeavour to be happy without me.”

As they had waited for him principally to avoid Mr. Poulton's company, they no longer delayed, but gaily hastened forward ; the adjacent grounds in high cultivation were richly planted ; here the spreading oak, the beech and towering pine, intermingled with other trees in ‘ shade above shade,’ formed a woody theatre of stateliest view.’

“ We shall soon overtake them, I hope,” said Lady Eleanor ; “ I almost

“fancy the sound of their voices floats  
“on the gale—hark! was that a groan?  
“—surely it resembled not the tone of  
“mirth. Can any one inhabit a hovel  
“so wretched,” she inquired, as they  
passed a cabin by the road side. A  
flock of ragged little children now sur-  
rounded them, crying—

“A halfpenny to buy bread, please  
“Ma’am; a halfpenny to buy bread for  
“mammy; mammy’s dying.”

“Where?” asked Lady Eleanor.

“In yander,” said the children,  
pointing to the hovel; “please come  
“see her, Ma’am, and give her a half-  
“penny to buy bread.” A decent look-  
ing elderly woman sat by a miserable  
fire side, nursing an infant. She arose  
as they entered.

“How is your daughter to-day,  
“Peggy?” said Miss Butler. On a  
wretched bed lay the object of this  
inquiry.

“Much the same way, Miss, thank  
“you,” was the answer.

“ She is, poor creature, a patient of  
“ my mother,” continued Miss Butler,  
“ and I fear in a rapid decline.”

Roused by the voices, the invalid turned an eye, heavy from indisposition ; faintly smiled, and made an effort to raise herself.

“ Pray do not stir, Mrs. Harnot ; I am  
“ glad to see you looking so much better.”

A deep sigh, and sorrowful motion of the head, conveyed a doubt of this visible amendment—whilst she replied—

“ I shall soon be well enough, Madam,  
“ please God !”

“ You break my heart, child,” cried her mother, bursting into tears.

“ Nay, dear mother,” returned the invalid, “ that you know I would not  
“ for the world ; but my days are num-  
“ bered, and I wish you to be recon-  
“ ciled to what there is no help for. If  
“ I am spared to see my poor Edward  
“ once more, I shall die happy ; for he  
“ will take care of you and the children  
“ when I am no longer able.”

“ She is an incomparable creature,”

whispered Miss Butler, “ and whilst  
“ her husband, who is a soldier, has  
“ been abroad with his regiment for  
“ nearly two years, she has almost  
“ starved herself to leave the more for  
“ her mother and children. By work-  
“ ing at over hours to earn the greater  
“ means of subsistence, she has brought  
“ on this illness ; and now, but for the  
“ neighbours, they might all perish—  
“ poor Harnot is hourly expected.”

“ What a scene of misery awaits  
“ him,” replied Lady Eleanor ; “ why  
“ was this not earlier made known to  
“ us ? I should have rejoiced to assist  
“ the struggles of one so deserving.”  
Pressing the sufferer’s hand, Lady  
Eleanor tenderly asked, could she  
take any thing.

“ Aye, Madam—Give me a little  
“ water, mother ; I am very faint.”

“ She is exhausted with having  
“ spoken so much,” cried Lady Eleanor,  
“ get some water. Goodwin,” she con-  
tinued, “ fly to the castle, bring wine,  
“ jelly, instantly ; tell Mrs. Rachel to

“ come to me, and to make all possible  
“ haste.”

“ God reward you, Madam,” sighed the old woman, while her daughter eagerly drank from the hand of Lady Eleanor the solicited draught of water. “ Come,” said Miss Butler, “ you are  
“ too deeply affected : leave this, until  
“ your messenger returns ; we can be  
“ of no use here.”

Without raising her streaming eyes, Lady Eleanor moved towards the door, where stood the Orientalist, attentively regarding her : passing her hand across her face to remove the tears, she tried to smile as he instinctively advanced. He bowed, and accosted Miss Butler, with whom he was slightly acquainted ; she expressed surprise at his appearance, and mentioned that she had understood he had been absent from the neighbourhood. Led to the cottage by motives of humanity, the distress of its inmates had been pictured to Mr. Jesswunt, and he wished to afford relief : at sight



of Lady Eleanor he began to entertain apprehensions that some strange and invincible fatality had preordained the perpetual succession of events which had thrown him so frequently in her paths ; and he felt almost inclined to believe that they were not accidental meetings, but predetermined, and that they must have occurred from necessity, by some unalterable decree of fate. His presence was a restraint on Lady Eleanor, with which she could have dispensed, but he appeared inclined to remain : this was the first time she had seen him since the election : it was a moment to which she had anxiously looked forward, yet now, when unexpectedly arrived, she would gladly have shrunk from the interview. His resignation, though avowedly for the gratification of her aunt, had been intended for her brother's advantage ; she had then spoken to him of himself, without knowing him, and the remembrance of the equivoque caused a painful suffusion.

Whilst occupied by these reflections, Mr. Jesswunt stood irresolute ; his reason prompted him to retire, but his heart impelled him to remain.

Invoking every blessing on their heads, old Peggy removed the dust from a stool with her apron, and humbly beseeched Lady Eleanor to sit down ; lamenting she had not a chair to offer. A green bank in front of the door, now neglected, but once neatly kept, was, by the Orientalist, recommended as a more pleasant seat for Lady Eleanor and her friend, to which they repaired. They had scarcely passed the threshold, when Miss Butler observed—

“ We heard you had gone to Killarney, Mr. Jesswunt.”

“ I have some intention to visit the Lakes,” he replied, “ and had actually commenced my journey ; speculating on being joined by an agreeable companion on my route ; at his house, I learned that he had left home, for Kilmoyne ; he had unluckily taken

“ the Larn road, whereby we missed  
“ each other ; with the hope of over-  
“ taking him, I returned, but was again  
“ disappointed ; being told at Kilmoyne  
“ that I had gone to Killarney, he went  
“ elsewhere. Thus prevented in my  
“ outset, I have deferred, not changed  
“ my purpose. On my way hither, I  
“ this morning called at Glenarm Castle  
“ to return a visit made during my ab-  
“ sence, by my esteemed colleague,  
“ Lord Glenarm ; but he was from  
“ home.”

“ You have been at ‘ all in the wrong,’ ”  
said Miss Butler, “ and so I think are  
“ we—by sitting here whilst our party  
“ may be uneasy at our delay—shall we  
“ proceed ? ”

“ As you please,” returned Lady Eleanor, “ but pray excuse me for one  
“ moment.”

When she re-entered the hovel—“ Pe-  
“ culiar benignity marks the counte-  
“ nance of Lady Llancharne,” involun-  
tarily observed Mr. Jesswunt.

“ Yes,” returned Miss Butler—“ She must have been handsome”—

“ She *is*,” he rejoined with fervour—

“ Oh, she *is*, doubtless very amiable,” replied Miss Butler—“ and I have heard “ was once greatly admired—but she is “ not one of my beauties, nor do I think “ could she, in her very best looks, ever “ have been what I should call *really* “ handsome—”

Further conversation was prevented by the re-appearance of Lady Eleanor—“ I have given directions for Goodwin “ to follow us, and Rachel to wait here;” she said, as they pursued their walk. Unable to comprehend why Miss Butler had spoken in such a manner of one so young, so lovely, Mr. Jesswunt desired to have the honour of attending them until they might rejoin their party. Revolving in her mind his whimsically-timed compliment upon the absent, when so fair an opportunity had presented itself for his saying something civil of

herself, Miss Butler was now silent; and Lady Eleanor had insensibly overcome the unpleasant sensations she had experienced on first seeing him.

“ I have been strangely remiss,” suddenly remarked the Orientalist, particularly addressing her, “ in not sooner inquiring for my Lord Llancharne—I hope he is well ?”

“ Perfectly so,” replied Lady Eleanor.

“ He *was* half an hour ago,” rejoined Miss Butler, “ but surely you would not answer for him *now*—consider the perilous situation in which he was then placed——”

“ What am I to understand from your words, Miss Butler? you deal in enigmas to-day—pray explain to what danger you allude?”

“ His lordship advances,” she replied, as at the moment he appeared in view—“ He can better answer you; for I could not pretend to say that his *heart* has entirely escaped——”

Hastening to meet him, and warmly taking his hand, the Viscount exclaimed, "By all that's magical, my noble fellow, "I am rejoiced to see you! When did "you return from Killarney? You must "have travelled in a balloon"—without giving time for reply, he added, "had I "thought Miss Butler and your Lady- "ship had been so escorted, I should "not have been in such despair on their "account. How is this, Frances, I read "a thousand comical things in your "eyes, which, perplex me! are reflected "in those of Mr. Jesswunt."

"The beauties of *Lady Llancharne* are "alone reflected there," answered Miss Butler archly. The Orientalist felt his heart's blood rush to his face, and as quickly recede, nor unperceived was the suffusion. The passion he had laboured not only to surmount but to conceal, was, he thought, now revealed by the imprudent gaiety of Miss Butler, and he knew not which most to condemn,

her want of discretion, or his own weakness in having betrayed himself.

Glad of the wished-for opportunity, Lady Eleanor said, “ I assure you, Mr. Jesswunt, not only my aunt, but every member of our family anxiously desire to thank you for the obligation you would have conferred on Lady Llancharne.”

“ My mother sensibly feels your kindness,” said the Viscount, who hoped the moment of explanation was at hand, “ but professes herself unconscious of the *attrait* which entitled her to such a signal mark of your regard.”

“ And permit me to say, I feel, if possible, more obliged than even Lady Llancharne,” resumed Lady Eleanor, “ by your having kindly made me the harbinger of such pleasing intelligence to my brother”—

Lost in a maze, the Orientalist answered not, whilst ‘ a moment o’er his

face a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced.'

Perceiving his perplexity, although unable to account for it, Lord Llancharne rejoined, "*I* have made a *fine* speech for my old mother; Lady Eleanor Gray has as becomingly acquitted herself on the part of her family; it now remains for you, Mr. Jesswunt, to account for your monopoly of these fair ladies, and for your own unthought-of but much wished-for appearance."

Mr. Jesswunt repeated in substance what had been already mentioned to Miss Butler, pondered on the occurrences of the last hour, and feared it was a delightful illusion which the next night dissipate. Pressed by Lord Llancharne to join the reconnoitering party, they once more set forward, and soon reached Muckamore. On the banks of the lake, at the foot of a beautiful independent hill stands the venerable ruin:



a few elms of most luxuriant foliage alone remain to afford a specimen of the noble woods by which it was once surrounded. As they drew near, they caught a glimpse of another ancient and romantic ruin—

“ That,” said Llancharne, “ was for  
“ years the seat of the Lords —— and is  
“ said to be one of the oldest castles in  
“ the kingdom ; the building of it is by  
“ tradition ascribed to the celebrated  
“ family of the O—’s : it is recorded to  
“ have been for centuries the subject of  
“ contention, and theatre of many a  
“ bloody spectacle.”

“ I understand,” observed Mr. Jesswunt, “ it was dismantled by Cromwell, and finally burned and reduced  
“ to its present state, in the wars of  
“ King James : in several places there  
“ are large beams still remaining in the  
“ walls partly consumed by fire ; it is  
“ much to be regretted, that a very an-  
“ cient inscription cut in the Irish cha-

“ racter upon a slab of marble, has been  
“ either removed from thence, or wilfully  
“ destroyed.”

Climbing over some of the fallen  
arches—

“ There must be an enchanting view  
“ from this turret,” said Miss Sidney,  
advancing; “ shall you venture up the  
“ geometrical staircase, Miss Butler? I  
“ should like to have a peep from the  
“ summit.”

“ Such an experiment would be at-  
“ tended with imminent danger I appre-  
“ hend,” returned Lady Eleanor; “ se-  
“ veral of the steps have already given  
“ way, and the remainder seem totter-  
“ ing to their fall.”

“ It would be little less than madness  
“ to attempt such an exploit,” cried  
Llancharne, as he quitted them for his  
loved Nourhan, whom he beheld at some  
little distance in conversation with Mr.  
David Poulton. From the unevenness  
of that part where Lady Eleanor stood,  
it was concluded, that it had formerly

been used for a burial place ; many flags rudely carved remained no longer erect, but strewn upon the ground : frowning warriors still grasped their swords, but not in defence of the graves at the heads of which they had been originally placed ; they now calmly rested in confused heaps, perhaps on the tombs of their bitterest enemies.

“ I cannot describe,” said Lady Eleanor, thoughtfully to Miss Butler, “ the  
“ awful, yet pleasurable sensations I  
“ feel, whilst exploring these interesting  
“ ruins—on yonder hill my fancy pour-  
“ trays the field where chieftains of  
“ former days strode forth to conquest  
“ and glory. Here rest, perchance,  
“ alike forgotten, the worthless and the  
“ valued—once feared, once loved—”

“ And perhaps the very chieftains,” returned the Orientalist, following up the idea—“ whom in imagination you  
“ have crowned with victory, now sleep  
“ within this drear abode—how mortifying it is to human pride to reflect,

“ that not a trace remains to point out  
“ where those forms and features re-  
“ pose—not even a vestige of their war-  
“ like achievements has survived their  
“ memory, to teach posterity to emulate  
“ their deeds of heroism. Happily the  
“ warriors of after ages have had less  
“ discouraging circumstances with which  
“ to contend—the virtues of our present  
“ race of heroes will live in the hearts  
“ of a grateful people, whilst the signal  
“ exploits which have immortalized their  
“ names may be recorded and trans-  
“ mitted to the latest posterity.”

“ This romantic place affects us all,”  
playfully observed Miss Sidney; “ while  
“ you are there sighing over the fate of  
“ departed Knights, I have here in  
“ fancy dressed with turfy honours, the  
“ tomb of some hapless maiden. And  
“ yet,” she added shuddering as she  
spoke, “ this clod may also hide a ruf-  
“ fian’s breast—however, peace be to  
“ their shades. Pray now quit this  
“ dismal scene, for as the sensitive, or I

“ should say *indifferent* Mrs. Greville  
“ has declared that bliss goes but to a  
“ certain bound, and that beyond is  
“ agony ; I fear if we remain here much  
“ longer, we shall refine our pleasure  
“ into downright pain.”

Reading in Lady Eleanor's expressive countenance the tenor of her thoughts, Miss Sidney gravely added, “ I will  
“ allow you, that the impressions to  
“ which scenes like these give rise,  
“ should be cherished, not dissipated—  
“ I feel they are salutary—and when I  
“ reflect that life itself has been com-  
“ pared to a funeral procession, where  
“ friends, weeping for the friends they  
“ lose to-day, and follow to the silent  
“ tomb, are wept for in their turn to-  
“ morrow ; I can the more readily de-  
“ tect the fleeting vanities of this world ;  
“ but whilst I also admit that we should  
“ accustom ourselves to serious consi-  
“ deration, and look from this fading to  
“ a more abiding prospect, I grieve to  
“ say I am but too prone to view such

“ glorious prospects indistinctly, and to  
“ my shame confess I have been all this  
“ time looking, as good Dean Butler  
“ would say, into the grave, rather than  
“ beyond it; yet, what a subject for  
“ deep reflection.”

“ I have never ceased to lament,” said Lady Eleanor, addressing Mr. Jesswunt,  
“ that I lost the Dean’s last sermon  
“ preached on Mr. Taswell’s death—  
“ ‘ What is the passing moment to eter-  
“ nity?’ was, as you may suppose, the  
“ subject: he implored his hearers not  
“ to drown their eternal interests in  
“ such a vision of the night as life;  
“ painted its fallacies, and at such sea-  
“ sons the mind can more clearly detect  
“ them. The melancholy gloom which  
“ desolation spreads over these crum-  
“ bling walls, may, as Miss Sidney ob-  
“ serves, affect the tone of our spirits,  
“ but we should not be discomposed by  
“ such scenes—here, remote from the  
“ busy world, removed from the fancied  
“ urgency of temporal things, we may

“ calmly reflect on the great occasions  
“ which force the mind to take refuge  
“ in religion: and as Dean Butler ob-  
“ served with reference to Mr. Taswell,  
“ we may also consider death an angel  
“ expressly sent to release the worn-out  
“ labourer, or crown the faithful sol-  
“ dier.” Here joined by the remainder  
of their party, they all returned to the  
widow O’Cuilean’s, where they found  
Lady Eleanor’s messenger with Mrs.  
Rachel, and a profusion of necessary  
comforts for the invalid. Much inte-  
rested by Miss Butler’s description of  
poor Jenny Harnot’s situation, Lord  
Llancharne taking off his hat, threw his  
purse into it, and proposed a subscrip-  
tion by way of turnpike for the object  
of Miss Butler’s care, which was se-  
conded by Mr. Jesswunt, and a consi-  
derable sum collected.

‘ Since the discovery of his mistake re-  
lative to Lady Eleanor, the Orientalist  
no longer hesitated to remain in her so-  
ciety, but giving himself up wholly to

the delights of chastened love, he joyfully acceded to Lord Llancharne's proposal, of accompanying the pedestrians to the castle, where he was received by the Earl and Lord Glenarm with open arms, and formally introduced to the Countess and Lady Llancharne. With much animation Lord Glenarm expressed the pleasure it afforded him to see Mr. Jesswunt there, and gratefully acknowledged his obligations, when Lady Llancharne and even the Countess joined in the compliments exchanged on the occasion. Making it a point that he should dine with him that day at Ballanaghiera, Lord Glenarm promised his sister's hand to Mr. Jesswunt for the evening, and lamented, that in the arrangements for the ball, he had not experienced the advantage of Mr. Jesswunt's co-operation.

Not observing any visible signs of insanity about him, Lady Llancharne momentarily expected some explanation of the note wherein he had made such



honourable mention of her; but it seemed to have been already forgotten by the writer. Vexed at the rencontre, and secretly wishing his introduction to her family had not taken place, Lady Clanroy meditated how to circumvent his meeting Lady Eleanor in the evening—to the ball she positively should not go—since Lord Glenarm had thoughtlessly promised her the Orientalist for a partner.—Still she felt their obligations to him were too numerous to remain unacknowledged; but she also felt he was amiable, engaging, and from her own observations, joined with her nephew's indirect insinuations, she apprehended that Lady Eleanor was already but too susceptible of his merits. Wrapped in such reflections, she silently awaited the moment when taking a reluctant leave, Mr. Jesswunt departed, first arranging to meet Lord Glenarm at dinner.

On his way homeward the Orientalist reviewed in memory the morning's oc-

currences, and blessed the chance which had directed his steps towards the cottage, as he had thereby learned the real name of Lady Eleanor.—Not that he flattered himself with possessing her esteem, but it was some comfort to think that she was not predisposed of. Again, he thought there had been a marked condescension in Lady Clanroy's manner of addressing him, which seemed to say, she considered him her inferior, and laboured to prevent his feeling it. He had, it was true, by Lord Glenarm and the Earl been accosted in terms the most flatteringly expressive of esteem and regard, and there were few in whose estimation he wished to rank higher. He adverted to the earnest manner in which Lord Glenarm had urged him to join the festivities of the day, and the inducement held out to him for the evening; but we are seldom entirely at ease, or free from the solicitations of our natural or adopted desires; a frequent succession of inquietudes arising from

natural wants or acquired habits, usurp the will in their turns ; thus with Mr. Jesswunt, whilst he cherished a wish that Lady Eleanor might one day be his, a thousand uneasinesses obtruded to prevent his encouraging hope ; yet it lingered, and he now laughed at the folly of believing things said in masquerade. At the appointed hour he repaired to the Clanroy Arms, impatiently anticipating the moment when he should again behold and converse with Lady Eleanor.

## CHAPTER VI.

Hesiod says, that ‘ The Gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.’

“ I AM fascinated with this Jesswunt,” said Lord Glenarm, as the Orientalist quitted the room, “ and have only to  
“ regret that he was not earlier known  
“ to us ; his manners are peculiarly pre-  
“ possessing, and his conversation shows  
“ a knowledge of the world, an acquaint-  
“ ance with mankind, and with events  
“ not merely national and domestic, but  
“ with the affairs of foreign countries,  
“ which renders him a delightful com-  
“ panion : he appears to be of a reserved  
“ disposition, but, when sounded, dis-  
“ plays a depth of information that  
“ makes me desirous to improve our  
“ acquaintance.”

“ I like him much,” said the Earl,

“ and long since heard that he possessed  
“ the happy knack of drawing every one  
“ he conversed with into a nearer circle,  
“ and of converting utter strangers into  
“ inviolable friends, which Glenarm ex-  
“ emplifies by the warmth of his expres-  
“ sions.”

“ I should not only admire, but, were  
“ I a girl, adore him,” said Llancharne.  
“ Come, now, Mrs. Lucy (blushes apart)  
“ confess with what sentiments he has  
“ inspired you—do not you think him  
“ devilish handsome?”

“ Really,” she replied, “ whether he  
“ is devilish or handsome, or not, I may  
“ not pretend to say; for all I recollect  
“ is, that he has features like any other  
“ man; and as to his manners, so little  
“ of his conversation was addressed to  
“ *me*, that I had not opportunity to form  
“ an opinion.”

“ But,” rejoined Llancharne, “ al-  
“ though he did not importune you at  
“ this his first visit, he neither prevented  
“ your joining in the general chit chat,

“nor excluded you from hearing his  
“share of it.”

“Prevented my joining in ‘*chit chat*,’”  
repeated Mrs. Lucinda, with a contemptuous smile, “my mind was very differently employed I can assure your  
“lordship; it was engrossed by subjects  
“of importance, to the utter exclusion  
“of all young foplings or their *chit*  
“*chat*.”

“You treat us like cards, Mrs. Lucinda, which having once played a  
“round with, you throw away with indifference, and take a fresh pack,”  
answered Llancharne, good humouredly.

Whilst these comments were passing, the Countess continued to muse on the best measures to adopt to prevent Lady Eleanor going to the ball without either hurting her feelings or exciting a suspicion of her motives; she wished not to offend Lord Glenarm, but she would have risked any thing rather than have suffered Lady Eleanor to dance with the Orientalist. She had also observed the

growing partiality of her nephew for Nourhan; and although she considered her deserving of the most exalted alliance, yet in her own family she could not reconcile the idea of such a marriage. Nourhan's parents were unknown, and probably of the lowest description; she therefore determined to leave her at home, under pretence of staying with Lady Eleanor, and to take that opportunity of speaking to Lord Llancharne on the subject, at once to terminate his speculations, of whatsoever nature they might prove.

At five o'clock the gentlemen all repaired to Ballanagheira, making it a point with the Countess that she might go early in the evening, and never dreaming of any disappointment from the other ladies. When Lady Clanroy and the whole party were ready to set out, Lady Llancharne complained of sudden indisposition, and unconscious of her sister's views, insisted upon remaining at home; secretly overjoyed at

this unexpected event, the Countess desired Lady Eleanor to stay with her aunt, and said that Nourhan she was confident would sacrifice the happiness of *waltzing* with the Ballanaghiera bog-trotters to friendship, and keep Lady Eleanor company. Maria Sidney saying with much good nature that a fourth was wanted for a party at short whist, could not be prevailed on to accompany her aunt. Without a murmur, Lady Eleanor sacrificed the expected pleasures of the evening. Nourhan, though engaged to dance with Llancharne, whose attentions had raised some little tumults in her bosom, also acquiesced, saying truly, that she could not feel happy if Lady Eleanor were left at home, and pleaded for permission to stay alone with Lady Llancharne in her place, but that matter had been already arranged. The arrival of the Countess at the Clanroy Arms, was the signal for Lord Glenarm and his party to enter the ball-room; taking the Orientalist's arm,



they walked towards the head of the room, where Lady Clanroy and other ladies of distinction were seated. Casting an inquiring look around, he asked with surprise for his sister and Nourhan, and by Mrs. Sidney was informed, that being much fatigued from their long walk, and Lady Llancharne not very well, they had petitioned to remain at home with her.

The Countess secretly applauded the finesse, when she beheld Mr. Jesswunt's disappointment, and with admirable *adresse* made him Lady Eleanor's apology. Hurt that his sister had not made an effort to fulfil his engagement for her, Glenarm felt doubly chagrined, when Mr. Jesswunt appeared mortified, and expressed himself to that effect. Llancharne advancing, claimed his partner; but Lady Clanroy affecting to misunderstand him, declared that if he meant Miss Sidney, she was also of the whist party at the Castle.

“Jilted by all that's capricious!” cried

Llancharne, “but *en revanche*, I shall “not dance to-night, or speak to a girl “in the room; or, indeed, in the whole “course of my future existence;” carelessly asking Glenarm and Jesswunt if they were inclined for a segar, he took the Orientalist’s arm, and strolled down the ball-room, whilst Lord Glenarm quitted them to pay attention to his company.

“This is an insufferable disappointment,” said Llancharne, as they approached the door—“I had anticipated all sorts “of fun here to-night.” Jesswunt was silent, for he had expected still more gratification. “By what stratagem can “we steal away unperceived,” added Llancharne, “from a place where, if I “am not mistaken, we have neither of us “much inclination to remain? Are you “up to a frolic?” he inquired, as they passed into the anti-chamber.

“According to its nature.”

“All fair and above board,” answered Llancharne. “I see no prospect of fun

“ here to-night ; and somehow I have  
“ always had a dash of the devil in  
“ me.—Come, will you take a stroll ? for  
“ any devil is better than a blue devil !”

“ I wish your Lordship every amuse-  
“ ment, but I am for home, and shall  
“ go straight to Kilmoyne.”

“ Then we may go part of the way  
“ together—*allons, Monsieur Prudence.*”

“ With all my heart, for by your own  
“ account prudence would be the best  
“ guide you could have at the pre-  
“ sent.” On their way to the street, “ Re-  
“ member, my lord,” added Jesswunt,  
“ that by your treaty prudence leads  
“ the van—now you are enlisted under  
“ her banner, I expect, although but a  
“ young recruit, that you will observe  
“ the word of command, and be true to  
“ the charge.”

“ Be it so—and on we march with  
“ colours flying. Why do you hesitate ?”  
asked Llancharne, as they stepped into  
the Earl’s carriage, which still remained  
at the door. “ You had intended to  
“ have given me a set down ; I have

“ now that pleasure with you, and positively you shall come with me where I am going.” Giving directions in a whisper to the footmen, he refused to wait for the globes which had been extinguished to be relighted; and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, the horses moved rapidly onward.

“ It is unusually dark,” said Jesswunt.

“ Yes—but straight is the road and wide the gate which leads to pleasure,” was the answer.

“ Yet destruction sometimes presides in the mansion,” said Jesswunt, “ and though the path be direct and easy of access, wearing on our approach the most alluring forms—we never can return by the road we went; thistles and thorns impede us at every step, and ruin oft-times terminates the career. Therefore my maxim is rather to avoid her lures, than to enter into a temptation, which experience has

“ taught me, I could not always re-  
“ sist.”

“ And my motto is like that of Talma,  
“ to ‘examine every thing, and retain the  
“ ‘good ;’ but pray recollect what you  
“ have just said—it will make a capital  
“ text for the Dean next Sunday, and  
“ I wish it to be remembered for his  
“ use seriously. My idea is—‘ *Que les  
“ plaisirs ne sont pas assez solides pour  
“ qu’on les approfondisse, il ne faut que  
“ les effleurer ;*’ but you shall judge for  
“ yourself, and for me if you choose.  
“ Consider, my dear fellow, the very  
“ gods themselves humbling their deities  
“ to love, have taken the shapes of beasts  
“ upon them. Master Jupiter, we are  
“ told, ‘ became a bull and bellowed ;  
“ and the fire-robed god, Golden Apollo,  
“ a poor humble swain :’ I can promise  
“ you ‘ their transformations were never  
“ for a piece of beauty rarer’ than I will  
“ introduce to you—‘ nor in a way so  
“ chaste.’ ”

“ Have a care—for beauty is dangerous—*‘ il n’y a pas de venin plus capable de corrompre l’intégrité d’un juge.’* Thus conversing, they continued to drive on, unable to discover which road the coachman had taken.

“ I absolutely *grieve*,” said Llancharne, laughing, “ at your reluctance to encounter my roses and lilies, lest your thorns and thistles should lurk beneath—but though I *must* insist on presenting you to a rare one, you shall be at liberty to retire the moment you think proper.”

“ I protest, my lord, the wine I was compelled to take at dinner, begins to affect my head ; it has unfitted me for the company of ladies ; you will therefore be good enough to excuse me—I should only make a figure of myself, and disgrace your introduction.”

Llancharne remonstrated, saying—  
“ Your shamming drunk now shall not avail ; for positively you must go in with me, if but for one hour—you shall

“ have music to soothe your head; but  
“ take care of your heart.”

“ Then I had better avoid it alto-  
“ gether; for my heart already contains  
“ as much as it can well bear.”

Objections were fruitless—the carriage stopped—he was compelled to alight—of the exterior of the building before which they stood, he obtained but a transient view, as Llancharne unceremoniously extinguished in the person's hand who opened the door, the light by which it had been partially revealed. Rushing forward, and still retaining per force Mr. Jesswunt's arm, they ascended a staircase where glimmered one solitary lamp, just sufficient to make the darkness visible. Entering a long narrow passage, to which Llancharne appeared perfectly accustomed, he threw open a door, through which they proceeded to an inner room, from whence issued a blaze of light, the door being partly open.

“ Silence,” whispered Llancharne, as

voices were heard within. Half angry, half curious to know how the adventure might end, the Orientalist approached with noiseless tread, and from the door had a view of a superbly furnished room, in which sat a lady reading, and at the same table a second was studying cards; a third now swept the strings of a harp, in a mournful cadence, ‘all sad and wild and wondrous sweet,’ whilst another leaned pensively on the back of her chair.

“Dare you enter, Mr. Joseph, or must ‘we part here?’” asked Llancharne. This inquiry acted like electricity upon the ladies within, who all turning anxiously round, discovered to Jesswunt the well-known features of Lady Eleanor—also Lady Llancharne, Nourhan, and Miss Sidney.

“A rare petrification, perplex me,” cried Llancharne, entering and directing their attention to Jesswunt, who beyond measure astonished, now advanced with more pleasure than he had previously



sought to retreat. Lady Llancharne arose to receive them, whilst the smile of an agreeable surprise played on her countenance, and was reflected around by her young companions.

“Come, Mister Jesswunt,” said Llancharne, with a mischief-loving smile; “I perceive you are utterly *unfit* for the company of ladies; however, I must fulfil my promise, and present you to a rare one,” looking affectionately at his cousin, “next to a fair one,” bowing obsequiously to Miss Sidney; “then to a dear one,” as he approached Nourhan, on whom Lady Llancharne had leaned; “and now my *tipsy* friend, good night, I will not detain you even one moment longer; pull the bell, dear mother, allow me to see you down stairs,” he maliciously added, entering the corridor which was brilliantly lighted, and at once explained that they had gained admission through the back way. “Why do you linger?” he continued; “is it because the sudden

“glare from almost total darkness, has  
“increased your *head-ache*, or that your  
“heart feels assailed by more than it  
“can contain? Pray ladies do not look  
“so astounded; Mr. Jesswunt some  
“other time will explain; at present you  
“see he is impatient to be gone; fare-  
“well, my prudent guide, leave me to  
“make your peace with the women,  
“who will be exasperated by your wil-  
“ful desertion.”

“Although I feel myself assailed  
“with more *pleasure* than even your  
“Lordship predicted,” returned Mr.  
Jesswunt confusedly, “yet if you per-  
“mit me, I shall venture to remain,  
“which fully illustrates, that I find  
“temptation more easily avoided than  
“withstood.”

“And though I may consider you one  
“of the most variable beings in exist-  
“ence, I shall no longer urge your de-  
“parture, which would materially lessen  
“the relish I should feel in this delight-  
“ful circle. Dearest Nohr,” he sportively

continued, “ only think what my *old*  
“ *mamma* has to answer for,” and taking  
his mother in his arms, affectionately  
kissed her, and would have placed her  
on his knee, but she gently prevented  
him; as he added, “ she lured this  
“ Adonis to the castle, who has left all  
“ the fair damsels at the assembly in  
“ despair; for my own part, when de-  
“ prived of my expected partner, I  
“ intended to waltz with every girl in  
“ the rooms, but that insufferable in-  
“ veigled me to the door ; and though I  
“ never entered a ball room that pro-  
“ mised more amusement, he forced me  
“ to leave it, saying he had other game  
“ in view ; I wished to declare off,  
“ but he was peremptory ; dragged me  
“ away from a number of *monstrous* fine  
“ women, who had all asked me to  
“ dance ; my uncle’s carriage unluckily  
“ stood in waiting ; finding resistance  
“ vain, I was passive as a lamb ; he slyly  
“ whispered the men to drive here with  
“ a circumbendibus to the back entrance,

“ which he had knowingly chosen to  
“ increase my surprise; when we stopped  
“ I refused to alight, but he haled me out  
“ of the carriage, and to my unutterable  
“ horror and mortification thrust me  
“ into your presence, ladies, and there  
“ he stands blushing like a criminal;  
“ but ask him, and he will corroborate  
“ the truth of my narration.”

“ Dear Harry,” said Lady Llancharne,  
“ do not seek to impose on me; this  
“ frolic bears too great a semblance to  
“ your own for the author to escape  
“ detection, but I have to lament  
“ that Mr. Jesswunt is through your  
“ means deprived of the pleasures he  
“ might have experienced this evening;  
“ we must therefore exert ourselves to  
“ prevent his equally regretting that  
“ you have kidnapped him—”

“ And transported me from a scene  
“ of tumult to one of calm delight, for  
“ which I can never be sufficiently thank-  
“ ful,” returned Mr. Jesswunt.

“ Since you are so tranquilly inclined,

“ my incomparable,” rejoined Llancharne, “ we need no longer interrupt “ the employment of these ladies.” Collecting the cards, he added, “ Miss “ Sidney will have the kindness to indulge me with a flirting match,” giving her one pack, “ whilst Miss “ Vatchel and my sweet coz continue “ their music.”

Selecting one of Sir John Stevenson’s most admired duets, charmingly uniting the originality of native genius, with the variety of the Italian and science of the German composition, they sung with judgment and pathos. Of vocal music Mr. Jesswunt was enthusiastically fond ; and he found his heart in greater danger than ever, when Lady Eleanor displayed such a superiority of talent, in an accomplishment so difficult to attain. He was called upon to sing, but at first declined ; however, at her request he complied ; and having adapted the following sonnet from Lord Strangford’s Camoens, to a tune he had learned in India, he sung—

I whisper'd her my last adieu,  
I gave a parting kiss ;  
Cold shower's of sorrow bath'd her eyes,  
And her poor heart was torn with sighs,  
Yet—strange to tell—'twas then I felt  
Most perfect bliss.

For love at other times suppress'd,  
Was all betray'd at this—  
I saw him weeping in her eyes,  
I heard him breathing in her sighs,  
And ev'ry throb which shook her breast,  
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sight which keen affection clears,  
How can it judge amiss—  
To me it pictur'd hope, and taught  
My spirit this consoling thought,  
That love's sun, tho' it rise in tears,  
May set in bliss.

Without his understanding music scientifically, there was an inflexion in the full mellow notes of his manly voice, which rendered it truly pleasing; he sung with expression, and the rich modulation of his tones in unison with the words, impressed the listening group with an idea of his sensibility. Amidst

the plaudits of her friends, Lady Eleanor remained mute ; she romantically supposed the words of the poet were allusive to the situation of the Orientalist with some lady he had known abroad, thought the commencement of his attachment might have been unfortunate, but that he looked forward to brighter prospects. She had conceived the highest esteem for his character, thought he deserved to be happy, and felt an indescribable sensation tinged with regret, which communicated itself to her features. The peculiar interest excited by the national music of every people, became the subject of conversation ; and after various specimens of Scotch, Irish, German, and even Hebrew melodies, Mr. Jesswunt was again called upon, and intreated to indulge them with an original strain of his native land. Without further solicitation, he sang in Hindostanee,

Fooleah buttorteetee

Sawra baug ko jaur tee tee

Jooley ow Chummayla  
 Champah ow Bayla  
 Rung bay rung ka fool hy  
 Dooleena ko sayla chy  
     Peearee Loll.

Fooleah ko choon kay lye  
 Tayra hy hummara ny  
 Sub summait ke leeay ro  
 Gool Kyra ow Gool Subbo,  
 Rung bay Rung ka fool hy  
 Dooleena ko Punka chy  
     Peearee Loll.

Fooleah chittera do  
 Chaur ee oor bechaw do  
 Ithur Oothur aus paus  
*Gool Annar* ow Gool Abbas  
 Rung bay rung ka fool hy  
 Dooleenako chuddur chy  
     Peearee Loll.

Fooleeah may Kawta ky  
 Cumbukutka Kurro my  
*Quoy Goolaub* ow *Quoy BABOOL*  
 Jitta Kawta itta fool  
 Tur bay tur ka dook sook  
 Dooneah ke bool chook  
     Peearee Loll.

Which, at the request of Lady Llan-  
 charne, he thus rendered:



This dewy morning, gath'ring flow'rs,  
 I rang'd amid th' enamel'd bow'rs ;  
 The Jessamine and Chummayla,\*  
 The Champa and Bayla  
 And great variety beside,  
 To make a garland for the bride,  
 The lovely darling !

To shed their fragrance in thy bow'rs,  
 For thee I cull'd the freshest flow'rs ;  
 But guard them well, and keep them so,†  
 The Gool Kyrâ, *Gool Subbo* ;‡  
 And great variety beside,  
 A fan to enwreath for the bride,  
 The lovely darling !

Spread the flowers far and wide,  
 Strew them round on every side ;  
 Some here, some there, abroad, across,  
 The Gool Annar,|| and Gool Abbâs ;  
 And great variety beside,  
 The couch to adorn for the bride,  
 The lovely darling !

\* Many of the flowers indigenous to Hindostan,  
 are not translatable into English.

† Flowers being an emblem of friendship,  
 their fading is here supposed to be symbolic of its  
 decline.

‡ Tube rose.

|| Pomegranate blossom.

With the flowers I find too late,  
What shall I do unfortunate !  
In the rose and bâbool \* bowers  
Are as many thorns as flowers ;  
Thus fleeting pleasures blend with pain,  
Whilst in this world we yet remain,  
My lovely darling !

“ In this hasty imitation of the original,  
“ I cannot give you an idea of its beauty,  
“ or wild simplicity. The Nâutch girls,  
“ who though of a bright copper colour,  
“ or clear brown, are remarkably hand-  
“ some, and finely formed, are from  
“ their earliest infancy trained to suit  
“ the action to the word. They dance  
“ exquisitely, and being brought up for  
“ that especial purpose, have no re-  
“ straints from timidity. Their dress  
“ and chudder, or scarf of fine white  
“ *muslin*, bordered and fringed with  
“ silver or gold, is generally twenty  
“ yards in width, and by them in the  
“ progress of the dance, wreathed into

\* Bâbool means a beautiful but very thorny golden flowering shrub which produces the gum arabic.

“ a hundred different forms, sometimes  
“ held up on either side, as high as their  
“ arms can reach, their figures resemble  
“ a fan reversed ; at others, a veil or  
“ apron of the same material clasped at  
“ the neck, contains the flowers, and as  
“ they scatter them before the bride,  
“ they accompany the action with the  
“ words and tune I have just now  
“ attempted.”

“ Has it been published ?” inquired  
Nourhan.

“ No,” he returned ; “ but should  
“ you desire it, Miss Vatchel, it  
“ would afford me much pleasure to  
“ note it down for you with all its  
“ native wildness, and totally divested  
“ of embellishment. I do not pretend  
“ to a scientific knowledge of music,  
“ therefore my ignorance in this matter  
“ may be of service to the air, which  
“ will be the more faithfully tran-  
“ scribed.\* If you allow me, I will  
“ send it to you to-morrow ; I remember  
“ at Bhurtpore to have heard it sung

\* See note at the end of this volume.

“by a very charming woman, as you  
 “may suppose from her name, Dil-  
 “raknee, Keeper of Hearts!—but I was  
 “then a boy.”

“And that preserved your’s,” said  
 Llancharne, “however, the impression  
 “was deep—”

“And can never be effaced,” he  
 returned. Turning to Miss Sidney Lady  
 Eleanor made some observation, which  
 Llancharne supposed to have been a  
 request to sing, and pressing her to  
 comply, she refused, but offered to play  
 a waltz, if they chose to dance.

“Any thing but a waltz,” said Lady  
 Llancharne; “my taste is so antedilu-  
 “vian, that I cannot endure to think of  
 “any female with whom I associate, or  
 “for whom I feel regard, attempting  
 “such a violation of decency—like the  
 “late Mr. Sheridan, I have also to  
 “lament the improvement in the arts  
 “of this improving age, and would  
 “neither wish to see a ‘peer mount

“ the box,’ or a female dance ‘ in a  
 “ man’s embrace ;’ well might he say,  
 “ when such things are, that ‘ modesty  
 “ is dead,’ and that ‘ sense and taste  
 “ are like our bullion fled.’ ”

“ My dear mother,” cried Llancharne,  
 “ how can you entertain such old-  
 “ fashioned notions—the waltz is, I  
 “ grant you, a very familiar, but very  
 “ graceful figure, which requires the  
 “ amalgamation of both dancers ; and  
 “ when by slow degrees, and some-  
 “ times hopping, it advances from a  
 “ walk to a sauteuse, nothing can be  
 “ more delightful—just fancy twelve or  
 “ fourteen charming creatures grasped  
 “ by their happy partners round the  
 “ waist, all engaged in this delicious  
 “ dance, quickening their paces as their  
 “ spirits rise, ‘ they rise, they whirl,  
 “ they swing, they fly, puffing, blowing,  
 “ jostling, squeezing, very odd—but  
 “ certainly very pleasing.’ I have known  
 “ some very particular Mammās, who

“ to license their young ladies showing  
“ off together, have obliged their clumsy  
“ sons to follow the example of their  
“ sisters, *bras en bras*, but that plea-  
“ santest of all pleasant beings, Frances  
“ Butler says, there is a want of dra-  
“ pery in the latter, which renders the  
“ *coup d'œil* inimitably barbarous—I  
“ perfectly agree with her, that men  
“ waltzing with each other, is a sad ex-  
“ hibition—however, I never yet saw a  
“ regularly conducted waltzing match,  
“ without calling to mind Collins’s de-  
“ scription of the passions excited by  
“ music, exulting, trembling, raging,  
“ fainting,—”

“ And pray add,” said Lady Llan-  
charne, “ ‘ possess beyond the muse’s  
“ painting;’ but we may never hope to  
“ find that minds are raised or refined  
“ by the waltz; however they may be  
“ ‘ disturbed’ or ‘ *delighted*,’ as you say;  
“ but I know it is a mere *façon de parler*,  
“ and that you really disapprove of it  
“ as much as I do.”

“ All this while we are but losing “ time,” cried Llancharne ; and reminding Nourhan of her promise, he led her to the centre of the room, desiring Mr. Jesswunt to follow his example, and join him in a *reel*. “ You cannot be at “ a loss for a partner,” he added, “ as “ my *mother* and cousin are both dis- “ engaged.”

Dancing speaks to the eye—and when gracefully performed, is the finest and most impressive associate of music. The evening passed rapidly over, a *petit souper* was introduced, and the carriages having been ordered early for the Countess to return, Mr. Jesswunt arose to depart, and took leave, much pleased with the termination of the frolic. Lord Llancharne accompanied him to Ballanaghiera, where he found his equipage, and without further delay, drove home to Kilmoyne. Lady Llancharne, and the younger ladies had retired before the return of the party from the ball. At breakfast next morning,

Lord Llancharne recapitulated all that had occurred between him and the Orientalist, previous to their unexpected visit at the castle, which caused some laughter. The party was increased by the arrival of Major Willmote, who had gone by invitation to Hilltown, where he had slept the night before. Reproaching his friend for having staid stupidly at the lodge, instead of coming on direct to the castle, Lord Llancharne discovered in presence of the Earl, the trick he had played Mr. Jesswunt: the Countess had not left her chamber. She had carefully confined her surmises to her own bosom, consequently the Earl had not even a suspicion of their existence; he now enjoyed the account of the frolic, in which, as his sister was at home to matronize the young people, he did not see any great impropriety. But when the Countess heard of it, she saw the affair in a very different point of view, and seriously lamented that



her own manœuvres, had been productive of a still more dangerous interview than that she had studied to prevent.

On reprehending her nephew for his desertion of her, and censuring his conduct, altogether, on the occasion, he protested that he had been solely actuated by the dutiful desire of gratifying his aged parent, and her flame Mr. Jesswunt, whose mutual passion could be no longer concealed. Accompanied by Nourhan, Lady Eleanor again visited the widow O'Cuilean's cabin, where they found Mrs. Cullen, Mr. Jesswunt's housekeeper; by his directions, great alteration had been wrought there; and they were happy to see the invalid seemingly much recovered. Several days elapsed, during which Mr. Jesswunt was a constant visitor at the castle, hourly increasing Lady Clanroy's uneasiness upon his account, and anxiety to remove from his neighbourhood; she also wished to take Nourhan out of the

way of her nephew, whose attachment was but too visible.

Since the unhopèd-for eclaircissement, and his introduction to Lady Eleanor, the Orientalist had almost exclusively devoted his mornings to her, wishing to compensate to himself for the privations he had endured in his self-imposed banishment. The Earl and Lord Glenarm were particularly attentive to him; affable and courteous to all, there was yet a marked difference in their conduct towards himself, which he must have been senseless indeed to have overlooked, and which he returned with all the grateful warmth natural to his disposition. From Lady Clanroy his reception was not equally flattering: calm and fascinating where she chose to please, he found her manner towards him so freezing, that he felt chilled even by her smile. Unacquainted with the sentiments by which his mother was actuated, Lord Glenarm was surprised, and distressed at the reserve and cold-

ness, nearly amounting to antipathy with which she generally treated Mr. Jesswunt; but unwilling to subject the conduct of his revered parent to the slightest animadversion, he had silently remarked what had pained him, and lent vigour to his exertions to prevent Mr. Jesswunt feeling a *hauteur*, which, had it originated with a less respected character, he would have pronounced to be capricious and unjust.

From the Earl's avowed partiality for the East Indian, Lady Clanroy entertained little hope of his coinciding with her in discouraging the visits of Mr. Jesswunt, and feared it would be vain to have a direct explanation of her ideas relative to his attachment, and of the more than favourable sentiments which she apprehended Lady Eleanor might unconsciously have encouraged. Whenever the Countess had distantly ventured to hint the impropriety of admitting visitors of prepossessing appearance, and insinuating manners—persons

whose connexions were unknown—and by a coincidence of opinion, was emboldened to apply those observations more pointedly to Mr. Jesswunt, she found with regret, he possessed so warm an advocate in the Earl, that she was compelled to forego the discussion, whilst the recollection of Nourhan's introduction, and of her own marriage was still in her memory. On that event, the disparity between her father's rank and that of Lord Clanroy, had by his Lordship been overlooked, and she was obliged to refrain from pressing arguments, which were in some measure applicable to herself; she therefore prudently resolved to avoid all controversy which might tend to weaken the hold she had upon the affections of her Lord. Not choosing to confide to his Lordship her double motives for pressing an immediate return to England, she simply reminded him of her engagements; the Marchioness of Cameron remarked, that as the point for which

they had visited Ireland was now gained, there was no further necessity to postpone their departure. Seeing her impatience to be gone, he freely consented to have measures adopted for their removal, which determination involved Llancharne in a world of agitation and perplexity. Seeking his venerated mother, who from infancy had been the confidant of all his anxieties, he beseeched her counsel to relieve his troubled mind.

## CHAPTER VII.

‘ Si Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque.  
Nil est jucundum ; vivas in amore jocisque.’

‘ If Life’s insipid without mirth and love,  
Let love and mirth insipid life improve.’

IT was customary at the castle for the ladies to adjourn after breakfast to the music saloon, where Llancharne now followed them, to propose various plans for the amusement of the morning, all of which were severally rejected. At a window commanding a view of Muckamore Abbey, the ruined castle, and adjoining grounds, skirted by the rich plantations of Kilmoyne, sat Lady Eleanor. The widow O’Cuilean’s cabin was hidden from sight by surrounding hedges; yet the curling smoke directed the eye to a spot, whereon she fancied it stood, and which from an as-

sociation of ideas was now become an object of some interest. Wrapt in her own reflections, the different excursions proposed by her cousin had been unheard. Observing her abstraction, and partly suspecting the cause, he stole gently towards her, and peeping over her shoulder, beheld the groves of Kilmoyne, which confirmed his surmises. Prompted by his love of frolic, he suddenly exclaimed—

“Norah—Mr. Jesswunt—” his manner seemed to imply, that the Orientalist had just entered. Turning round with an involuntary start, she answered “Where?”

“Nay, do not interrupt me, child,” he replied, enjoying her confusion. “Mr. Jesswunt, I say, will not in common politeness venture to intrude upon us this morning, as we shall have enough of his company at Kilmoyne to-morrow. Annihilate me, but I am half sorry we are to dine there—however, this immediate release from his

“ persecuting visits even for one day is  
“ some little comfort. *You*, I know, will  
“ rejoice at it, as sincerely as in his  
“ bringing home his *intended*, who will  
“ be one of the greatest possible ac-  
“ quisitions to this neighbourhood. I  
“ do not so much mean by her enlarg-  
“ ing our circle, as that by his marriage  
“ we may hope he will be prevented  
“ from everlastingly boring us with his  
“ company—pray what is your Lady-  
“ ship’s opinion on the subject?”

“ I should indeed rejoice (were I as-  
“ sured it would contribute to his hap-  
“ piness) to hear of Mr. Jesswunt’s  
“ marriage, provided the person of his  
“ choice was deserving of so much ex-  
“ cellence,” she replied.

Shocked at the idea of giving her one moment’s pain, he admired the self-possession with which she had borne his raillery, and endeavoured to atone for it by every delicate attention. He wished to obtain a private conference with Nourhan; but found Maria Sidney



reading aloud, whilst the other ladies were differently employed: she would have laid the book aside, but he vowed that if he disturbed them in the least, he would instantly *evaporate*.

“What is your study, Maria?” asked Frederic, entering the room. “A novel “of course—” and taking it up, he added, “My chief objection to this “species of writing is, that the mercilless authors condemn their heroines “to suffer greater trials than are ever “inflicted on human nature, for the “laudable purpose of showing how easy “it is to combat in theory temptations “the most extravagant.”

“You may denominate it a novel if “you please,” returned Miss Sidney; “but this work deserves a higher title, “in my opinion, from the vein of religion, by which it is throughout pervaded.”

“There again I must beg leave to “differ with you,” cried the cavilling Frederic. “If you wish to beguile an

“ hour with light reading, you perchance  
“ look into a tale, and ere you are aware  
“ of the deception are involved in a ser-  
“ mon under a *novel* dress indeed—  
“ should this practice continue, every  
“ weaver and blacksmith may in their  
“ undecorated phraseology, become ser-  
“ monizers. Divinity will be retailed  
“ at forge or anvil, yard or loom, and  
“ preaching the Christian doctrine be  
“ adopted as a supplementary trade, by  
“ those who dislike the labour of their  
“ own.”

Mrs. Lucinda warmly joined Frederic in abusing all such light inflammatory stuff, however speciously disguised (to the reading of which she was nevertheless in secret, not a little addicted), and so diverted his sarcastic humour to herself.

“ When I try to dissipate a tedious  
“ hour,” he added, “ it is with Pope,  
“ Congreve, or Swift; *ecce signum* ;”  
and restoring the contemned work to

Maria, he drew a volume of Swift from his pocket.

“He is an odious creature,” interrupted Mrs. Lucy, “utterly devoid of either sentiment or delicacy—”

“And yet he is such a humorist,” maliciously returned Frederic, “that I find him a most entertaining companion—though not very complimentary to the ladies, I must allow: only hearken to what he says here of some *bas bleu* who wished to overwhelm him with her learning—

—— ‘Artemisia talks by fits  
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits,  
Reads Malbranche, Bayle, and Locke——’ ”

“*You* shall not *read* another word here,” cried Llancharne, snatching the book whilst his reply was lost in murmurs of disapprobation, caused by his boyish insolence. Mr. David and Miss Loriana Poulton were announced—unable longer to restrain his impatience,

Lord Llancharne approached the easel at which sat Nourhan, and said, "I shall either be deemed undutiful; or Miss Vatchel unkind—Lady Llancharne commissioned me an hour since to present her best compliments, and request the pleasure of your company in a walk to the lake—She awaits your answer upon the terrace, and here have I been charmed from my mission."

"You must consider minutes in our society to be hours," observed Lady Eleanor.

"You are very severe," he returned; "but though I dearly adore you all, and think it worse than death to tear myself away, I must return to the terrace to acquaint my mother with the cause of my delay, and that Miss Vatchel seems disinclined to grant the requested favour."

"Pardon me, my Lord," replied Nourhan; "I am but too much flattered by her Ladyship's kindness;" and laying

aside the crayons, left the room: hastily following her, "I shall give the "first account of my peccadillo, how- "ever," cried Llancharne.

"Do make haste," said Lorian, laughing, "one story is good till another "is told."

Most unexpectedly Lady Llancharne made her appearance; the Countess demanded, had she met Nourhan, and was answered in the negative; "May I beg "to speak to you in the library?" she inquired; "my brother is going to ride "out, and I wish," she added in an under tone, "to consult you both on a "matter of moment."

It was no unusual request, and Lady Clanroy complied without a comment. Taking his hat, Mr. David proposed to follow Miss Vatchel, and with the Countess and Lady Llancharne quitted the room.

"I wonder what they are all after," said Lorian; "as sure as a gun there is "something in the wind,—for there is

“ that funny young Lord walking with  
“ Miss What-you-call-um on the border  
“ of the lake, and see, if he isn’t making  
“ love to her I am a soused gurnet, as  
“ mother says. I know well enough by  
“ his ways, what he is at—the big  
“ rogue—look now—there—he is kiss-  
“ ing her hand.”

“ If he does not kiss her face, it is of  
“ the less consequence,” said Mrs. Lucinda, drawing up her long scraggy neck, and admonishing her blooming nieces to beware of such indecorums, and reading a lecture *pro bono* on the violent impropriety of such proceedings; declaring, she had and would be always upon her guard, and never suffer herself to be wiled out by young men in that abominable way for such barbarous purposes. The good effect her harangue might have produced was counteracted by the abrupt entrance of Lord Llancharne, who though seemingly out of breath by the exercise of running, showed exultance glowing in every fea-

ture, unconscious of the observations to which his conduct had given rise, he caught Julia Sidney round the waist; but suddenly letting her go, seized Maria, and silenced the comments she was about to make, with a kiss: Lady Eleanor looking on with astonishment at his impudence, was next attacked. Ere she could prevent it, she found herself seated upon one knee, and heard him calling to Loriana to take possession of the other. Mrs. Lucinda became alarmed (as she had not shaved her lip that morning), thought she could not escape in the general uproar, and vehemently declaimed against such outrageous assaults upon modesty, wondering that her advice could be so soon forgotten.

“ Oh, blood,” whispered Llancharne, “ is Miss Grimalkin in the room ?”

Wishing to mollify the displeasure of her aunt, Maria Sidney protested that neither she nor her sister were in fault. Threatening to stop her breath, if she

attempted to calumniate him, whilst exculpating herself, Lord Llancharne added, " You know very well, Maria, it " was all an awkward blunder of mine, " and that it was Mrs. Lucinda herself " I had hoped to salute, although by " mistake (the resemblance is so striking) I took you for your charming " aunt."

" For me?" exclaimed Mrs. Sidney, with affected repugnance; " your Lordship did well not to attempt such unwelcome freedom."

" Don't provoke me," he returned.

" Intolerable assurance," she exclaimed, rising with all the dignity becoming a tragedy queen, and casting a glance of unutterable disdain upon his Lordship, she haughtily quitted the room.

" My point is gained at last, however—I have banished the tabby, perplex me!"

" For shame, my Lord," returned Maria, " how can you sport with the



“ feelings of a woman? my aunt’s age  
“ and conduct entitle her to respect.”

“ By all that’s horrible (though I  
“ should not take her name in vain) I  
“ never yet *sported* with her, my dear  
“ girl, and never will. Vainly might I  
“ seek to thaw her frigidity, but as she  
“ is inclined ‘ to wither on the virgin-  
“ thorn of single blessedness,’ e’en let  
“ her go.”

A hasty summons from Mrs. Lucy called her nieces to her chamber, Miss Poulton had also disappeared, and Lady Eleanor would have retired to dress for dinner, but was prevented by her cousin, who solicited her attention for five minutes. Vexed that Lorianas’s idle comments had been made in presence of so many, she now readily consented to stay, in hope of hearing that her fervent wishes for her friend’s happiness united with his, might be crowned with success. Carefully closing the door, he said—

“ Now, Nohr, sit down and join me  
“ in compassionating those poor mise-  
“ rable kittens sent for by that old ra-  
“ dical tabby, Mrs. Grimalkin, to be  
“ lectured upon their unpardonable ani-  
“ mation, desire for admiration—love of  
“ flirtation, dissipation, and every sort  
“ of abomination, which will doubtless  
“ end with a sanctification at her hav-  
“ ing escaped the contamination of my  
“ lip, and a volume of such *bothera-*  
“ *tion.*”

Expecting a very different subject, Lady Eleanor was provoked with him, having hoped he had intended to have made her the confidante of his penchant for Nourhan; she was doubly disappointed, and declaring she would not be detained to listen to such nonsense, would have retired, but he held her, saying—  
“ Dearest Norah, I have finished Mrs.  
“ Lucinda’s oration, but in what terms  
“ shall I begin my own? I wish to give  
“ you the particulars of my interview

“ with Nourhan ; but am not sufficiently  
“ collected. She has conditionally pro-  
“ mised to make me happy, and as my  
“ loved mother approves my choice,  
“ there are no impediments to fear,  
“ save from my uncle and aunt. With-  
“ out their consent, Nourhan will not  
“ give her’s—for which reason I came  
“ to supplicate you to exert your  
“ well known ascendancy to promote  
“ my happiness. Command me in re-  
“ turn, dearest coz, whenever you may  
“ require a *Machiavel*.”

Promising to lend every aid to further his suit, she quitted him, and going in search of Nourhan, sincerely congratulated her upon such happy prospects. Returning the caresses with undissembled gratitude, Miss Vatchel deeply affected, declared that her good fortune far exceeded her deserts ; that when she remembered she owed every thing to the Countess, a tear of regret would obtrude at the idea of uniting an

unacknowledged orphan with a branch of the respected family of her benefactress. A message from the Earl, desiring her attendance in the library, threw her into fresh agitation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

‘ In her youth,  
There is a prone and speechless dialect,  
Such as moves men ; besides she hath a prosperous  
art  
When she will play with reason and discourse.’

WHEN Lord Llancharne had disclosed to his indulgent parent his attachment to Nourhan, and his grief at the prospect of losing her society, which he now considered necessary to his happiness, she rejoiced that his affections were placed upon an object so deserving; she had long wished him to form a matrimonial connection: his own fortune was ample, his estates unencumbered, besides which, he possessed considerable property in the funds; consequently in a pecuniary point of view he was at liberty to please himself in the choice of a wife; and although Miss

Vatchel was unendowed with golden treasures, she possessed other requisites more capable of ensuring domestic felicity. Expressing the unfeigned pleasure his sentiments afforded her, Lady Llancharne tried to banish the recollection that rank was alone wanted on the part of the young lady, and trusted that her amiability would more than compensate to her idolized son for the deficiency. Promising to use her influence with the Earl and Countess in his behalf, she readily gave consent to his applying to Nourhan, assuring him that he had no rival in her affections to apprehend if she might judge from the tenor of her conduct. Overjoyed at having obtained his mother's sanction, Llancharne lavished upon her the most grateful caresses, and by her desire repaired to the music saloon, where he knew that Nourhan was engaged with her pencil.

“ I will not await your return to  
“ consult my brother and sister on

“ the subject,” observed Lady Llancharne.

“ As you think proper, my ever indulgent friend.”

Hastening to her apartment, and having adjusted herself for a walk, Nourhan pursued her way to the terrace, where, instead of Lady Llancharne, his lordship joined her: placing her arm within his, “ It is, as I feared,” he said, “ my mother has gone on to the lake; we must follow with all possible speed.”

She would have declined to lean upon him, but remonstrances were fruitless—her hand was held captive—he would not relinquish it, and thus taken by surprise, she had but the alternative of turning homeward or listening to him, whilst with rapid strides he hurried her forward, pretending a wish to overtake Lady Llancharne. His addresses which he rather abruptly introduced, she at first supposed were made in *badinage*, and her replies were in the same strain; but the vehemence

of his manner, and his impassioned language, soon undeceived and alarmed her, lest he might imagine she had not been jesting. His unbounded raptures made her tremble for the event; she apprehended he was of a character too volatile to think seriously of matrimony with any girl, but more especially with one whom she feared was so much his inferior. Blaming her own credulity in having wandered to such a distance in pursuit of Lady Llancharne, whose invitation she now discovered was a fable invented to beguile her from the house, she insisted upon immediately returning.

Elated at the hopes which in mere playfulness had been encouraged, she found, with consternation, that he was perfectly serious: all thoughts of her own aggrandisement gave place to the dread of his mother's displeasure, but she much more dreaded that of the Earl and Countess; making an effort, she with some difficulty withdrew the hand he



had rapturously kissed, and desired with unaffected dignity to be relieved from such importunities. Wishing him to believe that she still considered his present conduct of a piece with his accustomed sportability, she declared that when such practical jokes were carried to great lengths, they ceased to be pleasant. Hurt by the charge, Llancharne warmly assured her of the sincerity of his love, briefly acquainted her that it had met his mother's approval, that she had promised to intercede for him with his uncle, that she longed to embrace her as a daughter, and was impatient to become a dowager.

“ You know what a favourite you have ever been of her's,” he added; “ she had not patience to await your fiat, but relying on your goodness, went to *break the ice* with the old people, confident that you were too humane to *break my heart* by a refusal.”

Finding that she remained silent, he continued, “ Now, dearest Nourhan,

“ pronounce my doom ; but remember if  
“ you reject me, you destroy my mother  
“ by making me miserable—speak—for  
“ I would not be solely indebted to her  
“ for your compliance.”

Urged to reply, she gently murmured something of respect and regard for Lady Llancharne, of not wishing to make any one miserable, and she would have terminated the scene with all becoming circumspection, had not the overjoyed amatore, whose disposition was too sincere to be ceremonious, conceiving her full approbation of his suit implied by these few words, suddenly clasped her to his bosom, saying, “ Then seal my  
“ happiness, my adored Nourhan, with  
“ a consenting kiss ;” and ere she could refuse, he would but for her veil have snatched a dozen. Surprised—shocked at such temerity, she struggled, escaped, and swiftly darting forward, though closely pursued, regained the terrace, and fled to her own chamber,

where she was trying to compose her hurried spirits, when Lady Eleanor entered.

Such a *tête-à-tête* upon a similar occasion, with either Lord Glenarm or Mr. Jesswunt, whose manners and characters were so very different from Lord Llancharne's, would have been incredible; but though desperately smitten, Llancharne was not even in love a sentimentalist, yet perhaps his heart was as replete with intrinsic worth.

When the Countess repaired with Lady Llancharne to the library, they found the Earl sitting at a writing-table, with his spectacles on his forehead, an open letter in his hand, and to all appearance deeply engaged in thought. He did not perceive their entrance until accosted by his sister, who, after a short preface, required his serious attention to an affair of some consequence which she had to propose.

“ If it be a treaty of marriage,” he

replied, "it will be the second I have received within this hour."

"You have divined rightly," said Lady Llancharne, "I came to solicit your consent in the disposal of Miss Vatchel."

"The same," he returned; "she is the very person upon whose account I have just now been addressed; therefore this is not the first intimation I have had of a matter at which I confess myself nevertheless surprised."

"Has the impatience of the youthful lover," said Lady Llancharne smiling, "anticipated me, after supplicating my interference in his behalf?"

"Even so—not by a personal application however, but by letter, which may possibly have been written before you heard any thing of the matter."

"May I inquire your sentiments upon the subject?" she demanded.

"Certainly," he replied. "I think it quite unnecessary to expatiate upon my affection for Miss Vatchel, whom

“ for years I have considered in the light  
“ of a child, and with nearly equal re-  
“ gard. It is, however, but justice to  
“ acknowledge, that upon every occa-  
“ sion her conduct has been such as to  
“ merit my warmest esteem. You, my  
“ love,” he added, turning to the Coun-  
“ tess, “ have frequently assured me,  
“ that Nourhan never caused you a mo-  
“ ment’s uneasiness.”

Unwilling to interrupt him, Lady Clanroy, with an expressive smile, silently assented, and he continued—

“ Her establishment in life is perhaps  
“ near at hand—let us hope her future  
“ actions may not disgrace her past, or  
“ in us raise a blush for this daughter of  
“ *your adoption.*”

Even more tenderly attached to her *élève* than the Earl had professed to be, the Countess quickly answered, “ Ho-  
“ nour’s sacred throne is too firmly  
“ erected within Nourhan’s breast to  
“ cause me one pang of apprehension,  
“ that she might ever swerve from the

“ path which hitherto she hath pursued  
“ with undeviating rectitude.”

“ But,” interrupted Lady Llancharne,  
“ my brother has not yet answered my  
“ question, and I am impatient to know  
“ his opinion of her suitor, and to learn  
“ his decision upon the business.”

“ Why, really,” returned the Earl,  
“ he is a character I find so difficult to  
“ fathom, that I cannot immediately  
“ come to a determination.”

“ Indeed!” ejaculated Lady Llancharne, in amaze.

“ It is true his proposals are liberal,  
“ considering his fortune, which by the  
“ way is rather of a questionable nature,  
“ and too insignificant for any ward of  
“ mine to accept, however that shall rest  
“ entirely with herself.”

“ Very strange,” said Lady Llancharne, much disconcerted.

“ But,” resumed the Earl, “ I suppose he expects something handsome  
“ from me; in fact, he almost insinuates  
“ as much, by saying that he cannot marry

“ without obtaining a certain portion  
“ with the lady, for some purpose which  
“ he offers personally to explain. He  
“ appears, it would seem, to imagine  
“ that Nourhan has an indirect claim  
“ upon me, either as some poor relation,  
“ or else—” suddenly striking the table  
with his hand, he added—“ perhaps he  
“ fancies she is actually my daughter—  
“ and by means of an alliance with her,  
“ hopes to aggrandise himself.” As  
he pronounced these words, which had  
obviously no reference to Lord Llan-  
charne, he arose, saying, “ If I thought  
“ his views were so mercenary as they  
“ appear to be at first sight, I would  
“ reject the proposals, without either  
“ consulting Miss Vatchel, or hesitating  
“ one moment.”

However improbable, Lady Llancharne  
thinking it just possible that her son  
might have written to his uncle before  
he had consulted her, and have unin-  
tentionally omitted to inform her of the  
circumstance, without taking time to

consider, she now quickly asked, "What  
" part of his conduct, pray, has led your  
" lordship to form such a mean opinion  
" of the youth?"

" I have already told you," he replied,  
" that the young man is too guarded in  
" my presence to allow me an oppor-  
" tunity of judging of his disposition,  
" and from that very circumstance have  
" my conjectures arisen; for I have in-  
" variably remarked, that too much  
" gravity in the deportment of youth is  
" unnatural, and but assumed to cover  
" vice, hypocrisy, or some propensity,  
" which would not bear investigation;  
" the genuine heart harbours not a  
" thought it would conceal. However,  
" I am not altogether warranted in form-  
" ing too unfavourable an opinion; I will  
" not therefore hastily decide, or with-  
" out due consideration throw a negative  
" upon the affair."

Unused to hear her darling son (of  
whom she thought the Earl had spoken)  
mentioned, but with terms of regard



Lady Llancharne felt utterly confounded ; her even temper, though gentleness personified, was ruffled by the undeserved harshness of such strictures, which one moment's reflection would have convinced her were never designed for Llancharne ; but having from the first supposed that it was of his proposals they had been speaking, she now said haughtily, " I am at a loss to  
" account for the very unfavourable opi-  
" nion you entertain of him ; I know  
" his heart to be the seat of truth, and  
" am confident no mercenary motive  
" ever gained entrance there ; his views  
" respecting your ward centered en-  
" tirely in herself the *main* chance of  
" which you speak, and which I deno-  
" minate the *mean* chance, never once  
" occurred to him ; he neither seeks  
" or requires a fortune with a wife, and  
" as to his own, it is, although upon a  
" smaller scale, perhaps as independent  
" as your lordship's ; in my opinion, his  
" proposals do the young lady but too

“ much honour ; perhaps she may not  
“ have sufficient discernment to think  
“ so, or find out his merits, although  
“ from her having given a marked pre-  
“ ference to his company, he had reason  
“ to expect, that her addresses would  
“ have met with a very different recep-  
“ tion. However, since you seem so  
“ averse from the marriage, it is per-  
“ haps as well that we came in such an  
“ early stage of the business to a right  
“ understanding. You are going to  
“ ride ; I shall now take my leave.”

“ I protest, my dear sister,” inter-  
rupted Lord Clanroy, “ you take up the  
“ matter with greater warmth than I  
“ see any occasion for you to do, on the  
“ part of a mere local visitor like him ;  
“ and as to Nourhan’s wonderful pene-  
“ tration in discovering his mental ex-  
“ cellencies in particular, or prompti-  
“ tude in avowing a partiality for every  
“ coxcomb that chance may throw in  
“ her way, I think it would be more  
“ becoming in a girl of inexperience,

“ like her, to wait until those who, from  
“ a general knowledge of character and  
“ the world at large, are better enabled  
“ to judge, and better entitled to direct  
“ her choice. However she is her own  
“ mistress, at absolute liberty to act as  
“ she may think proper; but let her abide  
“ the event. If she please to marry the  
“ fop, be it at her own peril; she shall  
“ not hereafter have to reproach me  
“ with having been the author of her  
“ misfortunes, should his conduct make  
“ her miserable, which I think no un-  
“ likely consequence.”

Bursting into tears at his apparent unkindness, Lady Llancharne would have hurried from his presence; but too much piqued to remain longer at the Castle where such unpleasant animadversions had been so unnecessarily made, she quickly dried her eyes, and pressing Lady Clanroy's hand, prepared to take a formal leave of the Earl; the Countess would have spoken, but with a look of wounded pride and dignity,

which imposed silence, Lady Llancharne said gravely to the astonished Earl—

“ Although my son, Lord Viscount  
“ Llancharne, is by your Lordship con-  
“ sidered an inadequate match for your  
“ *ward*, Miss Vatchel, I flatter myself  
“ there are few *fathers* who would not  
“ deem his alliance an honour. I shall  
“ acquaint him with your sentiments ;  
“ his pretensions to the lady are already  
“ by me withdrawn. It afflicts me,  
“ however, to leave you thus abruptly ;  
“ but since Harry has unfortunately  
“ become so objectionable in your eyes,  
“ our remaining longer here must be  
“ equally disagreeable to all parties ;  
“ still I cannot refrain from expressing  
“ my surprise at your lordship having  
“ given utterance to a critique so un-  
“ merited, and, I must say, ill-natured,  
“ when I so well recollect your lenity  
“ to others.”

Unable longer to maintain silence, Lady Clanroy insisted upon being heard, and affectionately assured Lady Llan-

charne that a palpable misconception existed between her and the Earl.

“ I early discovered your mutual  
“ blunder, and was at first amused with  
“ your cross purposes, until I perceived  
“ they were becoming literally *cross*,  
“ and that you, my dear sister, were  
“ distressed. Had I been permitted, I  
“ should have interfered, and my ex-  
“ planation would instantly have recti-  
“ fied the mistake, but your mutual im-  
“ petuosity prevented my being heard.  
“ The gentleman from whom my lord  
“ received the letter was —— ”

“ Mr. Fortescue,” rejoined the Earl.  
“ I had not the most remote idea, my  
“ dear Betanna, that it was of Henry  
“ you thought—you certainly did not  
“ name him. I naturally supposed you  
“ came to plead for the Ensign, and at  
“ his request as I had remarked that  
“ he laid close siege to you the last  
“ time we were in his company, when  
“ you talked of having something ma-  
“ terial to propose, and admitted that

“ it was an embassy from a suitor of  
“ Miss Vatchel, it strengthened my  
“ surmise, but was it not a wilful mis-  
“ construction on your side ? Could you  
“ possibly have imagined, that under  
“ the description of a grave guarded  
“ coxcomb, the lively ingenious Llan-  
“ charne was designable ? Perhaps Mr.  
“ Fortescue, strictly speaking, deserves  
“ not the censure I have passed on him,  
“ but I have seldom felt less preposses-  
“ sion in favour of any stranger.”

“ If I had meant one particle of what  
“ you fancied, I should make you an  
“ ample apology ; as it is, I have much  
“ to pardon ; we had better, therefore,  
“ shake hands, and believe me, I love  
“ Harry equally with my own boys.  
“ But did you seriously intend to pro-  
“ pose a union between him and Nour-  
“ han ? Have you reflected that we are  
“ ignorant of her connections, that she  
“ has hitherto been a dependant on the  
“ bounty of Lady Clanroy, and may be  
“ the offspring of a beggar ?”

“Impossible,” said the Countess warmly; “though we know nothing of her origin, and may consequently think her by no means a suitable match for Lord Llancharne, she never could have been the child of the beggar with whom she was found; there is a native dignity, a sweetness of manner in Nourhan, too genuine to be acquired even by years of persevering exertion, and her principles would reflect honour on a peeress; but my dear Betanna still retains some resentment for the imagined disrespect with which Harry was treated.”

“I will not pardon my brother, but upon one condition,” replied Lady Llancharne, whose smiles were restored by the explanation, “and that is his unequivocal consent to, and approbation of my son’s proposals, which I am the more anxious to obtain, as his happiness depends upon the event, and I am also earnestly desirous of its taking place.”

“ I must acquiesce,” returned the Earl, “ and agree to your terms, but “ could have wished that Harry had “ looked higher. However, I am in “ honour bound to make Mr. Fortescue’s “ proposals also known to Nourhan. “ They were received first, and deserve “ at least to be treated with politeness ; “ Miss Vatchel is free to make her “ election, and I promise you shall be “ unbiassed by me, but I think we may “ conclude that she will not hesitate be- “ tween my nephew and the young red- “ coat.”

“ I sincerely hope not,” sighed Lady Llancharne ; “ she is the first woman “ that ever tempted Harry to think se- “ riously of matrimony, and as life is so “ uncertain, mine has been wretched “ upon his account for some years past, “ lest he should follow the example of “ his uncle G——. My constant “ prayer is, to live until he is married to “ some amiable woman, and surrounded “ by a little flock, which desirable sight



“ should I be permitted to behold, I  
“ care not how soon I am called to ano-  
“ ther and a better world, where the  
“ wicked cease from troubling, and the  
“ weary are at rest.”

“ I trust, my dear Betanna,” replied the Earl, affected by the solemnity of her manner, “ you have yet many years  
“ to live, and to participate in the hap-  
“ piness of my nephew, which I am  
“ confident would be ensured by his  
“ marriage with Nourhan, should that  
“ event ever take place. They are both  
“ young ; I had other views for him—no  
“ matter—young people have their  
“ caprices, and will have their own  
“ way ; he might have fancied a Miss  
“ Poulton, or some other girl equally  
“ inferior to Nourhan in every respect  
“ but money ; yet I know not which  
“ most to censure or approve of your  
“ ladyship’s conduct” (addressing the Countess) “ in having brought your  
“ *protégée* to Ireland—had she remained  
“ in England unnoticed and unknown

“ to him, he might, in all probability,  
“ have married some person less com-  
“ petent to adorn the rank of life to  
“ which he now meditates raising her ;  
“ but more his equal in point of birth.

“ Whilst you are calmly debating the  
“ matter with yourself,” said Lady  
Llancharne, “ you forget my impatience  
“ to know whether Miss Vatchel will  
“ *deign* to smile propitiously on his  
“ suit.”

“ By no means,” said the Earl, pulling  
the bell. A servant was ordered to ac-  
quaint Miss Vatchel that his lady desired  
to speak with her.

## CHAPTER IX.

I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better ; yet for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more  
rich ;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account.

WHEN called to the library, Nourhan essayed to seem tranquil ; with down-cast eyes and faltering steps she made her appearance, vainly endeavouring to still the palpitation of her heart, which, from a suspicion of the conference to which she had been summoned, throbbed with painful violence. Perceiving that she trembled and changed colour, the Countess kindly desired her to be seated. Formally replacing his specta-

cles, the Earl unfolded Mr. Fortescue's letter; venturing to raise her eyes, Nourhan was encouraged by the approving smiles, with which Lady Llancharne greeted her, and she felt somewhat re-assured.

"I hope my dear girl," said Lord Clanroy, "you believe there are few of your nearest relatives could feel greater regard for you, or superior interest in your welfare, united with the warmest affection, than the Countess and myself have invariably felt for you?"

Nourhan would have answered, would have assured them of her gratitude which their parental kindness fully merited, but she could not speak; a variety of emotions choaked her utterance; she could only reply by pressing her hand to her heart, whilst tears gushed from her eyes, which she sought to conceal beneath a silent but expressive bow, and the Earl continued,

"The time is now perhaps at hand, when (as far as a husband will permit)

“ you may become the uncontrolled  
“ mistress of your actions ; let me hope  
“ you will never forget your more than  
“ mother, or lose sight of the valuable  
“ precepts with which she has laboured  
“ to store your mind.”

Nourhan arose, approached Lady Clanroy, whose arms opened to receive her embrace ; she sunk upon one knee, and timidly laid her head on the lap of the Countess, imploring a continuance of that maternal tenderness which had hitherto constituted her greatest pride and happiness ; affectionately raising her, Lady Clanroy placed her on the ottoman by her side. Pitying the agitation of her favorite, Lady Llancharne entreated her brother to be brief, and he gravely resumed, “ I am, Miss Vatchel,  
“ commissioned by a gentleman of  
“ easy fortune (I shall say nothing of  
“ his family) to make you acquainted  
“ with his sentiments in your favour :  
“ he desires me, if your heart be not  
“ previously disposed of, to demand for

“ him a patient hearing, and wishes me  
“ to become his intercessor, but that is  
“ an office I would not undertake for  
“ any man, therefore I mean to preserve  
“ a neutrality upon this and every occa-  
“ sion of the sort, consequently you  
“ have the absolute privilege of deciding  
“ for yourself; to enable you to judge of  
“ his merits, I will simply state his  
“ proposals.”

Apprehensive that this ambiguous manner of introducing the business, might lead to a blunder similar to that she had committed, Lady Llancharne, now conscious that he did not allude to her son, and afraid that the trembling Nourhan might bestow herself upon the Ensign before she was aware of the matter, answered the eloquent appeal of her eyes by saying—“ *Enfin*, my  
“ brother wishes you, Miss Vatchel, to  
“ consider of the proposals of Mr. For-  
“ tescue, to which he now refers, and I  
“ hope you will also think of *another*  
“ for whose interest I am concerned.”

““ Mr. Fortescue!” repeated Nourhan with astonishment, “has he done me  
“ the honour to think favourably of  
“ me?”

“ Who that knows my loved Nour-  
“ han,” returned the Countess, but would  
“ concur in that sentiment? As it is  
“ pretty evident, you can readily divine  
“ for whom my sister is interested;  
“ she is all impatience to hear your de-  
“ termination; but if you desire time to  
“ deliberate, you may retire; if not,  
“ pray speak candidly, and declare at  
“ once for which of the gentlemen (if  
“ for either) you feel a decided prefer-  
“ ence, the Ensign or my nephew?”

“ Really, Madam,” stammered Nour-  
han, “ I was unprepared for this mark  
“ of Mr. Fortescue’s esteem, for which  
“ I feel obliged, but the generous libe-  
“ rality of Lord and Lady Llancharne,  
“ in overlooking the manifold objections  
“ (to me insurmountable) which an alli-  
“ ance with an unconnected orphan  
“ would entail, must ever claim my

“ boundless gratitude. Yet I feel it an  
“ indispensable duty which I owe to  
“ your Ladyship and myself, to decline  
“ the exaltation. I may not requite the  
“ years of kindness I have received at  
“ your hands, by bringing a disgrace  
“ upon the family; my origin is obscure  
“ —perhaps mean—and I have the af-  
“ fliction to think that such as it is,  
“ I may never ascertain to whom I owe  
“ my existence, may never enjoy the  
“ blessing of a parent’s embrace. To  
“ your bounty, your benevolence, I am  
“ indebted for the place I hold in so-  
“ ciety; and though ignorant of the  
“ sphere of life in which moved those  
“ to whom I am related, I must fear  
“ they were of a rank much inferior to  
“ that in which my Lord Llancharne  
“ should seek a wife; whilst inexpress-  
“ sibly obliged for his distinguished  
“ preference, I feel it incumbent on me  
“ to reject an honour of which I am so  
“ undeserving.”

Covering her face with her handker-



chief to hide the tears, which though unbidden would flow, the Earl drily returned,

“ Very well, what answer am I to “ give to the young *officer*?” laying strong emphasis upon the last word, whilst he secretly remarked, that all girls (like fools) were caught by red coats—that even when the wearers possessed no other pretension, they were sure of a preference, where men of sterling worth, in less gaudy habits, might in competition calculate upon a refusal. “ The simpletons,” he half muttered between his teeth, “ forget that husbands are not changed as easily as partners at a ball, or fashions.” Her sentiments with respect to his nephew were his own, therefore they excited no farther surprise, than that one so young had so much discretion and forbearance.

“ Please to assure Mr. Fortescue, “ my Lord,” said Nourhan, “ that I am “ thankful for the compliment he has

“conferred on me, though I can never  
“feel a suitable return, or accept of his  
“hand.”

“This is somewhat singular,” he returned. “When you rejected my nephew, I did suppose you had a predilection for the *standard*, but find that your indifference proceeds only from your being hard to please.”

“Your inference, my dear Lord,” said the Countess, “is both unjust and unkind; Nourhan’s conduct is not guided by caprice, but by what she considers a laudable motive.”

“What can be more illaudable,” asked Lady Llancharne, “than to disturb the peace of a family, by making the man by whom she is adored miserable, and all through false delicacy?”

“God forbid,” ejaculated Nourhan, “that I should make a return so ungrateful to such distinguished kindness.”

“ Then I am to collect that you will  
“ be a good girl, and make my son  
“ happy ?” rejoined Lady Llancharne.

“ Speak frankly, if such be your in-  
“ clination,” said the Countess.

“ Do with me as you please,” returned  
Nourhan ; “ let me but hope to retain  
your Ladyship’s affection and good  
opinion, and I will in every thing be  
guided by you.”

“ Persevere in the line of conduct  
“ you have hitherto pursued, and it  
“ must inevitably follow ; now let me  
“ equally congratulate my sister on the  
“ completion so far of her wishes, and my  
“ Nourhan upon her deservedly fortu-  
“ nate destiny, for happy you must be  
“ with our amiable Harry.”

First embracing the Countess, then  
Miss Vatchel, Lady Llancharne, with  
unusual animation, observed, “ In be-  
“ holding you the wife of my idolized  
“ son, I feel that my *most* sanguine  
“ wishes upon his account shall be

“realized, and his happiness made as perfect as can be expected in this sublunary world.”

A second *eclaircissement* having reconciled all parties, the Earl returned a polite but cool negative to Mr. Fortescue. Upon quitting the library, Lady Llancharne found her son, and confirmed his hopes of success; reminding her that he had no time to spare in his arrangements, he implored her to prevail on Nourhan to name an early day for the celebration of the nuptials, as the Earl spoke of leaving Glenarm Castle so very soon, that he dreaded, if the ceremony did not immediately take place, it might be postponed until after their return to England, or perhaps altogether, as in such cases so many unthought of disappointments daily occurred.

“I will write by this post, to desire Mr. Berney to come here directly,” said Llancharne, “as I wish to give him instructions for my lawyers.” Taking up

the pen, he made two or three attempts, but was unable to proceed.

“ Give me leave, Harry; you are in  
“ such extacy that I see you cannot write  
“ calmly, and you must not appear so  
“ unfashionable as to marry for love;  
“ in your present state of mind, your  
“ letter would betray you, I will there-  
“ fore become your amanuensis.”

She accordingly wrote a few lines, importing that she desired to see his Lordship's agent without delay. “ The  
“ world is naturally so inclined to be  
“ censorious,” said Lady Llancharne, smiling, “ that were I to mention one  
“ word about lawyers, Mr. Berney  
“ would instantly conclude I was going  
“ to make an old fool of myself, and play  
“ the dotard by marrying some young  
“ scape grace, therefore I shall leave  
“ him entirely in the dark as to the  
“ business upon which his presence  
“ here is required.”

“ You are perfectly right in so doing;  
“ for although we may not publicly

“ admit it, some of the lords of the  
“ creation also feel a certain passion for  
“ which your sex are *untruly* famed, and  
“ in this instance, perchance, *curiosity*  
“ may spur the old blade hither, with  
“ more alacrity than any other incite-  
“ ment you could possibly have held  
“ out.”

When Lady Clanroy found that her nephew had decided upon espousing Miss Vatchel, and that he had obtained his mother's sanction, she suffered affection for her *élève* to silence the objections she had formerly raised. The interview in the library completed the revolution, and brought about another chain of plans and events. She determined upon hastening their nuptials, as the first step towards her own and Lady Eleanor's removal from the neighbourhood of Kilmoynes; she no longer repined at a marriage, which had Nourhan possessed rank and fortune, would in every other respect have been highly eligible.

Whilst Lady Llancharne was sealing

her letter, Major Willmotte entered, and upon seeing her would have retired, but Llancharne prevented him; when alone with his friend, he communicated some of the particulars of the morning, and received his congratulations upon such happy prospects,—“ It must be  
“ admitted that Miss Vatchel is a truly  
“ lovely girl,” said Major Willmotte,  
“ and if I could prevail upon myself to  
“ commit the heinous crime of matrimony,  
“ I should be half inclined to envy your  
“ Lordship; but I am as averse from the  
“ yoke as you seem well disposed; tell  
“ me, have you had a *brouillerie* with  
“ Mrs. Lucinda? I understand from one  
“ of the girls, that you ruffled her temper  
“ sadly; pray tell me all, how, and about  
“ it?”

“ She rather perplexed my gravity  
“ to-day, by fancying when I would for  
“ pure sport have saluted her niece,  
“ that it should go round, and to remind  
“ me of her presence, played off the  
“ Jupiter Tonans at my ‘intolerable

“assurance,’ but it would not do. I  
“only threatened, without the least in-  
“tention of approaching Miss Whisker-  
“anda; I would as soon kiss one of the  
“hussars.”

“And so would she perhaps; yet I  
“do not know; there is a ridiculous  
“foppery in the now prevalent fashion  
“of adopting a foreign appearance, when  
“the character of British soldiery ranks  
“so high, that must provoke every wo-  
“man of spirit, or man of sense: I do  
“not despair of yet seeing the hussars  
“mount pattens and stiff stays.”

“Come, come, Willmotte, you licens-  
“ed murderers I perceive do not agree  
“better than other trades-folk; but in  
“spite of their *moustaches*, the hussars  
“are brave fellows, and deserve to be  
“better mounted.”

On repairing to the drawing-room,  
they found Archdeacon Sloane, Mr.  
Poulton, and the facetious Mr. David,  
who familiarly approaching Llancharne,



said with much affection, "My Lud, "how d'ye don't? How d'you do's so "common!"

"Why, truly I don't wish to appear "ridiculous, though I sometimes do "affect it," was the answer, and at the moment Mrs. Sidney, Lady Eleanor and Nourhan made their appearance. Llancharne would have flown to meet the latter, but was restrained by the delicacy of his feelings, and by not wishing to draw upon her the observation of the company. A certain consciousness of her situation flushed her cheek, and rendered her more than usually interesting; she stole an apprehensive glance around as if she dreaded to meet with scrutiny, but looked relieved that she had not attracted notice. With overstrained dignity Mrs. Lucinda took a seat, and eyed Llancharne with scorn. Possessed of too much good-nature, though blent with mischief, to suffer any person to remain long at variance

with him, he apologized for the solecism he had committed, and was again received into favour. Dinner was announced. "*Dieu merci*," exclaimed Frederic, "my long ride has made me "unusually esurient."

Mr. David took an opportunity of mentioning to Frederic his intentions, relative to Miss Vatchel, but received no encouragement, upon inquiry, "on "what his pretensions were founded?"

"My head," returned the young Squire, tapping his forehead, "I shall "be a great man yet."

"I fear you have built upon a sandy "foundation," returned Frederic, with an oblique glance, as the beams of a setting sun threw a bright ray on the ginger locks of the aspiring youth.

"I thought to have taken a *lunge* "with her in the park this morning," resumed Mr. David, "but went the "wrong way."

"The lucidity of the new moon may "tempt us all to lounge there this even-

“ing,” rejoined Frederic, “but you  
“should adapt your subjects to the  
“taste of the ladies ; in a visit of three  
“hours the other morning, you confined  
“yourself to one ; and gave them un-  
“asked, with minute precision, instruc-  
“tion to soho a well-breathed hare.”

“And what could be more agreeable ?”  
was the reply.

In the course of the evening Llancharne contrived to detach Miss Vatchel from the company, and obtained her pardon for his abrupt overtures, for which his apprehension of losing her sufficiently accounted. He could not prevail on her to name ‘the great, the important day ;’ but after much solicitation, she referred him to the Countess, with which he was obliged to rest satisfied. Cards, the never-failing resource against *ennui*, were introduced. Mr. Poulton, senior, had the good fortune to draw Mrs. Lucinda for a partner, at a sober game of short whist ; their opponents, the Earl and Lady Llancharne.

Willmotte was fond of play, and took his station as a spectator—he betted deeply with Mr. Poulton—it was the rubber game—the Earl had gained two points to three. Mr. Poulton was elder hand, and led a small heart, which Mrs. Lucy won with the queen; a second lead called forth the ace that lay in Mr. Poulton's hand; this trick was also theirs; after some little consideration, he again tried the favorite suit; but Lady Llancharne played the king, and Mrs. Sidney was reluctantly compelled to lay down an inferior heart—at this trying juncture, her infuriate partner, alike forgetful of the respect due to his noble entertainer, and the difference a Virgin of Mrs. Lucy's years might claim, struck the table with clinched fist, threw up his cards, and with outrageous vexation roared, “Zounds, madam—you have hearts for a regiment!”

With awful composure Mrs. Lucinda arose, laid three guineas on the table,

requested Lady Llancharne to dispense with her, and without deigning a look to her astonished partner, haughtily retired, whilst he called to her in vain to return. The Countess had written to her milliner to expedite the bridal paraphernalia for Miss Vatchel, and in compliance with the joint request of Lord and Lady Llancharne, pronounced an early day to make him happy.

## CHAPTER X.

‘ Amore non ha possanza che su quelli che trova  
scioprati.’

‘ Love has no power, but upon those whom he  
catches unemployed.’

THE party arrived at Kilmoyne to dinner the following day at half past seven o'clock. Miss Vatchel begged to remain at the castle, but would not be permitted. Blazing fires threw an invigorating warmth around the spacious apartments, and were reflected on all sides by mirrors, that reached from the ceilings to the floors. Dinner was announced before half the surrounding luxuries could be examined: it was served with eastern magnificence; several of the dishes, composed of curry, pilau, &c. being covered with gold and silver leaf, were no sooner carved, than their splendid appearance gave place to gravies, richly spiced rice, &c. The

sumptuous banquet consisted of three courses on massy gold plate, and porcelain of matchless device. In the centre of the table, the *plateaux* was ornamented with aggrouped figures in chased silver and china. The wines were the produce of the rarest vintages: the dessert of foreign fruits and sweetmeats; with *golden* water, and other delicious liqueurs.

“ This is a paradise of sweets,” remarked Maria Sidney apart to Lady Eleanor, whilst vases of rose atar, Claude d’Italie, and blazing pastiles breathed aromatic fragrance. “ I am sure Mr. Jesswunt is in love,” she added; “ he looks so much more animated than when I first saw him; within the last five minutes, I have discovered a thousand *attractable nothings* about him, which nothing but the little deity could have communicated. He is certainly fifty times as handsome as I thought he was.”

“ That\* at least,” returned Lady

Eleanor. "If this wondrous improvement be attributable to your potent charms, Maria, our host is in no great danger from your cruelty."

"*Vous plaisantez* — you know he never once looked at me—but should he throw himself at your Ladyship's feet, would you spurn him?"

"What a question—be assured he does not think of me—I know he does not."

"But I do not know any such thing, and I think nothing more probable."

"What would you say, if his affections were elsewhere engaged?"

"Oh—*if* is the strongest word—the most ferocious stumbling block in our language; but even if they had been, you would run no more risk, than others who marry without such nice calculations, and who continue to live happily, and are very well content. Think what a fine thing it would be to have such a splendid house of one's own, such a fortune, the liberty of



“ gratifying one’s tastes, the command  
“ of society—would you not, to possess  
“ *all this*, encounter some trifling cha-  
“ grin?”

“ There is no probability of my being  
“ tempted; but if there were, though  
“ this may be all very good, there are  
“ other things which I consider also  
“ necessary to happiness.”

“ What more would you require?”

“ To love, and be exclusively loved—  
“ with enthusiasm, but not with blind-  
“ ness, for I would have him—(not  
“ Mr. Jesswunt, but some other luck-  
“ less swain)—love even my very faults,  
“ though sensible of them.”

“ What an unreasonable girl! You  
“ will never be married if you continue  
“ to cherish such wild chimeras.”

“ I am of the same opinion—yet  
“ would not accept the noblest and  
“ wealthiest suitor on other conditions.”

In the course of the evening Spanish dances were proposed. Miss Vatchel was Mr. Jesswunt’s partner; Lady

Eleanor danced with Lord Llancharne afterwards. The East Indian led the way to a conservatory (adjoining the ball room) with Nourhan, and was followed by Llancharne and Lady Eleanor; disengaging his arm, the latter left his cousin, and prayed his affianced bride to grant him a short conversation. Admiring the variety of exotics and other curious plants which Mr. Jesswunt had collected, Lady Eleanor was insensibly drawn towards the verandah, the refreshing temperature of which was preferable to the heated atmosphere they had quitted: many lamps, judiciously placed, conveyed a silver tone or moonlight shade to the surrounding objects. Adverting to the music, which at this distance had a better effect than nearer to it, the Orientalist enlarged on the beauty of the Spanish airs, and commented on the dance of the Southern Spaniard, as being well suited to the music. “Although it possesses much  
“attitude,” he observed, “there is but

“ little activity in the execution—yet it  
“ is allowed to retain a certain portion  
“ of that high spirit which once charac-  
“ terised the Andalusians, and made all  
“ dancing historical.” He spoke of their  
dance of the battle and the feast. “ But  
“ at that period,” he added, “ the cli-  
“ mate and government, united to an im-  
“ patience of disposition that was na-  
“ tural to them, became their bane, and  
“ rendered them averse from steady  
“ exertion ; thus the nation was turned  
“ into indolent triflers, the great busi-  
“ ness of whose life was love, and the  
“ graceful idlers of this land, once famed  
“ for chivalry, communicated even to  
“ their dances a shade of the passion.”

“ The Spanish Moors were particu-  
“ larly fond of the minuet,” said Lady  
Eleanor, “ before a more dreadful re-  
“ volution than that of which you speak  
“ took place there.”

“ That confirms my observation—a  
“ minuet exhibits the whole theory of  
“ love, and upon that account, it was

“ probably selected by the Granadans  
“ and other Saracen tribes, as most ex-  
“ pressive of their feelings.”

Thoughtlessly reverting to the guaracha danced at the castle upon the night of the masquerade, he betrayed that he had been there; but the words were scarcely uttered, when he would have given worlds to have them recalled. Eagerly embracing the opportunity, Lady Eleanor made the long-threatened apologies, expressed pleased surprise at the discovery, hoped the owner of the ring was at last found, and begged to know in what character he had done them the undeserved honour to appear. Much confused, he would have attempted an apology for the intrusion; but being assured that it was unnecessary, and entreated to mention his disguise, he replied—“ Can you not surmise which  
“ of your tormentors I personated?”

“ The only persecutor that I recol-  
“ lect, was Roderic Dhu,” she returned.

“ Lady, I *was* Roderic Dhu,” he rejoined.

ed, his eyes sparkling with delight, whilst contemplating her loveliness, ‘from ‘beauty still to beauty ranging;’ but his brow assumed a thoughtfulness as the recollection of her speedy departure flashed upon his mind. Comparing his own state of hopeless incertitude, with Lord Llancharne’s happy certainty, he involuntarily exclaimed—

“Fortunate Llancharne—How enviable is thy destiny!”

Lady Eleanor surveyed him with astonishment; the conjectures she had previously formed, were nearly dispelled, and in her friend Nourhan she feared to have discovered the object of his fancied attachment. Kilmoyne house overhung the river, which meandered through the back lawn; the silk curtains of the verandah being undrawn, Lady Eleanor observed with surprise, various coloured flames playing on the water, producing an effect at once perfectly novel and very curious. She found they proceeded from slight earth-

enware pans filled with oil; innumerable numbers floated with the stream, and had a pleasing appearance, whilst from a man of war (in miniature) played most brilliant fireworks; a military band was stationed in the great hall, and on board the little vessel some eastern musicians performed at intervals Hindostanee tunes. \*The scene was altogether new and entertaining, yet Lady Eleanor meditated on the exclamation of Mr. Jesswunt. He resumed—

“ I can easily participate in the feelings of my Lord Llancharne; but I  
“ much fear such mundane blessings  
“ are not ordained for me; yet hope  
“ sometimes imparts a ray of consolation; and although I may not dare to  
“ entertain ideas of a nature so flattering, I am not entirely bereft of this  
“ sweet fallacy, this pleasing blandishment, without which life would become a burthen: still; so little of it  
“ remains to brighten my prospects,  
“ that it is at times barely sufficient to

“ banish despair— ” He paused, then added, “ Would you believe, Lady Eleanor, that my whole soul has latterly “ been so engrossed by one object, I “ have neglected and nearly forgotten “ every other—even the occurrences of “ a few years passed are almost obliterated from my memory.

“ When but a baby, I was torn from my tender mother, by command of my grandfather Runjeet Singh, and removed to the fortress of Bhurtpore. Of my mother, I have no recollection: at an early age she married a European, and being an only daughter, was never during her unhappy life-time pardoned, - about that period the English made war against my grandfather, and many of their brave troops were slaughtered by his, before the walls of the fortress. An officer in the company’s service, it was my father’s lot to be taken prisoner, and blindfolded he was led into the fort my mother, surnamed Jehânara—or ‘ the Ornament of the World,’ was the

idolized child of Runjeet Singh, and Roshenrai Begum, or Princess of the Enlightened Mind. It was her unhappy fate to know, to love, and be united to one of their bitterest enemies; a hasty and preconcerted flight secured his life; but upon my birth, a deputation from her father waited upon my afflicted parents, and demanding me, denounced his everlasting curses, should his request be denied—no time was given for deliberation; I was hastily admitted by the name of Stuart, a member of that faith which my mother had embraced; but this was without the knowledge of my grandfather, and at his court I was called Roua Jesswunt. My parents resided at some distance; but in the nearest cantonment they placed a friend, the beloved guide and companion of my youth; at my request he was admitted to the fortress, became my preceptor, and not only instructed me in the language of my father, but in the principles of Christianity, which as Doctor



Tillotson observes, ‘is certainly the best and the holiest, the wisest and most reasonable religion in the world.’ The reverend Mr. Macdonald, my lamented tutor, was seized with an illness which terminated his existence, and my grief was such, that fears were entertained for my life—I became delirious, raved of Europe, called for my father, my mother, for Mr. Macdonald ; and in this state of mind was put on board a budgerow or barge, and accompanied by Runjeet Singh, commenced a tedious voyage down the Ganges. His health also on the decline, he gave up the reins of government to his eldest son Pulwan Singh, and promised to return ; but as Roshenrai Begum was no more, his wishes centered in Jehânara ; and anxiously as I desired to visit Europe, his impatience exceeded mine. To him it was not given to again behold his daughter at Bhurtpore ; we learned that my mother had perished by the explosion of a magazine, that my

father had returned to England, and that a child of his, and sister of mine was alive, but her place of residence unknown. This shock occasioned my grandfather's death—ere he died, he pardoned my father, and wished our re-union, but made me promise to retain my own name until restored to him. Deprived of one, who had ever anticipated my wishes, I hastened to Bengal, and embarked in the fleet then ready to sail for Europe; but I fear Lady Eleanor, my egotism is tiresome.”

“Oh, by no means,” she replied with anxious quickness of which she was unconscious; “pray proceed.” Elated by the interest she evinced, he resumed—

“In due time I arrived in England—my stay in any one place was but short; for with the hope of discovering my father, I travelled throughout the island—came to this country, went from hence to Scotland; put advertisements in every paper, that he, and only

he could understand, but to no effect ; to this hour I have been unable to trace him ; and when I think that he may be in search of me, or in want of a son's attentions, I am plunged into agony of mind nearly insupportable. I have written to Hindostan, to ascertain whether the intelligence we received at Bhurtpore was correct ; in the mean time, I purchased this estate, with the hope of yet seeing my father here, and to employ my mind, whilst I await the answers from Rajah Gopâl Singh. The election having presented itself, I became one of the candidates—" He hesitated—" about this period I beheld the being who, from our first interview, it was decreed should give the colour to my fate—for some fleeting moments pleasures only appeared in perspective ; you will say it was but the effervescence of a heated imagination, when I tell you, that whilst I felt all the agitations of love, I had never spoken to the object who raised the tumults—

your soul, unused to the delusions of passion would be struck with astonishment at the delirium of mine—I found love was necessary to my heart, to embellish all that was capable of satisfying it; and Mumtâza Zemâni (or the Most Exalted of the Age) as I termed her, was formed to inspire the purest, fondest, most permanent attachment: imagine my situation upon hearing that she was already the wife of another; in a word I fell from the clouds, on finding that what I had made the basis of my hope was thus overthrown.”

Blushing deeply from a variety of ideas to which this declaration had given rise, Lady Eleanor found her surmises respecting Nourhan erroneous, and was still more deeply involved in perplexing conjecture. He continued—

“ Ere I was apprized of this circumstance, my heart was irrevocably her's; the more I endeavoured to conquer my passion, the more formidable it be-

came, and in despite of all my efforts I loved to distraction! Feeling that my only chance of safety was in flight, I determined to avoid her; if possible to conceal my unfortunate attachment, and above all, to withhold from her a knowledge of my temerity: I trembled at the bare idea of loving a married woman—so impossible did it appear to me, that such a passion might have happy consequences. Ah! how vain were my efforts; accident, which I then deemed malign, defeated my precautions, and threw me eternally in her paths; each rencontre added another link to the chain which entwined her image round my heart. An unforeseen *eclaircissement* took place, and removed a load of acute anguish from my breast. I had been misinformed, or I should say had hastily combined circumstances, and so was misled—she *is not* the wife of another. Upon ascertaining this delightful certainty,” he added with increased energy,

“ my extacy was boundless; I could have pressed her to my throbbing heart as the chosen of my soul, but was restrained by respect. The passion I had laboured to suppress burst forth with redoubled ardor—a more intimate acquaintance with her virtues hourly augmented my admiration; the sweet pleasure of beholding, of hearing her, became every day more necessary to me; yet I dare not encourage the transporting visions my enraptured imagination would lead me to form, as imperative reasons reduce me almost to despondency.”

Ineffectually had Lady Eleanor essayed to conceal the deep interest she had taken in the recital; not for an instant supposing herself this adored object, she gently sighed, and as he appeared to expect some reply, would have spoken had she not been checked by the animated tenderness which beamed from his eyes, whilst he re-

garded her with a piercing expression that seemed to wish to penetrate her inmost thoughts. She arose to rejoin her cousin and Miss Vatchel, and falteringly uttered a hope in the words of his favourite Camoens, which she now remembered to have heard him sing with peculiar feeling—that love’s sun, though it rose in tears might set in bliss! when with dismay she discovered they had left the conservatory—hastening towards the door, she felt her hand snatched and pressed with an air of transport,—she started—stopped—they looked at each other in silence; but how expressive was that silence! seized with a sudden agitation, she felt the necessity of flight, and again made a movement towards the door, but was again prevented. Gently detaining her captive hand, he rapturously exclaimed, “Dearest Lady Eleanor, repeat those “life-giving sounds; let me hope you “will pardon the sentiments *you* have in-

“ spired, and which I have presumptu-  
“ ously dared to cherish since the mo-  
“ ment I discovered you were not the  
“ Viscountess Llancharne—a prey to  
“ inexpressible anxiety, while yet with-  
“ out a shadow of hope, I sustained  
“ struggles beyond the efforts of com-  
“ mon powers; but nothing could mo-  
“ derate the violence of the flame which  
“ consumed me—trembling—suffering  
“ before hand all the evils of the future,  
“ I found myself obliged to yield to my  
“ destiny—to adore you—to tell you so,  
“ —at the risk of forfeiting the happiness  
“ of my life.”

Her varying countenance ill accorded with her efforts to appear tranquil, whilst he impetuously continued,—

“ Best, loveliest of created beings—  
“ pardon the vehemence which hurried  
“ me into this avowal; leave me not thus  
“ in displeasure—compassionate the  
“ painful suspense I endure—give me  
“ but the faintest hope that I have not  
“ become hateful to you—you are terri-  
“ fied by my violence.”



“ Hold, Mr. Jesswunt,” she faintly articulated, “ is it generous thus to detain me?—your conduct is so strange, —so unexpected—so extraordinary—that—really I—I—must go this moment—indeed I must.”

“ First, pronounce my forgiveness— if you can pardon me,” he cried, “ your esteem, Lady Eleanor, was ever my highest aim, and even for that I have hardly ventured to hope.”

“ Can you expect to merit it, whilst you detain me by compulsion?”

Hurt by what he conceived to be *hauteur*, he replied—“ I will not be indebted to compulsion for any concession in my favour, nor attempt to *extort* pardon for the fervid impulse which unguardedly hurried me to intrude on your patience, Madam—you are the last I would intentionally offend.” With assumed calmness, he added, in a lowered tone, “ I shall ever lament my having incurred the displeasure of Lady Eleanor Gray by my temerity—and to prove my contrition, will no

“longer seek to detain you—my hopes  
“are evanescent—I have cherished a  
“delusive dream, and have awakened to  
“despair.”

Placing her now passive hand within his arm, he approached the door. She trembled excessively—he involuntarily pressed the hand, and alarmed by her increased emotion, ejaculated, “Good  
“heavens! Lady Eleanor, what have I  
“done? forget my imprudence, and I  
“promise never to renew a subject so  
“ungrateful to your ear.”

The door moving slowly upon the hinges, prevented the necessity of a reply, and disclosed Llancharne, who begged to be admitted to the cabinet, saying,

“Perplex me, Mister Strangeways,  
“but you are a deep one; though not  
“over-burthened with *politesse*, as your  
“guests have complained for the last  
“five hours. The dowagers are all at  
“fault, waiting for you to regulate their  
“card-tables. So do, pray be gone, and  
“I will supply your place here.” Making

a confused apology, Mr. Jesswunt retired.

Llancharne observed, that Lady Eleanor was scarcely able to stand; he playfully drew forward a seat and said, "Puzzle my modesty, Madam Nohr, but you are a sly one! and you must allow that I am a knowing hand, acting on a Christian principle, I did as I would be done by—you see I quickly took the hint; the moment you tipt the wink, I decamped with my Nourhan to spare your blushes, whilst you made the declaration I saw you bent upon to my friend."

She burst into tears, which he affected not to observe, as he knew they would afford relief. "Following up my principle," he added, "I cunningly stood sentinel at the door to guard you from idle interlopers, and now the least you can do is, like a good girl, tell me *all* you said to him."

With a forced smile, she begged he would conduct her to her mother.

“ Not yet, upon my honour,” he returned ; “ you must learn to dissemble  
“ a little better before you are present-  
“ able ; people might suspect the truth  
“ (that the Nabob had refused you), and  
“ there is no necessity to betray to them  
“ the torments the ingrate has made  
“ you suffer.”

“ I should feel obliged for your advice were I in a situation to require it ;  
“ but indeed, Harry, you are very un-  
“ kind. Pray let me go to mamma ; I  
“ have been sufficiently distressed already without having to contend with  
“ your raillery—where is she ?—where is  
“ Nourhan ?—why did she desert me ?”

“ Now,” said he in a Pindaric strain,  
“ may I be cursed if I know which to  
“ answer first. But sit you down ; my  
“ goodly aunt is at the card-table—why  
“ Nourhan went I can only explain by  
“ suggestion—tired of rehearsing with  
“ me, a ‘ *Cure for the Heart ache* ;’ she  
“ cruelly quitted me, and I followed lest

“ my presence might prove a restraint  
“ on the ‘ *Conscious Lovers* ;’ where she  
“ is I may not say, but I have a strong  
“ suspicion that she is in some corner  
“ flirting with Jesswunt; and behold,  
“ are not my surmises tolerably well  
“ founded in general?”

Venturing to raise her downward eyes, Lady Eleanor saw the Orientalist advancing, with Miss Vatchel leaning on his arm; with them she re-entered the card-room, without appearing to notice Jesswunt; he looked an image of distraction. With trembling steps, Lady Eleanor approached the Countess, who inquired, in alarm, if she were indisposed, and ordering the carriages which had remained at Kilmoyne, the party returned to the Castle. After a supper, served with Asiatic luxury, the company dispersed. Mr. Jesswunt had exerted himself to prevent their discovering that the attraction which in his fond imagination had animated the

scene, was no longer present. Yet he feared the sudden departure of the Clanroy party had been caused by his abrupt disclosure of his love, and if so, it was an omen unfavourable to his suit.

## CHAPTER XI.

‘ Il faut beaucoup de politique pour vivre avec les Grands.’

BY desire of the lovely bride elect, the marriage ceremony was to be performed in the Castle-chapel by the Dean of Corbally : it was an arrangement in which Llancharne’s ideas of splendor did not coincide ; yet he assented with a tolerably good grace, upon condition that Mr. Jesswunt should obtain a special invitation. Major Willmotte was still at the Castle, and with the Misses Sidney had walked out. In excessive spirits Llancharne observed—“ Jesswunt shall be my groomsman—but it will be to him a service of danger—should he, emulous of following such a good example, take the first girl who

“ asks him—Eleanor, pray beware of  
“ Mrs. Lucy—and do not let the old  
“ girl get the start of you.”

“ Ridiculous,” said the Countess ;  
“ Mr. Jesswunt, though perhaps very  
“ amiable, is a person so infinitely be-  
“ neath Lady Eleanor Gray in rank, that  
“ if she were simple enough to fancy  
“ such an absurd competition, either  
“ with Mrs. Sidney or any other person,  
“ he has too much sense to take advan-  
“ tage of such folly, or to aspire to an  
“ honour which he must be aware her  
“ family would never sanction.”

“ Here is a hurricane, perplex me!—  
“ annihilate me if I think he would take  
“ her—no, no—I am partly in his confi-  
“ dence, and know in the first place, that  
“ he is over head and ears in love with  
“ ——— but I won’t blab. And as to  
“ rank, it is the red-hot deuce, my  
“ dear Countess, if the son of Tippoo  
“ Saib (winking at Nourhan and Lady  
“ Eleanor, unperceived by Lady Clan-  
“ roy) is not an alliance superior to what



“ the daughter of an humble peer of  
“ Great Britain might expect—even  
“ though her father is ennobled by being  
“ my uncle—no, no—I fear poor Norry  
“ or Mrs. Luciferanda have but little  
“ chance with Jesswunt—yet he is a  
“ princely fellow—though he may not  
“ wish to get into such a horrible scrape  
“ as matrimony, or to commit such a  
“ martyrdom of liberty. What say you,  
“ Mrs. Sidney?—(she entered the room  
“ at the moment)—Do you like Jess-  
“ wunt well enough to marry him?—  
“ Willmotte then thinks the Nabob has  
“ a sneaking regard for you—”

With a disdainful curl of her nose, Mrs. Lucinda looked contemptuously at the major, frowned at Llancharne, and replied—“ Mr. Jesswunt has the happiness to be deservedly esteemed by those who have the honour of being known to him. Though a very young man, he possesses the enviable power (unlike the fops of the present day) of rendering himself agreeable to all

“ ages. By nature he was endowed  
“ with an urbanity of disposition which  
“ makes his company preferable to that  
“ of military boys or young Lordlings  
“ of *high* breeding.”

“ Should the young prince make Kil-  
“ moyne his permanent residence,” said  
Llancharne, “ I must (presuming on the  
“ high breeding of Mrs. Lucy’s Lord-  
“ lings) insist upon his giving it some  
“ other appellation, perhaps Seringapa-  
“ tam ; no—that might hurt the feelings  
“ of the royal owner, by reminding him  
“ of what he had lost in India.”

Further observations were precluded  
by a servant announcing Mr. Jesswunt—  
Llancharne flew to meet him. The re-  
membrance of the declaration at Kil-  
moyne combined with the preceding  
comments to heighten the glow which  
crimsoned Lady Eleanor’s cheek when  
he appeared—

“ Speak of *somebody*,” cried Llan-  
charne, “ you know what follows—your  
“ *highness* is welcome.”

Although Lady Clanroy did not believe one half of what her nephew had asserted, she began to suspect, that he knew something important of the East Indian's connexions, and received him with unusual condescension. His eyes intuitively sought Lady Eleanor, and for an instant dwelt upon her countenance; she returned his salutation with distant politeness—dejectedly taking a seat near Miss Vatchel, he entered into conversation with her and Llancharne, who leaned on the back of her chair.

“ I have thoughtlessly betrayed in “ part,” said his Lordship, with assumed gravity, “ the confidence you reposed “ in me.”—Colouring excessively, Jesswunt cast an apprehensive glance at Lady Eleanor; but to her innate delicacy he trusted, and supposing that Llancharne wished to banter him about some trifle, answered—

“ I have too much reliance upon your “ Lordship's prudence to tremble for “ any of the *mighty* secrets with which

" I have entrusted you—good sense will  
" point out how far you may with im-  
" punity reveal—therefore I have no  
" fears of your '*betraying*' me."

" Not intentionally, my dear fellow—  
" but my aunt seemed inquisitive about  
" foreign matters—and I inconsiderately  
" blabbed that you—son to an Eastern  
" prince—could give her the best possi-  
" ble information on the subject."

" Not the *son*, but grandson, my  
" Lord," replied Jesswunt, with a look  
wherein dignity and astonishment were  
blended; " my grandfather (the only pa-  
" rent I ever knew) was a native Prince  
" — but my own father," he added with  
a deep sigh, " was an European—the  
" subject is painful to me, therefore  
" with your leave we will change it."

The tone of his voice confirmed the  
assertion, whilst Llancharne with an ex-  
pression of countenance which baffles  
description, sprung round the chair, and  
catching both hands of the Orientalist,  
exclaimed—

“ By all that’s illustrious, master  
“ Hyder, Tippoo, or what shall I call  
“ you—this is an astonisher.—Burn me  
“ for a conjurer if ever I heard any thing  
“ of your pedigree before—except from  
“ my dainty coz there, who always af-  
“ firmed you were a princely fellow,  
“ perplex my gravity.”

With an incredulous smile, Jesswunt earnestly surveyed Lady Eleanor, and the Countess quickly glancing from him to her daughter, fixed upon Llancharne a frown of displeasure, saying—

“ Such pleasantries, my Lord Llan-  
“ charne are highly improper—Mr. Jess-  
“ wunt will believe *me* I hope, when I  
“ confidently assert, that Lady Eleanor  
“ Gray never took the liberty of speak-  
“ ing about him or his family—or even  
“ thought of forming a conjecture upon  
“ a matter so wholly unimportant to  
“ her—”

The entrance of the Earl was a happy relief to Mr. Jesswunt, who speedily took leave—much hurt by the hauteur

of the Countess. Llancharne was also vexed, and proposed to attend him to the gates—Mr. Jesswunt's groom was sent on before with the horses. Walking slowly down the avenue together, the Viscount inquired—

“ Have you any engagement for to-morrow? If not, I wish you to act in an *official* capacity for me, in which Willmotte wanted to figure—but he is such an enemy to the connubial state, that although he is rather a favorite of mine, I would not gratify him. Will you come to breakfast, to be present at one of the most awful, yet transporting epochs of my existence?” The Orientalist looked grave, and his Lordship resumed—“ My aunt proposed to send you a regular card of invitation, but as I detest formality with those I esteem, I undertook to settle the business with you verbally—say, is my request sufficient, or do you require further ceremony? Madam Norry is the appointed bride’s-maid—

“ and my *morning* star, who thinks coz  
“ and you the most perfect beings in  
“ this world, privately confessed to me,  
“ she would like to see you both stand  
“ together at the altar. I have no ob-  
“ jection to attend you there, in return  
“ for the pleasure your company will  
“ confer upon me to-morrow.”

“ Command me, my Lord,” Mr. Jess-  
wunt replied, pleased, yet surprised—  
“ your flattering assurances deserve the  
“ most candid return—I should confide  
“ in your Lordship without reserve, but  
“ that you appear to possess the power  
“ of divination, and may already know  
“ of the presumptuous hopes I have  
“ dared to entertain.”

“ Pray explain, for by all that’s am-  
“ biguous, I am on the tenter hooks of  
“ expectation —”

“ For months has Lady Eleanor Gray  
“ been the cherished object of my  
“ fondest adoration, even whilst I sup-  
“ posed her to be the wife of Lord Llan-  
“ charne.”

“ My wife! — ”

“ Colonel Oulney at our first ren-  
“ contre suggested the idea—at our  
“ next, you confirmed it; and whilst I  
“ tried to shun her, I found my inclina-  
“ tion to see her at the masquerade un-  
“ controllable— ”

“ And I, like a dunder-head, forgot to  
“ send you a ticket.”

“ Perhaps, had the Countess done me  
“ that honour, it might have been de-  
“ clined; but as my grandfather, Run-  
“ jeet Singh, encouraged my indulgence  
“ of every whim (from mistaken kind-  
“ ness), my prudential objections were  
“ silenced, and I went uninvited to the  
“ ball, and disguised as Hercules.”

“ Here is a discovery, perplex my  
“ modesty!”

“ Nay, more, I changed my habit and  
“ returned as Fitz-James.”

“ What the devil—you escaped de-  
“ tection in each character; you sly  
“ fellows are insufferably deep—but  
“ pray go on.”



“ I have little more to add ; under the  
“ mistake I laboured, until chance or I  
“ should say, my better genius directed  
“ me to an explanation at which you  
“ were present. You are now, my Lord,  
“ acquainted with every circumstance  
“ but one.”

“ I know to what you allude—that is  
“ —I mean the *tête-à-tête* of the last even-  
“ ing—by honour itself, not a word of  
“ what then passed has transpired, and  
“ yet I could pretty nearly guess—  
“ for I have long suspected your heart  
“ was not invulnerable—tell me, am I  
“ right ?”

“ Who could be insensible to such  
“ charms—I felt them but too deeply,  
“ and rashly disclosed my feelings—re-  
“ ceived with a mortifying coldness, I  
“ am now painfully convinced I have  
“ nothing to hope.”

“ Give me thy hand Jesswunt, and  
“ believe that on this, and upon every  
“ other occasion, I will be thy steady  
“ friend. But Eleanor is so confound-

“ edly shy, that even Nourhan does not  
“ suspect she has a greater favourite  
“ amongst the sex than *myself*—nay, do  
“ not look so horribly jealous, man, I do  
“ not mean to cozen you out of my  
“ cousin, although I have always doated  
“ upon her; and did I wish to pay the  
“ highest compliment to the man breath-  
“ ing whom I most esteem, I would say  
“ —may *you* be the husband of Lady  
“ Eleanor:”—by this time they had  
reached the gates; he added, “ Fare-  
“ well!” with a fervent pressure of the  
hand, which was returned in a silence  
more eloquent than words.

## CHAPTER XII.

It is said that—

‘ Marriage is a bold venture at the best,  
But when we please ourselves we venture least.’

And that—

‘ She who takes the best of husbands puts but on  
a golden fetter !’

TIME lingered in the imagination of Lord Llancharne, whilst he roved from room to room impatiently expecting the appearance of the family, and arrival of Mr. Jesswunt, on the morning of the day appointed by Lady Clanroy for the celebration of his nuptials. A hundred times had his repeater returned a silver sound, and been compared with every clock in the castle ; but still all was silent. The barking of dogs and noise of wheels now drew him to the window, from whence he beheld the piebalds in

the avenue. As Mr. Jesswunt alighted from his phaeton, Llancharne would have flown to meet him, but was restrained—  
“ I must try and act with becoming decorum all this day, perplex me,” said he, throwing himself upon a Turkish squab. A servant preceded the Orientalist into the chamber; the morning salutations over——

“ You are the very soul of punctuality,” cried Llancharne; “ here have I wandered alone for hours like a troubled spright, and but for your timely arrival might have become one in reality. I envy the composure with which our old people calmly sleep.”

“ All in good time,” replied Mr. Jesswunt; “ I find I am unreasonably early, but the fault rests with your Lordship.”

By slow degrees the party assembled, and Dean Butler was announced. Supported by the friendly arm of Lady Eleanor, Miss Vatchel in all the blushing beauty of innocence and love made

her appearance. They were habited alike, in dresses of lace over rich white satin, with satin spencers, caps to correspond, simply decked with natural rose-buds. Although the Viscount had been profuse in his bridal presents, Nourhan was attired without the aid of ornament. The Earl arose at her entrance, and kindly leading her forward, clasped a rich chain with valuable cameos round her neck; a tear of gratitude for his boundless, his unremitting generosity, fell upon the revered hand, while she pressed it fervently to her lips. Reminded of the lapse of time by Dean Butler, the Earl with the intended bride led the way to the chapel. They passed on through a range of domestics who had collected to line the way and take a *last* view of Miss Vatchel, the affability of whose manners had procured her friends in all stations. Lady Clanroy followed with Lord Llancharne.

To escort Lady Eleanor, Jesswunt

would have given any consideration ; but with prudent self-denial, he silently offered an arm to Lady Llancharne.

“ See, Mrs. Sidney,” observed the Viscountess ; “ *my* beau exemplifies “ your *elogé* by studying to make himself agreeable to *all ages* ; though surrounded by so many young and lovely “ girls, he selects an old dowager ; but “ I am not so selfish ; I will reward his “ courtesy ; come, ladies, some of you “ must take Mr. Jesswunt’s disengaged “ arm ; will nobody advance ; we detain the remainder of the party. “ Eleanor, my love, you may ; as bride’s- “ maid you should.”

Thus desired, Lady Eleanor timidly obeyed, and Mr. Jesswunt bowed his acknowledgments. Gaily approaching Maria and Julia Sidney, Major Willmotte would have offered his services, but Frederic interposed, and rushing between them and him, declared, that his old playmates should pilot him and steer him into the chapel harbour ; “ but do

“ you, Willmotte,” he added, “ instead  
 “ of lying-to here in offing, take Mrs.  
 “ Sidney in tow !” Mrs. Lucinda alone  
 remained, and whatever were her merits,  
 Willmotte could have dispensed with  
 her company ; but he thought in respect  
 for the Countess, it would be unbecom-  
 ing in him to treat with marked in-  
 attention a visitor of her’s. Any thing  
 but a favourite with Mrs. Lucy, she yet  
 accepted the Major’s civilities, and  
 wrapt in her own ideas, perceived not  
 the reluctance with which they had  
 been tendered, nor heard the half-re-  
 pressed murmur which escaped him—  
 “ What a charming *young* dowager is  
 “ Lady L—— ; ‘ how unlike this old  
 “ tabby.’ Mrs. *Humph* is justly entitled  
 “ to the brevet, d——n me.”

A hasty summons had recalled Lord  
 Glenarm to England. Letters from his  
 maternal grandfather, Mr. Hammersby,  
 of a private nature, had occasioned him  
 to quit Ireland at a few hours notice,  
 and without seeing his colleague, to

whom, however, he wrote a polite and friendly card, desiring to be apprized of the time of his arrival in London. When all were assembled in the chapel, the service commenced, and never had the marriage ceremony been read with more impressive solemnity.

When the Earl, as nuptial father, gave away Miss Vatchel, his emotion, although of a complicated and very different nature, nearly equalled her own. Llancharne received her trembling hand, placed the mystic circle, symbolic of eternity, on her finger, and when the Dean pronounced them man and wife, rapturously pressed her to his bosom ; and hailing her his lovely bride, imprinted a kiss on her blushing cheek, (not like Petruchio, with such a ‘ clamorous smack, that, at the parting, all the church did echo !’) but one full of tenderness and respect.

“ I will allow you, my dear lord,” said he, placing her in his uncle’s arms, “ to follow my example ; and perchance



“ his reverence having acted officially,  
“ may also deserve that favour ; but let  
“ no one else hope to be so honoured ;  
“ Jesswunt, you and I are privileged  
“ men to-day, and entitled, perplex my  
“ modesty, to a kiss all round. Come,  
“ ladies, prepare your mazards !”

“ Such monopoly is unpardonable,”  
exclaimed Willmotte. Frederic also  
complained loudly. “ I too must protest  
“ against this measure,” continued Will-  
motte ; “ why exclude us from a share  
“ of the bride’s favours ? this is the only  
“ opportunity we may ever presume  
“ upon, to hope for such a conde-  
“ scension.”

Unmindful of these observations, the  
Earl, with parental affection, embraced  
the youthful Lady Llancharne. The  
Dowager and Countess pressed forward.

“ My more than mother,” fondly ex-  
claimed the bride, folding Lady Clanroy  
to her heart ; then rushing into the ex-  
tended arms of the Dowager, she sunk  
upon one knee, and timidly raised her

tearful eyes to those of Lady Llancharne, which were also bedewed with tears of delight.

“Mother! transporting sound,” she ejaculated, and while she knelt, respectfully grasping Lady Clanroy’s hand, added, “You, Madam, have ever proved  
“my kindest, dearest, best friend; have  
“prevented my knowing the loss of my  
“natural parent, and as such have ever  
“been respected, loved; suffer me now  
“to enjoy the indescribable felicity  
“which you have procured me, and let  
“me implore a mother’s benediction.”

As she uttered these words, she again raised a look of supplication to Lady Llancharne, who fervently prayed Heaven to pour the choicest blessings on her children. “Rise, my beloved  
“daughter,” she continued, “wife to  
“my matchless Henry, and from this  
“moment accept the place next to his, in  
“my heart. Long may ye prove a  
“blessing to each other.”

The bride’s attention was claimed by

Lady Eleanor, who, with sisterly affection, congratulated her upon an event which she said had united her two dearest friends ; her eyes wandering in search of her cousin, encountered those of Mr. Jesswunt, not sparkling with accustomed animation, but conveying an expression at once melancholy and touching. Shrinking from his ardent gaze, she turned away as he approached. With a chastened familiarity, Nourhan gave him her hand, on which he bowed, and with the whole party they repaired to the room they had quitted. Hitherto the life of every company, Llancharne did not appear as much at ease as usual.

“ Confound my gravity,” said he suddenly, “ this was to have been the  
“ merriest day of my whole life ; yet I  
“ know not how it is, we are all so well  
“ behaved, so serious, so much afraid of  
“ each other, that without some capital  
“ effort we shall degenerate into gloomy  
“ stupidity ; what say you to a ride, a

“ walk, a drive, a skating match—but  
“ we have no ice ? No matter ; any  
“ thing for fun.”

“ No matter !” repeated Willmotte ;  
“ there I beg leave to differ with your  
“ Lordship ; it would make a very mate-  
“ rial difference ; any *bête* could figure  
“ away upon ice ; *we* should prove our  
“ cleverness by skating without it.”

“ You, Willmotte, are a true Milesian,  
“ and at liberty to try the experiment,”  
resumed the Viscount ; “ I shall put it  
“ to the vote—the ayes have it—for a  
“ drive round the country ; here, Wil-  
“ liams, order round the dennets, bug-  
“ gies, *désobligeants*, cabriolets, ponies,  
“ pillions, et cætera ;” as the door  
closed, he added, “ for I like a wed-  
“ ding cavalcade to look dashing and  
“ respectable.”

To avoid Frederic and Willmotte, the  
bride intended to have accompanied  
Lady Clanroy, but an agreeable sur-  
prise awaited her. The Viscount had

flown out of the room, and now returned, saying, " Lady Llancharne's carriage " stops the way," and taking Nourhan's hand, would have led her forward ; but she drew back, and refused to precede the Dowager or Lady Clanroy ; the Countess insisted upon her going first, saying, " This day, Nourhan, you pre-  
" cede us all ; it is one of the bride's  
" privileges ;" and in a moment she found herself seated in a splendid equipage of her own. Unlike some Misses, who expect by the force of their potent charms to bring Dukes and Marquisses to their feet, she had never been sanguine in her ideas of matrimonial preferment ; her sensations may therefore be more easily imagined than described. She would have wished the Countess to have taken a seat with her, but shrunk from the gaze of the servants, and with increased pleasure beheld that Llancharne, ever attentive, had anticipated her desires, and now conducted Lady

Clanroy, who was followed by the Dowager Lady Llancharne, and Mrs. Lucinda Sidney.

When the Earl's barouche drew up to the door, Llancharne, who had conquered the feelings which had thrown a *gêne* upon his actions, placed Lady Eleanor and Maria Sidney in it, and leaping in after them, said, "Come, " Jesswunt, the girls will make room for " you ; as you must attend me every- " where this day."

" Do in mercy, Mr. Jesswunt," said Miss Sidney ; " for old married men are " such dull insipid animals, it will be " downright charity in you to grant " the relief your society may afford."

Requesting Major Willmotte to use his phaeton, the Orientalist did as he was desired. Julia Sidney now appeared, as the barouche, by Llancharne's orders, drove on " like wild fire," and had lent the alternative of accompanying Willmotte or Frederic in Dowager

Lady Llancharne's chariot. She was not permitted much time for deliberation; seated in the phaeton, the Major considered himself called upon to say to her a thousand complimentary nothings, and received in return but an incredulous smile. Miss Sidney protesting that all such expressions were mere flights of fancy, intended to strike upon the imagination, yet to leave no trace behind. Willmote secretly felt the truth of the remark, and thought that of all woman kind, his companion was least likely to excite in him the feelings he described; yet persisted in his sincerity, protesting that her charms were engraven on his heart, that since their first acquaintance when she had appeared like Venus, armed for conquest, he had surrendered at the onset, rather than risk an engagement so fraught with danger.

"Poor Diomede," she returned, "I thought Major Willmote had better

“ understood military tactics, than to  
“ leave such a citadel unguarded. Where  
“ was discretion ?”

“ Slumbering at her post,” he returned, with a feigned sigh and studied ogle.

“ I shall take all your civil speeches  
“ for granted,” she rejoined, “ provided  
“ you mind the horses, for I am an  
“ egregious coward.”

“ They are so remarkably gentle and  
“ well-trained, I might give them head,  
“ and rely upon their *honour*,” he replied. “ A few days since Jesswunt  
“ mentioned that his coachman had  
“ found their ingenuity to exceed his  
“ own. On returning from Ballanaghiera  
“ one fine moonlight night, Mr. Jesswunt  
“ had observed the wheels of his carriage continually upon the brink of  
“ the deep fence by the road side ; he  
“ naturally supposed the fellow drunk,  
“ from his careless manner of driving ;  
“ but safely arrived at Kilmoyne gates,  
“ they passed through without accident ;



“ the sound of the wheels brought ser-  
“ vants with lights to the hall, who  
“ uttered a cry of dismay when the four  
“ drew up regularly at the door with-  
“ out a driver. He was himself rather  
“ astonished, he confessed, as the road  
“ is in many places narrow, with awk-  
“ ward turnings. Out of breath followed  
“ coachee, who had been compelled to  
“ discard his box coat on the way ; he  
“ owned, that as the night was severely  
“ cold, he had for a moment dismounted  
“ to take ‘ a crapper ;’ that ignorant of  
“ his having quitted the box, the foot-  
“ men had as usual, when their master  
“ entered the carriage, cried ‘ Home,’ at  
“ which command the sagacious animals  
“ had taken the road, and reached Kil-  
“ moyne in a much shorter space of  
“ time than they possibly could have  
“ been guided there by the ablest  
“ whip.”

The happy consciousness of having  
attained the ultimatum of his earthly  
wishes, lent fresh glee to Lord Llan-

charne's naturally exuberant spirits. At the commencement of the drive, he lamented his marriage, which caused some surprise, until he explained that he was so little of a fashionist as to wish for his *wife's* company. Then added, "but  
" what inconsistent variable mortals we  
" men are ; just now I was absolutely  
" wretched, disconsolate without my  
" better half ; and now I already feel  
" the apathy of a very husband stealing  
" over me, and almost rejoice in her  
" ladyship's absence. Even coz an-  
" noys me, and I should nearly as soon  
" have my *wife* at my elbow. If it be  
" not quite so disagreeable to you, Jess-  
" wunt, pray change with me." Looking out at the window to observe if the phaeton were in view, this arrangement was unheeded by Lady Eleanor, who had not been perfectly at ease since Mr. Jesswunt's appearance in the morning ; she now on turning round, felt surprise, and looked grave.

“ What dost think of Norry? nay,  
“ child, do not seem so mortified by  
“ my desertion—Why, Jesswunt, what  
“ is this? even you appear disconcerted,  
“ whilst Maria is obviously flattered by  
“ my preference; and yet, good soul, it  
“ is so much lost time to converse with  
“ a married man.”

“ There would be little merit in my  
“ being as cheerful as your lordship,”  
replied the Orientalist, “ had I equal  
“ cause.”

The figure of Williams riding beside the carriage, and looking in earnestly, caught the Viscount's attention; he inquired—

“ What is the matter, pray?”

“ Why, my lord, at the turning of the  
“ hill, we lost sight of my lady's car-  
“ riage; and I was desired to inquire  
“ which road my lady intended to take,  
“ whether to the right or to the left?”

“ Now, Jesswunt, here is a perplexer,  
“ annihilate me—what is your opinion,

“ whether have the matrons turned right  
“ or *wrong* ?”

“ *Right*, undoubtedly,” he replied ;  
“ when did you know the ministry in  
“ the wrong ?”

“ True, and we are staunch opposi-  
“ tionists ; therefore, Mr. Williams, pray  
“ desire the drivers to turn on the left.”

“ Do not upon any account, Harry,”  
said Lady Eleanor, “ direct them to  
“ pursue a different road, if you seri-  
“ ously think mamma has gone the other  
“ way ; consider her nerves, she may  
“ apprehend that some accident has be-  
“ fallen us, should she discover that we  
“ are not immediately following.”

“ What is done cannot be recalled,”  
cried Llancharne, as his directions were  
obeyed ; “ this road leads to Mr. Bou-  
“ verie’s, and terminates in the other ;  
“ therefore if we should not overtake  
“ our friends, we must meet them.”

“ Have you ever seen the present  
“ Mrs. Taswell, my lord ?” inquired Jess-

wunt? “I seldom pass Bouverie park  
“ without calling her to mind.”

“ Never—was she an old flame of  
“ your’s?”

“ I had not that honour; but if the  
“ ladies have patience for the recital, I  
“ shall give you my reasons for the in-  
“ quiry.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

‘ But, oh ! what crowds in ev’ry land,  
Are wretched and forlorn.  
Thro’ weary life this lesson learn,  
That man was made to mourn.’

MR. JESSWUNT thus continued—

“ The late member, Mr. Taswell,  
“ married, at rather an advanced period of  
“ his life, Miss Bouverie ; she was an only  
“ child, and her father’s estate being  
“ entailed, it devolved at his decease to  
“ a distant branch of that family. Mrs.  
“ Taswell was an interesting beautiful  
“ young woman of an ancient and highly  
“ respectable extraction, but portion-  
“ less ; her many virtues were insuffi-  
“ cient to reconcile Mr. Taswell’s uncle  
“ to the union ; and in a moment of dis-  
“ pleasure he vowed to cut off his  
“ nephew with a shilling, and to leave  
“ his immense fortune to a beggar.

“ This denunciation preyed on Mrs.  
“ Taswell’s mind, as she considered her-  
“ self the cause of so much enmity in  
“ her husband’s family; and after a very  
“ few years of, in every other respect  
“ uninterrupted happiness, she expired,  
“ bequeathing to her afflicted husband  
“ two infant boys; the elder of whom  
“ had been, in compliment to Mr. Tas-  
“ well’s uncle, called George—the  
“ younger after his own father, Skef-  
“ fington-Murray. Most unexpectedly,  
“ in the midst of Mr. Taswell’s un-  
“ feigned sorrow, his uncle arrived at  
“ Birch-hill. The leading features of  
“ his life were parsimony and avarice;  
“ instead of condoling, he congratulated  
“ his nephew upon an event which had  
“ removed the impediment to a recon-  
“ ciliation with himself, avowed it was  
“ now his intention to bequeath his  
“ wealth to one of his grand-nephews;  
“ but that to fulfil his former vow, the  
“ child must have no other prospect,  
“ and never inherit a shilling from his

“ father—cruelly observing, that if not  
“ an actual vagrant, his mother had been  
“ nothing better than a pretty beggar.  
“ To avoid a renewal of the breach, Mr.  
“ Taswell, for the sake of his children,  
“ resented not such barbarity; the little  
“ boys were summoned, and the old  
“ miser remarked, that George was a  
“ keen looking steady child, and not un-  
“ like himself; but that neither that par-  
“ ticular or his name should have power  
“ to sway him, or change the ordeal by  
“ which he meant to make trial of their  
“ merits; at that period George was  
“ about six years old, Skivey four.

“ Producing two guineas, he called  
“ the little fellows to his knee, and  
“ made them a present of one each.  
“ George knew that it was money; de-  
“ clared that no temptation should in-  
“ duce him to part with his; and although  
“ the miser to probe him enumerated  
“ the many nice things he could pur-  
“ chase therewith, the number of silver  
“ tenpennies to be gained in exchange,



“ he remained firm to his purpose, when  
“ he learned, that by exchanging he  
“ might diminish but not increase his  
“ store. Skeffington, less subtle, played  
“ with his guinea, thought it of no value,  
“ but considered it a pretty picture ;  
“ when tried by the temptations his  
“ brother had withstood, he could hardly  
“ be prevailed on to await the conclu-  
“ sion—would not hearken to the pro-  
“ posal of laying it by for a future day,  
“ but seized the first opportunity to  
“ steal out, and under the guidance of a  
“ child belonging to one of the servants  
“ returned laden with whips, tops, mar-  
“ bles, kites, wooden swords, tin guns,  
“ cakes, fruit, and the endless variety  
“ which a child fond of toys might be  
“ supposed to fancy ; yet his money was  
“ not all gone ; some shillings remained ;  
“ and on his way homeward he met his  
“ nurse, and emptied his pockets into  
“ her lap. I am thus minute to show  
“ you the early traits of character in  
“ these children. Displaying his trea-

“sures to the admiring George, he re-  
“fused not to partake of the catables,  
“to play with the toys, and while he  
“carefully guarded his own guinea, lent  
“every furtherance to the destruction  
“of the play things: at the end of the  
“week, the brothers were again ex-  
“mined; George showed his treasure  
“carefully suspended by a black rib-  
“band, and in a silk case from his neck:  
“Skeffington’s whips were broken, tops  
“and marbles lost, kites destroyed, and  
“in fine he had nothing to advance in  
“his own behalf, nothing to show for  
“his money; his generosity to his nurse  
“had not reached his uncle. The will  
“had been previously made, a blank  
“being left for the name on which that  
“of George to the utter exclusion of  
“Skeffington was speedily inserted and  
“duly executed. When he better under-  
“stood the value of what he had so  
“childishly lost, Skeffington repined  
“not: the living resemblance of his in-  
“teresting mother, to him Mr. Taswell

“ transferred the regard he had pre-  
“ viously felt for her, heightened by the  
“ circumstance of his having forfeited  
“ so innocently a property bestowed on  
“ one incapable of enjoying it. Envious  
“ of the superior affection which be-  
“ trayed itself in a thousand nameless  
“ shapes, George pined in secret, and  
“ in his brother beheld not the virtues  
“ which from his mother he had inhe-  
“ rited, but viewed him in the light of  
“ a hated rival. The present Mr. Bou-  
“ verie, too distantly connected to be  
“ deemed a relative, was yet considered  
“ as such, and, like his predecessor, had  
“ also but one daughter : with her were  
“ passed the hours which the captious  
“ ill-temper of George rendered irksome  
“ at home ; and Skeffington, as he ad-  
“ vanced to manhood, found in Amelia  
“ Bouverie that the friendship imbibed  
“ in early youth was imperceptibly ma-  
“ tured into love ; she was the partici-  
“ pator of his pleasures, the depository  
“ of his griefs, and her sweet consola-

“ tions soothed his mind, when troubled  
“ by the unkindness of his brother.  
“ Their mutual attachment was un-  
“ known to either Mr. Bouverie or Mr.  
“ Taswell. Skeffington, who had no  
“ secrets from his father, and had been  
“ only withheld by the delicacy of dis-  
“ closing a first love, sought to gain  
“ Miss Bouverie’s consent to confide in  
“ him, and with his permission to de-  
“ mand her of her father; some little  
“ feminine timidity interfered, and he  
“ could but obtain a promise, that upon  
“ his return from England no further  
“ impediment should be started. Ere  
“ they parted, he would have laughed  
“ off the feelings by which he was sub-  
“ dued, but found them unconquerable,  
“ and while he condemned his super-  
“ stitious fears, they redoubled. From  
“ every stage he wrote to her, reached  
“ London, speedily transacted the busi-  
“ ness upon which he had gone there,  
“ and his last letter apprised her that  
“ he should not sleep until he once more

“ beheld her. Some of these love-  
“ breathing epistles fell, by treachery,  
“ in the hands of George Taswell. In  
“ one hour he planned and executed his  
“ brother’s overthrow. He loved not  
“ Amelia, but he hated Skeffington: in-  
“ tercepting one of her letters, which, di-  
“ vested of the envelope and re-directed  
“ to himself, spoke the tenderest senti-  
“ ments; he waited upon her father, and  
“ with well-feigned reluctance confessed  
“ their mutual passion which the letter  
“ corroborated, then owned that she  
“ was that night to have quitted her  
“ father’s protection for his—that a  
“ timely fit of compunction on his side  
“ had saved her; and under his present  
“ feelings he would, if Mr. Bouverie re-  
“ quired it, even marry her. Of a hasty  
“ disposition, the unhappy father doubt-  
“ ed not the truth of a confession so  
“ honest, so repentant, and without ac-  
“ quainting the innocent victim of his  
“ credulity with his intentions, sent off  
“ for a clergyman, to whom, with an

“ affectation of confidence, George re-  
“ vealed, that from feelings highly ho-  
“ nourable to humanity, he was about  
“ to repair an injury the reputation of  
“ the young lady had through him sus-  
“ tained. With a tissue of falsehoods,  
“ he prepared the unsuspecting pastor  
“ to expect a well-feigned reluctance;  
“ and when he was introduced to her  
“ presence, and the purport of his visit  
“ made known, the distracted Amelia’s  
“ tears and entreaties were regarded not;  
“ and half fainting in her father’s arms,  
“ a sort of ceremony was attempted, with  
“ which Mr. Bouverie was satisfied, but  
“ which the worthy pastor feared had  
“ not amended the unhappy condition  
“ of the young lady. Possessed of a  
“ husband’s authority, George soon  
“ threw off the mask, acknowledged to  
“ the trembling Amelia that hatred not  
“ love had urged him on, and that now  
“ she was his wife, she must not only  
“ give up the idea of seeing his brother,  
“ but the solace of thinking of him.

“ To her these injunctions were un-  
“ necessary; arrived in Dublin, Skef-  
“ fington hurried to the general post-  
“ office—inquired for letters—there  
“ were none for him—his evil fore-  
“ bodings returned, but were chased by  
“ the hope that his own expedition had  
“ exceeded that of the mail; without  
“ thinking of rest or refreshment, he  
“ ordered post-horses, and calculated on  
“ the very moment that he might reach  
“ Bouverie-park—too soon he gained  
“ intelligence of the events which had  
“ there taken place. At Ballanag-  
“ hiera, where he was compelled to  
“ change horses, his own being unable  
“ to proceed, he first heard the account  
“ of his brother’s marriage, and to whom;  
“ disbelieving the fact, he hastened to  
“ Birch-hill, and from his father received  
“ the distressing confirmation of the  
“ tale. Too deeply affected to remain in  
“ his presence, he rushed to his own  
“ chamber and locked himself in. In  
“ the dead of the night, he prepared to

“ quit for ever his paternal mansion, his  
“ father and the world. Attended by  
“ two stedfast friends, he left Birch-hill,  
“ and ere morning dawned, found him-  
“ self remote from the scene where he  
“ had been nurtured; his foster brother  
“ and dog, the sole companions of his  
“ voluntary exile. In the deep solitudes  
“ of the Lyle mountains, he sought a re-  
“ fuge even from himself; months passed,  
“ and not one word was interchanged  
“ between him and his faithful Bryan.  
“ A pallet and some scanty necessities  
“ had been procured by the latter, to  
“ which, in time, were added a book and  
“ fowling-piece. Unversed in literature,  
“ to Bryan all books were alike, and as  
“ he knew his unhappy master to be  
“ fond of reading, he procured, in one  
“ of his secret expeditions to Ballanag-  
“ hiera, the fifth volume of the German  
“ Theatre, containing “The Robbers,”  
“ from Schiller—Kotzebue’s “Happy  
“ Family; and Iffland’s “Conscience;”  
“ with this prize, he returned to the hut



“ in which the recluse had buried him-  
“ self, and received for his recompense  
“ the first smile that for weeks had illu-  
“ mined Murray’s countenance.”

“ Poor fellow,” said Llancharne,  
“ these to me very interesting particu-  
“ lars, I was unacquainted with at the  
“ time of his apprehension in the church-  
“ yard at Ballanaghiera. But never  
“ shall I forget the shock I then expe-  
“ rienced; my regret for Mr. Taswell  
“ had induced me not to pay the *empty*  
“ compliment of sending my equipage  
“ to his funeral, but to attend it myself.  
“ This George of whom you speak was  
“ then at Birch-hill, busy sealing up all  
“ escrutoires and private desks, affect-  
“ ing great tribulation, but shewing  
“ none; from an aged domestic of the  
“ family, I heard of Skeffington-Murray  
“ Taswell, but it never once occurred  
“ to me that the bandit Captain was  
“ son to our lamented member.”

“ What an unfeeling savage must that  
“ hateful Mr. Fortescue have been,”

observed Miss Sidney, "and his manners are so *imposant*."

"Oh, the horrible fellow; do not name him," rejoined Llancharne, "since he has discovered that the five hundred pounds reward for Murray's apprehension was offered by the afflicted father (the late Mr. Taswell) with the hope of *réclaiming* his wandering son; and that there is now no likelihood of his being paid for his seizure, I understand his mortification knows no bounds."

"Murray anticipated not the powerful effect," resumed Mr. Jesswunt, "which 'The Robbers,' wild and horrible as it is, might produce in his mind, nor reflected that he was not the first youthful enthusiast whose head had been turned by a perusal of such works."

"Of the Beggar's Opéra it hath been said," remarked Llancharne, "that every representation, added, at least, one highwayman to the road. I always

“ disliked the ‘ Robbers,’ and think it  
“ decidedly Schiller’s worst production ;  
“ it appears to me a defective imitation  
“ of Shakespeare, not to be mistaken :  
“ Francis Moor is a prosaical Richard  
“ the third, ennobled by none of the  
“ properties which in the latter unite  
“ admiration with aversion. But the  
“ Germans have proceeded with gigantic  
“ strides in their literature : little more  
“ than half a century ago it was at the  
“ lowest ebb.”

“ Nevertheless, Schiller was a man  
“ of whom his nation is proud,” re-  
joined Jesswunt, “ and was possessed  
“ of a mind too noble to persevere long  
“ in the errors of his early compositions,  
“ although the applause he acquired  
“ would have rendered the continuance  
“ of his blindness excusable. He made  
“ incredible efforts to throw himself  
“ into cultivation, to improve his style ;  
“ he dedicated himself exclusively, to  
“ the theatre, and with every work  
“ attained a higher mastery of his art.

“ Schlegel speaks of his ‘ Don Carlos,’  
“ as the new epoch which marked the  
“ alteration in his writings, yet observes,  
“ that although he preserved great depth  
“ in the delineation of character, he had  
“ not then altogether lost the old and  
“ timid extravagance, but merely cloth-  
“ ed his imagery with choicer forms.”

“ His situations have a great deal of  
“ pathetic power, I grant you,” returned  
Llancharne, “ and his plots are compli-  
“ cated even to epigrammatic subtlety;  
“ but his dear-won thoughts on human  
“ nature and social institutions, were  
“ of such value in the eyes of the poet,  
“ that he exhibited them with circum-  
“ stantial fulness, and to an extent alto-  
“ gether incompatible with the pre-  
“ scribed limits of a theatre. The  
“ worst of it is, that the appearance of  
“ great original minds has in every age  
“ been followed by a host of imitators,  
“ and hence both Goethe and Schiller  
“ have been the occasion of bringing a

“ number of degenerate productions on  
“ our stage.”

“ Although I perceive he cannot on  
“ account of his early compositions be  
“ acquitted by your Lordship,” rejoined  
Jesswunt, “ I shall ever deplore his  
“ having been carried off in maturity of  
“ mind by an untimely death; what  
“ might we not have expected from  
“ such a virtuous artist? how much  
“ more might he not still have perform-  
“ ed? His *Wilhelm Tell*, the last, and in  
“ my opinion best of his works, would  
“ in itself immortalize him; when we  
“ consider Schiller’s ignorance of Swiss  
“ nature and manners, we must reflect  
“ with surprise on the masterly style  
“ in which he has handled the subject,  
“ so wonderfully correct, in point of  
“ local truth, so wholly concomitant  
“ with the poetry of history.”

“ Consider the source he had to draw  
“ from,” said Llancharne; “ you speak  
“ of his being immortalized, but allow

“ that it arises from the subject he has  
“ chosen ; if that be sufficient, I will  
“ rake up the bones of some old Trojan,  
“ noble as John Müller (but not with a  
“ view to make a broil, as was face-  
“ tiously remarked of Mr. Cobbett, and  
“ Tom Paine) and give you speaking  
“ pictures of aboriginal manners and  
“ scenery, that shall equal Schiller’s  
“ view of Tell’s chapel, on the banks of  
“ the lake of Lucerne; even with the  
“ Alps for a back ground. To begin, I  
“ will first paint the improvement on  
“ living manners, and show to the  
“ world that you and I have for the last  
“ five minutes sat in the company of  
“ two fair ladies, who, with a still greater  
“ improvement of style than that of  
“ which you have spoken, have main-  
“ tained a most decorous and agreeable  
“ silence, perplex me! Miss Sidney,—  
“ you spoke last coz,—what say \*you?  
“ may I trouble you now for a comment  
“ upon German literature, or the wea-  
“ ther?”

\*

“ I shall answer you in the words of  
“ Zaire—‘ Ah !.....pourquoi appeler mes  
“ ennuis ?’ Nourhan’s account of the  
“ unhappy Murray, your subsequent  
“ description of his sufferings, at the  
“ time of his father’s interment, and the  
“ narrative of his disappointments ; his  
“ brother’s cruelty, and the hapless  
“ Amelia’s miseries, are all recalled to  
“ remembrance by your question. I do  
“ not pretend to be a judge of the  
“ drama, and had listened with pleased  
“ attention to the observations on the  
“ German theatre ; even Mrs. Taswell’s  
“ woes were for a while forgotten.”

“ Come, come, you sha’n’t get off that  
“ way ; what do you think of plays in  
“ general, the private theatricals in  
“ Fishamble, for instance ? you may say  
“ what you please of the officers levee,  
“ and buskined heroes now that Will-  
“ motte is not by.”

“ I think them excessively entertain-  
“ ing, from the number of pleasant  
“ people one meets there ; but the stage

“ exhibits a miserable and motley assem-  
“ blage of chivalrous pieces, family  
“ pictures, and sentimental dramas.  
“ The fleeting charm of novelty being  
“ alone sought for, to the injury of the  
“ histrionic art, a number of insignificant  
“ parts must be got by heart, in the  
“ most hurried manner, to be immedi-  
“ ately forgotten; however, I think the  
“ imitation of foreign novelties, French  
“ after-pieces, and Operettes, would be  
“ an amazing improvement.”

“ I was one night there under the  
“ melancholy necessity of attending to  
“ the play,” observed Llancharne, “ and  
“ we had really one or two good per-  
“ formers, taking them as gentlemen;  
“ but some of the other periwig-pated  
“ fellows mutilated their speeches  
“ without mercy, imagining all the  
“ while they were affording the highest  
“ possible enjoyment to the public, by  
“ straddling along the boards with their  
“ awkward persons, not in the least



“ disturbed by their darling, but stupid  
“ affectation of nature, and considering  
“ the words which the author had given  
“ them to repeat merely a necessary  
“ evil. What says Miss Sidney?”

“ That I never beheld a more finished  
“ landscape, my Lord.”

“ True, this is one of the most to be  
“ admired prospects in Ireland; when  
“ we come to Bouverie park, we must  
“ alight, for it is considered more highly  
“ improved than any seat in the pro-  
“ vince.”

“ I should not wish to intrude on  
“ Mrs. Taswell,” said Lady Eleanor.

“ She has not resided here since her  
“ fatal marriage,” returned Mr. Jess-  
wunt.

Sending Williams forward to apprise  
his lady of their intentions, they turned  
into the avenue, and drove up to the  
house. Passing a wooded knoll, they  
caught a glimpse of the building, which  
in the front view presented an exten-

sive façade of hewn stone, the colonade ornamented with pillars of the Corinthian and Ionic orders, between which were placed several valuable marble statues.

## CHAPTER XIV.

‘ Oh Love! it was thy glory to impart  
Its infant being to the magic art ;  
Inspired by thee, the soft Corinthian maid,  
Her graceful lover’s youthful form pourtrayed.

“ THIS is generally allowed to be  
“ one of the most superb mansion-  
“ houses in the kingdom,” observed  
Llancharne ; “ it was built, I understand,  
“ from a design of the celebrated Cap-  
“ tain M \* \* \* \*.”

“ It wears a very different appear-  
“ ance now,” said Miss Sidney, “ to that  
“ it exhibited a few years past, when  
“ I recollect to have accompanied my  
“ aunt to visit the late Mrs. Bouverie ;  
“ then the massy doors flying open at  
“ our approach, disclosed a hall throng-  
“ ed with indolent domestics ; now the  
“ feeble attempts of some old house-

“ keeper to remove the bars and bolts.  
“ within echo through the building,  
“ and throw a deepening gloom on the  
“ well-secured windows.”

Slowly grating on the hinges, the door was at length opened by an elderly good humoured looking woman, from whom Llancharne kindly inquired for her master ; and telling her the beauty of the place had induced them to visit it, to walk through the pleasure grounds, she assured them of a hearty welcome, saying, “ Many is the long weary mile  
“ gentlefolks travel to come here to look  
“ at the pictures and *statues* in the great  
“ galleries; but them that ought to *live*  
“ here never calls at all.”

They presently ascended the grand stair-case, which terminated in the statue gallery, of which the old dame had spoken. An enthusiastic admirer of the fine arts, Mr. Bouverie had evinced equal taste and judgment in the collection: innumerable figures were ranged on either side, some larger than life,

placed on pedestals ; others proportionably minute in miniature, and carved in black marble were of much value, and equally deserving of attention ; there were also some designs in ivory—that of Abraham sacrificing Isaac was inimitably executed.

“ In this selection,” observed Jesswunt, “ Mr. Bouverie, who is by nature “ a sculptor, has spared neither expense “ nor trouble.”

“ Are his paintings equally good ?” inquired Miss Sidney ; “ for as I am not “ a Praxitelite, I should find more pleasure in studying them than in looking “ at and being frowned on by those “ colossal figures.”

“ Cannot even the Venus di Medicis, “ or Hercules Farnese,” returned Jesswunt, “ inspire you with a love for statuary ?”

“ She is a sad girl,” rejoined Llancharne, “ and displays a woful dereliction of taste ; but as I am now under “ petticoat government, I shall prove

“ my obedience, and lead the way.  
“ These paintings are by the most eminent masters; pray admire Mr. Pan  
“ here playing in competition with Don  
“ Apollo, by Rubens; his *daubs* are  
“ easily known.”

“ Daubs,” repeated Jesswunt; “ this  
“ appears to me inimitably fine; the  
“ rich colouring looks as fresh as if just  
“ come from the easel. How disgusted  
“ seems Apollo with the music of his  
“ opponent; and behold the punishment  
“ denounced, has already taken place;  
“ mark the expression of that old man’s  
“ countenance (Silenus) leaning on the  
“ shoulders of Pan.”

But the efforts of this wonderful artist to be conceived, should be seen; proceeding in his remarks, the Orientalist drew comparisons between the works of ancient and modern professors, extolled the harmony of Corregio, and aggrouping of Reubens, and contrasted the glowing tints of Claude de Lorraine with the chaste colouring of

Titian. Of the French school, he observed,

“ If in serenity of character, correctness and elegance of form, it be inferior to that of Rome and Florence, or in truth of colouring and vigour of pencil to the Flemish and Venetian schools; it cannot be denied, that in propriety and grandeur of conception, in arrangement of parts, and in beauty of design, it is fully equal. Le Brun, in all his compositions, was particularly attentive in expressing the passions of the soul in conformity with nature; his pencil is at once dignified and prolific, magnificent and correct. *I have found infinite pleasure in contemplating his paintings, in defiance of De Piles, who censures the local colours of Le Brun, as being very different; but it is the grandeur, the disposition of his subjects, and his exact observance of costume, which deserve to be peculiarly admired.*”

“ I shall think better of him here-

“after,” said Lady Eleanor apart to Miss Sidney; then addressing Mr. Jesswunt, added—“His figures appear to me too short; and there is so much sameness in his attitudes, expressions, and draperies, that it destroys in a great measure the effect a less studied pencil might produce.”

“Here is a divinity, perplex my modesty,” interrupted Llancharne.

“By Parmegiano,” returned Jesswunt—“There Venus employs all her artifice to detain her favourite Adonis; plays with his spear, while that little urchin Cupid mischievously blowing his hunting horn, rouses him to the chace. The picture underneath, Boors Smoaking, is a bijou of that esteemed master Teniers, done in his silvery style. What think you of those Cupids, by Titian?”

“I may not pretend to hazard an opinion,” returned Llancharne, “on what the best judges have already pronounced to be a fine specimen; but



“ Eleanor, you have entirely given up  
“ painting: in England, it was not alone  
“ by the square foot you were in the  
“ habit of drawing, but by the acre—  
“ whole sheets of canvass, in size re-  
“ sembling our peristrepthic panoramas  
“ at the least.”

“ Latterly my time has been too much  
“ engrossed by other pursuits, to admit  
“ of my devoting so much attention as  
“ formerly to my pencil.”

“ *Pleasant but wrong,*” returned the  
Viscount, and looking over Mr. Jess-  
wunt’s shoulder, desired to know what  
the piece he was studying, was de-  
signed to represent.

“ The principal figure is Saint John,  
“ on the point of being immersed in a  
“ cauldron of boiling oil,” replied Jess-  
wunt; “ you may observe he is looking  
“ up for the reward of his sufferings.  
“ His pious resignation is beautifully  
“ opposed to the eagerness of that  
“ fiend-like figure, who is endeavour-  
“ ing to persuade him to renounce his

“ religion, and save himself from a  
“ death so horrible. The fright of the  
“ boy and girl here on the foreground,  
“ are exquisitely delineated; it is alto-  
“ gether executed in Bourdon’s best  
“ style; even that lictor on the opposite  
“ side there, becomes a particularly  
“ interesting figure, from his fine ex-  
“ pression of pity.

“ Admitted nem. con.” cried Llan-  
charne, “ also that the Consul and his  
“ attendants are a well-whiskered decent  
“ group! but what hideous looking  
“ objects you fine artists take delight  
“ in. Annihilate me, but my hair  
“ stands erect, and were I to gaze much  
“ longer, my brain might whirl into  
“ madness; yet I confess my youthful  
“ fancy was once much charmed with  
“ the Michael Angelesque style—but  
“ since I have arrived at *years of discre-*  
“ *tion*, I find other subjects more fasci-  
“ nating.”

“ Some there are,” returned Jess-  
wunt, “ more replete with interest; and

“ though eminently fine, capable of ad-  
“ mitting a greater plenitude and bril-  
“ liancy of colouring, and vivacity of  
“ touch ; yet conveying such a charm-  
“ ing delicacy of design, a tone so chaste  
“ to the imagination that I would only  
“ select such pieces for my cabinet.”

“ I see,” cried Llancharne, with an arch glance.

“ This Virgin and Child (on copper) by Carlo Dolci,” said Miss Sidney, “ is I  
“ presume in the style Mr. Jesswunt  
“ admires.”

“ Precisely,” he returned ; “ I am of  
“ opinion with Vandyke in this parti-  
“ cular, and he thought no collection  
“ perfect without some works of the  
“ sort—I look on this room to be com-  
“ plete. There is not a picture but  
“ may be dwelt on with delight. How  
“ stands Wouvermans in your opinion,  
“ my Lord ? Here is a party at an inn  
“ door, by him.”

“ It is rich glowing work.”

“ And finely contrived,” observed

Lady Eleanor, “ by those dark reposes  
“ to keep our attention as much em-  
“ ployed upon the effect of the whole  
“ as upon any particular or individual  
“ figure.”

“ I like this holy family by Raffaele  
“ better than any thing I have seen,”  
said Miss Sidney—“ the finishing seems  
“ beautifully fine—pray observe the  
“ character of the heads.”

“ The hands of St. Joseph, and the  
“ foreshortening of this arm,” returned  
Lady Eleanor, are inimitable, “ the dra-  
“ pery of the Virgin, and that swathed  
“ round the heavenly babe cannot be  
“ excelled.”

The last that Llancharne would suffer  
them to contemplate, was the taking  
down from the cross by Rembrandt, in  
his last and most esteemed manner of  
handling the clear obscure. “ Con-  
“ trary to his general custom, Rem-  
“ brandt has advantageously introduced  
“ here a second light on the foreground,”

remarked Mr. Jesswunt, “ and not confined it to one spot, which gives a pleasing effect to the whole.”

“ The figures standing low in the back ground,” observed Lady Eleanor, “ are well placed—they prevent the principal group being encumbered, and leave room for the assistants to take down commodiously their precious charge.”

“ Come Jesswunt,” cried the restless Llancharne, “ assist me to dispel by some ray of merriment, the sombre tints which our minds have acquired by studying these musty old pictures: shall we adjourn to the gardens to taste the pines?—What can have delayed Willmotte, and the Dowagers?”

They descended to the shrubbery by a double flight of steps, which led from glass-folding doors, at the end of the statue gallery. Meditating to betray his cousin into another *tête-à-tête*, Llancharne compelled her to accept Jess-

wunt's arm, saying, " I will not relinquish Miss Sidney; therefore, madam Norry, take Mr. Jesswunt's offer, or trudge it alone."

The walks being of a sufficient breadth to admit of forming a line, Lady Eleanor held Miss Sidney's arm; her cousin conversing in his accustomed lively strain, led the way to a labyrinth with which he was well acquainted, intending by some manœuvre to give the Orientalist an opportunity to make his peace with Lady Eleanor. By no means the indifferent bridegroom he affected, Llancharne ardently wished for the hour which might restore to him his Nourhan's society; but from the commencement of their excursion he had sought to procure an interview for his friend, thinking that an *eclaircissement* might obtain for Jesswunt a foundation, upon which to build his future hopes. He knew this was the last opportunity to be gained previous to her departure from Glenarm castle; and as

they were the beings next to his beloved wife and mother, whom he most esteemed, he fervently wished that all obstacles to their union might be removed.

Whispering Miss Sidney to "give the little prude the slip, to perplex her modesty," he hurried on to the labyrinth. The entrance being purposely narrow and winding, he darted forward with his fair companion, leaving Jesswunt and Lady Eleanor to follow if they pleased.

## CHAPTER XV.

'Tis not, that cradled in thine eyes,  
The baby Love, for ever lies,  
    On couches dipt in dew ;  
'Tis not because those eyes have won,  
Their temper'd light from April's sun,  
    From Heaven—their tints of blue !

'Tis not that o'er a bank of snow,  
Thy parted tresses lightly flow,  
    In bands of braided gold ;  
Nor yet because the hand of grace,  
Hath form'd that dear enchanting face,  
    In beauty's happier mould.

No, dearest, no—but, from my soul,  
It was a little smile that stole  
    The cherish'd sweets of rest ;  
And ever since from morn till night,  
That little smile still haunts my sight,  
    In dimples gaily drest.

PURSUING the path her cousin  
seemed to have taken, Lady Eleanor  
found herself and Mr. Jesswunt likely  
to be involved in the mazes of the laby-  
rinth—the plantation was impervious



to the eye, and the variety of openings which every where presented themselves, increased her perplexity. She insisted upon returning to the house, and felt painfully embarrassed. Jesswunt wished, yet dared not to introduce the subject nearest to his heart, although it trembled on his lip. Each moment expecting a renewal of the scene, which at Kilmoyne had terminated so awkwardly, Lady Eleanor walked in silence, but found some relief that Mr. Jesswunt did not once attempt to revert to it. Trifles, and the surrounding scenery afforded funds for conversation.

“ I propose shortly to make a tour of “ this province,” observed the Orientalist, “ to travel at my leisure, and “ survey the romantic scenery through “ which we drove too rapidly this morning—” a pause—“ I have collected “ from your conversation, Lady Eleanor, “ that you are an enthusiastic admirer “ of Nature, and whilst I shall view

“ those beauties *alone*, a double regret  
“ will obtrude, that travelling in an op-  
“ posite direction, may be *some*, who  
“ might not fail to receive equal plea-  
“ sure from the rich and varied pros-  
“ pects upon which I shall gaze, with  
“ painful eagerness from this recollec-  
“ tion—” Another pause—“ Shall you  
“ visit the Causeway before you leave  
“ Ireland ?”

“ I rather think not; mamma is so  
“ impatient to be gone, that not even  
“ that greatest of natural curiosities  
“ could induce her to postpone our im-  
“ mediate return.”

“ The delay would be very trivial—  
“ you might with ease go from hence to  
“ Bnoh mills, and the causeway by Ran-  
“ dalstown and Ballymoney, and return  
“ by Coleraine, through Armagh to  
“ Newry, taking the Market-hill road,  
“ by which some steep hills, trouble-  
“ some for carriages, might be avoided;  
“ it would be a downright reflection on  
“ your taste, to quit the county without

“ having first examined those stupen-  
“ dous cliffs—you will be amply repaid  
“ for the trifling round. Although no  
“ visible crater is now remaining, there  
“ can be little doubt from the mass of  
“ lava, that this wonderful effort of  
“ nature is a vestige of ancient volcano  
“ —not apparently the effect of one  
“ eruption, but of many successive con-  
“ vulsions ”—a pause—“ You have been  
“ at Killarney, I presume—”

“ No, indeed—we have seen little or  
“ nothing of Ireland—which I the more  
“ regret, as it is highly probable I may  
“ never re-visit it; not even the county  
“ of Wicklow, in itself sufficient to claim  
“ the notice of the hurried traveller,  
“ have we had leisure to examine. We  
“ came here direct from Dublin, I may  
“ almost say in breathless haste—from  
“ Castle Bellingham to Ravensdale, we  
“ found little to admire, it was nearly  
“ dark when we reached Newry; but  
“ at Hillsborough we were permitted to  
“ take a hasty view of the beautiful

“ church there, and at Lisburn, to examine the damask manufactory—this is an epitome of my *extensive peregrinations* through a country every where holding out such allurements to votarists of the picturesque.”

“ You have probably been more fortunate in England. There is much to admire in Cumberland—you have been there?”

“ Never—but doubtless you have—I hope to pass some time there this summer, and should like your description by way of guide.”

“ It would be highly imprudent in me to attempt such a thing at this distance of time, since I visited those delightful scenes; an instant description might perhaps have enabled me to convey some idea of their beauty and sublimity. Yet, as *first impressions* are always with *me* the most lively and *lasting*, I have a perfect recollection of the admiration I felt on beholding a

“ *coup-d’oeil*, at once so diversified, so  
“ awfully interesting—”

To prevent the conversation reverting to the dreaded theme, Lady Eleanor persevered in her request, and Mr. Jesswunt resumed—“ Nothing is so tedious  
“ as a twice-told tale; I have (unhap-  
“ pily) already intruded some particu-  
“ lars of my early life upon your Lady-  
“ ship’s attention. I shall therefore now  
“ briefly pass over many circumstances  
“ to avoid a repetition, and at once  
“ transport myself to Keswick; pass  
“ through Saint John’s, and take our  
“ first view from the lower part of the  
“ lake. Imagine one continued tract  
“ of rugged grandeur, high mountains  
“ covered with heath, interspersed with  
“ projecting rocks of immense magni-  
“ tude, threatening to overwhelm with  
“ destruction the adventurous traveller;  
“ yet inspiring sensations of awe that  
“ elevate the mind beyond its usual  
“ tone; whilst I gazed upon their irre-

“gular forms, I stood in silent expecta-  
“tion of being crushed by the sudden  
“approach of one of the objects of my  
“contemplation, which like an Alpine  
“*avalanche* might have gathered strength  
“at every period of its descent. The  
“softer, but not less magnificent beau-  
“ties presented by the vale of Gras-  
“mere, I should next wish to ex-  
“plore with you in fancy,” was quickly  
added—

“To those fond of retirement, and  
“charmed with nature, it offers a temp-  
“tation to escape from the busy world,  
“there to await calmly the winter of  
“time; when, according to the poet,  
“‘the visions of youth shall from me-  
“mory depart,’ and the heart’s warm  
“glow be chilled by the finger of age.  
“I have somewhere read a beautiful  
“poem, descriptive of the feelings with  
“which I was inspired, by the tranquil-  
“lity of Grasmere; but the burthen has  
“made a greater impression than the  
“metre. From the wide page of thought

“ with its ‘ tear and its smile,’ the au-  
“ thor adverts to the declining scenes of  
“ life, and draws a sweet picture of  
“ man descending to his latest repose,  
“ like the waves of the ocean receding ;  
“ yet receiving on their surface the suc-  
“ cessive billow, and in peace gliding to  
“ rest on the shore.”—Another *awful*  
pause—“ You will say, should I con-  
“ tinue in this strain—that I am a mere  
“ visionary, but of late my ideas have  
“ undergone a wonderful revolution.”

“ I should not feel surprise, had you  
“ imbibed a taste for romance, amid  
“ such picturesque scenes.”

“ I cannot altogether exculpate my-  
“ self from the charge ; but my imagina-  
“ tion was so chastened, that I thought  
“ it impossible for the passions which  
“ sometimes deform the characters of  
“ men, to find entrance into the bosoms  
“ of those who inhabited such secluded  
“ glades. That virtue has a place  
“ amongst men is unquestionable, and  
“ where could she dwell with greater

“ security, than in a situation where the  
“ eye could not fix upon an object to  
“ weary it? Your smile,” he continued,  
“ recalls me from my heroics ; but surely  
“ it is not a very abstract speculation,  
“ to suppose that a heart naturally well  
“ inclined, and unvitiated by the allur-  
“ ing intercourse of the world, should  
“ amongst such scenes reside unhurt by  
“ the contagion of bad example, how-  
“ ever prevalent in rustic cotemporaries ;  
“ such at least was my conclusion, al-  
“ though secretly obliged to admit, that  
“ since the days of our first parents, man  
“ is in every station of life subject to  
“ many (if not all) the passions, frailties,  
“ and weaknesses, inherent to human  
“ nature.”

“ You misinterpreted my smile—in-  
“ stead of laughing at your alleged ex-  
“ travagance, I wholly coincide with  
“ you, that if man be capable of deeds  
“ of greatness, it must be when the ima-  
“ gination is refined by the divine ema-  
“ nations of the soul. In situations



“ where every surrounding object  
“ awakens rapture, the mind naturally  
“ ascends to the great Author of all  
“ good ! the transition would indeed be  
“ melancholy, to sink from the greatest  
“ altitude of awakened feeling, into the  
“ petty and reprehensible depravities of  
“ common life.” Another pause——

“ Rambling amidst those nearly inac-  
“ cessible mountains, I felt not the pass-  
“ ing wonder described by *tourists*, but  
“ the sober delights which a residence  
“ there must inspire ; at Low-wood, on  
“ the banks of the famed Windermere, I  
“ joined a party with whom I was but  
“ slightly acquainted. Beautiful as Gras-  
“ mere vale really is, I have left you  
“ there an unreasonable length of time ;  
“ but when you know that part of the  
“ country, you may perhaps thank me  
“ for not urging you to find a residence  
“ upon Helvellyn, or cold bath in  
“ Lethe’s water or Crumock——”

He was again fated to experience a  
woful pause——“ Surrounded by every

“ charm that could please the eye or  
“ exalt the imagination, we passed on  
“ through Ambleside. For any miles  
“ the country is luxuriant and sublimely  
“ beautiful, rich traces of fertility ap-  
“ pearing on the most stupendous of the  
“ mountains, and altogether forming a  
“ combination of delightful harmony.  
“ Fancy my astonishment at the first  
“ view of Windermere; I had previously  
“ supposed it to be something larger  
“ than Keswick lake, but had no con-  
“ ception of its appearance, which pre-  
“ sents a sheet of water extending thir-  
“ teen miles through a country, where  
“ the most fastidious could scarcely find  
“ a fault.

“Horses were not to be procured,  
“ and the rest of the party being anxi-  
“ ous to proceed, our Landlord at Low-  
“ wood suggested, as an expedient our  
“ making the journey partly aquatic;  
“ the proposal was carried without op-  
“ position. A boat was hired, and into  
“ it we all tumbled; two or three stout

“ fellows undertook to conduct us ; ac-  
“ cordingly our little bark was launched,  
“ and swiftly rowed o’er the glassy wave.  
“ Many boats from Bell Isle passed, all  
“ gaily painted, and containing parties  
“ of well-dressed persons ; the scene ap-  
“ peared in imagination to bear a strong  
“ resemblance to the Italian enjoyment  
“ of the cool water, which a clear un-  
“ clouded sky, and sun, just past meri-  
“ dian, heightened.

“ Landing at the very extremity of  
“ the lake, we posted on to Ulverston.  
“ The scenery at the head of Winder-  
“ mere is indisputably the most striking ;  
“ the disposition of the prominent fea-  
“ tures of the landscape, where nature  
“ is allowed to appear in all her native  
“ innocence, combines an infinite and  
“ pleasing variety. The Station, a place  
“ belonging to some gentleman, seems  
“ to have been erected there by the  
“ magic hand of enchantment, and is in  
“ itself a fit place for the fairies of the  
“ lake to celebrate their orgies. After

“ passing Bell Isle, the water becomes  
“ gradually narrower, and the country  
“ presents an endless variety of groves,  
“ villas, cottages, rocky promontories,  
“ and every feature which can adorn or  
“ embellish a scene of Elysian grandeur;  
“ but I trespass on you, Lady Eleanor,  
“ with a description utterly inadequate  
“ to give an idea of its magnificent beau-  
“ ties. Since the tranquil period I  
“ passed in Cumberland, I have enjoyed  
“ pleasures fraught with extacy; yet,  
“ like the usual routine of life, they have  
“ brought more than a proportionable  
“ share of alloy; even now whilst feast-  
“ ing upon the sweets of your society,  
“ I have a foretaste of the bitter cup  
“ which in your absence I shall drain to  
“ the very dregs.”

“ Let us quicken our pace,” said Lady Eleanor—

With much agitation he returned,  
“ Why seek to shorten the few happy  
“ moments chance has blessed me with?  
“ forgive me Lady Eleanor, if hurried.”

“ on by the dread of losing the only opportunity I may ever hope to enjoy, I revert to a subject which I once dared to intrude upon your ear. To-morrow you leave the Castle, and this country, which has latterly been to me a paradise, will then become a desert. Pardon me, if conscious that all my earthly happiness depends on you, I presumed to tell you so. Be not displeased at my again renewing a topic with which I have already importuned you. Consider the painful state of suspense, or rather agonized certainty which I endure, whilst fearing that my former impetuosity has excluded me from your esteem. Speak, Lady Eleanor, say that I may plead in extenuation of that evening without increasing your displeasure.” Another disheartening pause — “Circumstances have concurred to render my appearance here rather mysterious; but were I once honoured by the slightest encouragement, the veil which has

“ hitherto concealed my connections  
“ should be withdrawn. I should no  
“ longer hesitate to acquaint *you* with  
“ every particular of my family—You  
“ are silent—Can you doom one (whose  
“ greatest crime is to love you more  
“ than existence) to endless misery?  
“ Compassionate my sufferings—in pity  
“ say, whether such is your determina-  
“ tion; or that, like that Being whose  
“ divine influence inspires his creatures  
“ with some portion of his attribute,  
“ you feel for me and will pardon my  
“ present earnestness.”

Averting her eyes, Lady Eleanor murmured an indistinct forgiveness, when the Orientalist having obtained remission of his first offence, plunged into a second—

“ Suffer me, Lady Eleanor, to appeal  
“ to the Earl for his approbation of my  
“ suit; and I promise, unless sanctioned  
“ by his authority, never again to solicit  
“ your attention. I know his parental  
“ tenderness, your filial love, and with-

“out his permission, however sincere  
“my professions, I could not hope to  
“have weight with you.”

“Certainly,” replied Lady Eleanor,  
“his approbation must precede mine—  
“but—” she would have added something to qualify an expression she almost wished recalled, and into which she had been unguardedly betrayed, for understanding it in the most unequivocal sense. He warmly expressed his gratitude for the gleam of hope thus imparted; it checked her utterance. A loud hallooing, which seemed to issue from the labyrinth, struck upon their ear and interrupted a *tête-à-tête*, equally fraught with pleasure and embarrassment. Looking towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, they beheld a silk handkerchief floating in the air; it appeared to be fastened to the branch of a tree, and was they concluded, hoisted by Lord Llancharne as a signal of distress.

## CHAPTER XVI.

' The bridegroom may forget the bride,  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour hath been :  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;  
But I'll remember thee——'

" WE must extricate our friends,"  
said Jesswunt—

" But not involve ourselves," returned  
Lady Eleanor.

A consultation was held. The old dame had lamented the absence of the gardener, therefore to their own wits they were driven for an expedient. Lady Eleanor offered to collect flowers, and whilst she declined to venture, proposed that Mr. Jesswunt should scatter them as he walked toward the signal, that in



case of his taking a wrong direction and failing to restore their friends to liberty, he might not be equally entangled. He admired the device, but was disappointed by her steady refusal to accompany him. Deeply meditating, he scarcely remembered the embassy on which he was engaged, but continued mechanically to strew the leaves and blossoms. A peal of laughter, followed by a repetition of the hallooing, roused him from his reverie; he pursued the direction of the voices, and soon came up with his Lordship and the terrified Miss Sidney, who had expected nothing less than to have remained there for life. At sight of him she almost screamed with joy, and cried, "Oh, Mr. Jesswunt, " this barbarous man had nearly frightened me to death."

"Hush, hush?" interrupted Llancharne, "do not think to save yourself by crying me. Annihilate me, Jesswunt, if I was ever in such danger in my life; but the less said by certain

“ persons, upon certain subjects, the  
“ better. As you and I are brother  
“ masons, you are bound not to divulge  
“ any situation, however critical, in  
“ which you may chance to discover  
“ me ; you may say what you please of  
“ the Lady, she is not equally privi-  
“ leged.”

“ His Lordship cruelly told me, that  
“ a huge bear was kept in the centre of  
“ this labyrinth, and when he saw my  
“ alarm and horror at the idea of being  
“ either devoured or starved to death  
“ here, aggravated my distress by laugh-  
“ ing at it.”

“ Pray, Miss Sidney, proceed,” re-  
turned the Viscount, with much drollery,  
“ tell *all* that has passed or *nothing* more  
“ —though I am not in the habit of tell-  
“ ing when I am kissed—I do not know  
“ how I might act if provoked.”

“ Oh, most insufferable,” she replied  
laughing—“ but where is Lady Eleanor,  
“ I thought she was as deeply in the  
“ scrape as myself.”

Glad of an opportunity to speak upon a theme by which he was wholly engrossed, Mr. Jesswunt expatiated on the cleverness and ready invention of a contrivance, by which she had enabled him to effect their extrication from the difficulties that had encompassed them. Ere their return, Lady Eleanor was joined by Major Willmote, Miss Sidney, and Frederic, of whom Llancharne inquired for his bride—they could give no intelligence—and his impatience to learn what had detained them, prompted him to return in the phaeton with, as he said, one of the Misses Sidney for ‘stage effect.’ At Glenarm Castle they found the party who had not seen Williams, consequently knew not of the delay at Bouverie-park.

“Where is Eleanor?” demanded Lady Clanroy.

“In safe hands, I can assure you, my dear Countess—ere we parted, I made Willmote, Jesswunt, and Frederic, swear to protect her at the risk of their

“ lives, from giants, fairies, hobgoblins,  
“ hamadryades; and it was no unneces-  
“ sary precaution, let me tell you—I  
“ had to cope with the wiles of an en-  
“ chantress, who lured me into a rich  
“ plantation, laid out purposely with  
“ such devious windings, that an escape  
“ from the island of Calypso, or palace  
“ of Armida, might have been more  
“ readily effected. My guide, beautiful  
“ as a hourie, I modestly supposed,  
“ meant to confine me there for life; so  
“ plucking up courage, I severed a branch  
“ from an arbor vitæ; it was the parent  
“ of the thicket, and tears of aromatic  
“ fragrance were distilled from the  
“ wound I had thoughtlessly inflicted,  
“ while hollow groans murmured through  
“ the foliage and were re-echoed by the  
“ nymph, in sounds much resembling  
“ immoderate laughter.—Aghast, I yet  
“ ventured to raise my eyes, but my en-  
“ chantress was transformed into the  
“ semblance of Miss Sidney, who vigor-  
“ ously aided me to fasten a handker-

“ chief to the arm I had lopped, upon  
“ which my good genius re-appeared in  
“ the form of the young Prince—And  
“ now,” he gaily added, “ here I am re-  
“ stored to love and *thee*—” approaching  
Lady Llancharne.

From the windows they caught a view of the barouche—Mr. Jesswunt had taken Frederic’s horse. The day, to the exclusion of strangers, was devoted to love and friendship, for upon the ensuing morn, this happy family were to separate. The Bride and Bridegroom, with the Dowager Lady Llancharne, were to repair to Hilltown—Major Willmotte to join his regiment. The Sidneys to remain at Belfast. The Earl, Countess, Lady Eleanor and Frederic, to return to Dublin, on their way to England—of all the party Mr. Jesswunt was alone to remain at Kilmoyne. Lord Llancharne with the spirit of hospitality, urged him to join them at Hilltown.—The evening passed rapidly over, without affording Mr. Jesswunt

the looked-for opportunity of speaking to the Earl. Occupied in arranging business of importance with his agents, Lord Clanroy, except during dinner, had been all day closeted with Mr. Bromley. A hurried interview would not have answered Mr. Jesswunt's purpose; he required a patient hearing—a gloom (as the thoughts of the morrow would intrude) began to shroud the features of the majority of the party, when the strains of a harp were heard—a blind harper had craved admittance, and was playing in the hall.

“Summon the minstrel,” cried Llancharne—“we may have a hop to enliven us.”

The Countess objected, but he persevered, saying—

“Nothing like novelty—”

“Dear sister,” said the Dowager, “suffer Henry this once to indulge his love of frolic—consider, this is the last day the poor fellow will be entitled to have his own way—pray do not pre-

“ vent him—you and I may prose over  
“ more serious matters.”

The musician was introduced, and already was the bride's hand clasped by the happy Llancharne; Lady Eleanor with Mr. Jesswunt followed; the Misses Sidney with Willmotte and Frederic; but the music was so wretched, and the minstrel so unlike the famed bards of Erin, that they had scarcely patience to finish the dance.

The hour appointed for an early breakfast arrived, and with it Mr. Jesswunt. The Earl's intended departure being generally known, numbers of his tenantry had flocked to the castle, in hope of obtaining different favours. Again frustrated in his design of making a personal application to the Earl, Mr. Jesswunt determined to address an explanatory letter, which should overtake his Lordship upon his arrival in Dublin; constrained to rest satisfied with this distant prospect, he saw the carriage drive round, in which the object of his fervent

affection was to be borne from his sight. Lord Clanroy was compelled to use gentle violence in forcing the weeping bride from the arms of the Countess, and Lady Eleanor. And Llancharne justly appreciated the value of the prize he had obtained, from the poignant regret the friends of her youth manifested on parting with her. Taking her in his arms, he placed her in the carriage with his mother, and returned for an instant—again to bid adieu. Lady Eleanor's tears at losing the friend and companion of her childhood were renewed at sight of him. Pressing her to his bosom, with an affection truly fraternal, he softly whispered—

“Tranquillize your feelings about  
“Nourhan, my loved Eleanor; be per-  
“suaded, that in me she shall find a  
“most indulgent husband—promise me  
“in return, that you will be equally  
“tenacious of the happiness of *my*  
“*friend*—whose whole soul is devoted  
“to you—farewell—” he repeated as



he led her to the carriage, in which the Countess was already seated—"once more farewell," he exclaimed, and hurried to his bride, leaving Lady Eleanor to the care of Mr. Jesswunt, whose emotion was so violent, that the last adieus faltered on his tongue, whilst in the agitation of the moment, he pressed her trembling hand with more warmth than he had yet ventured, and for an instant retained it after she was in the carriage, until restored to recollection, by the formality with which Lady Clanroy expressed her parting compliments. A gleam of pleasure shot across his mind, as he whispered to himself, "Lady Eleanor did not endeavour to withdraw her hand;" and while his heart bounded with rapture, and renewed hope, he leaped into his curricule, and took the road to Kilmoynes.

At the castle gates, the carriages were driven in opposite directions, and Llancharne waved his hand to the valued

friends as they followed, and were by the surrounding hedges too soon concealed from his view; then turned to his weeping bride, and suffered her, with kind consideration, to indulge awhile, in an effusion of sensibility which was but the natural tribute of a grateful unadulterated heart. Conscious of the construction a less generous husband might place upon her undissembled distress, Nourhan used every possible endeavour to restrain her tears, but her efforts were ineffectual; it was her first separation from the benevolent protectors of her youth, and to suppress her affliction was a vain struggle. The Dowager apprehensive she might be exhausted, entreated in soothing accents, that she would moderate her feelings, and Llancharne with a significant look, affected a half reproachful tone, and inquired—

“ Does the light of my life’s regret  
“ arise from a separation equally griev-

“ous to all parties, or from the misery  
“of remaining in this *savage* country  
“with me?”

The obvious impropriety of thus abandoning herself to unavailing sorrow, and the seeming ingratitude of which she was guilty towards those who had generously raised her from obscurity to rank and opulence, again flashed upon her, and in a little time she was sufficiently collected to answer with tolerable firmness—

“You have, my dear Lord, undesignedly described the united source of my distress, which, as you observe, proceeds equally from the departure of our friends, and from my remaining here—nay, be not surprised at this declaration—I feel the inexpressible happiness of my lot, it re-doubles my regret at parting from the author of it; in the benefactress who first introduced me to your Lordship, and to my incomparable mother here.

“ Much uneasiness also arises, from the  
“ fear that I am unworthy of such  
“ blessings.”

“ Banish these groundless alarms,  
“ and speak not thus lightly of your  
“ own deserts, my loved child,” returned  
the dowager, “ they are justly appre-  
“ ciated by us ; but Henry, whose proud  
“ heart exults in your smiles, wishes to  
“ present a Hebe instead of a Niobe to  
“ his tenantry ; see they are already  
“ come to hail his bride.”

While she spoke, a crowd of rustics  
gaily clad, approached to greet their  
arrival—“ This is no election mob,”  
whispered Llancharne, “ but a set of  
“ honest-hearted faithful fellows, ready  
“ to spill the last drop of their blood for  
“ those who would treat them with con-  
“ fidence and kindness. Come smile  
“ upon them, and they will adore you.”

Her countenance, lighted up with  
unusual animation, now beamed with  
tenderness upon her Lord, as she in-  
wardly offered up thanks for her fortu-

nate destiny, and then returned the salutations of the crowd.

The Earl and Suite passed slowly through Ballanaghiera, amid the blessings of a grateful populace. Their lamentations on the occasion spoke to his heart in the genuine language of nature, simple, unaffected truth. The measures he had caused to be carried into effect, for the benefit of the poorer and industrious class of his tenantry, had not been thrown away upon an ungrateful people; and this testimony of their regard, confirmed his intention of more frequently visiting Glenarm castle, and of becoming their friend instead of their oppressor. By his command, Mr. Bromley was not only to lend an attentive ear to all complaints; but as the best recommendation to continued patronage, to redress as far as in him lay the power, any grievances under which they might conceive they laboured; and in matters of sufficient moment to require it, he was to apply for advice to

the Earl himself. As they continued to walk beside the carriage,

“ They are a warm-hearted grateful  
“ people,” observed the Earl—“ I do  
“ think some of them are in tears. I  
“ am sorry to leave them so soon, and  
“ could have wished to have remained  
“ here, until some arrangements I lately  
“ struck out for their advantage had  
“ been completed.”

“ I am very glad we are going,” returned Frederic. “ Those crocodile  
“ drops, if tears they be, are ‘ tears at  
“ will,’ or pepper corn fines to be shed  
“ renewably, as every succeeding ge-  
“ neration comes or goes from Balla-  
“ naghiera, each and every one of them  
“ to be equally regretted, and wept for  
“ with your Lordship, and our noble  
“ selves.”

“ You have no reason Frederic to  
“ speak thus harshly.”

“ Pardon me, my Lord, they are not  
“ only the most pugnacious, litigious,  
“ illiterate boors on the face of the

“ globe, but devoted to whiskey, and  
“ everlastingly saturated with Potteen.”

“ The ignorance of the rising genera-  
“ tion may not have to be complained  
“ of,” observed Lady Clanroy, “ should  
“ the plans for educating the poor be  
“ matured.”

“ That in my opinion may but in-  
“ crease the evil, instead of removing it ;  
“ were I *premier*, I should rather allow  
“ fifty mute inglorious Miltons to slum-  
“ ber in obscurity, than rouse the spirit  
“ of one village Hampden, or dauntless  
“ Cromwell; the native wit and genius  
“ of the Irish stand unrivalled; to ex-  
“ pand their minds with reading, may  
“ but instruct them to use the nerved  
“ arm with judgment; books, study,  
“ may convert the village mechanics  
“ and ploughmen, into village statesmen  
“ and politicasters.”

“ Would the enlightened Frederic  
“ close the avenues to learning on man-  
“ kind?” inquired Lady Eleanor; “ are  
“ these not useful studies to which reli-

“ gion points ; and might not the minds of  
“ the rustics be guided by a proper  
“ selection of books ? It is hard to con-  
“ demn so large a portion of our fellow-  
“ creatures to slavish ignorance.”

“ You would furnish them with Bi-  
“ bles ; to three-fourths of the commu-  
“ nity they are interdicted ; they might  
“ wish, for amusement, to resort to the  
“ Belles Lettres—History—if you say  
“ polite literature is above their com-  
“ prehension, and that their minds are  
“ not sufficiently refined to enjoy such  
“ studies, might not newspapers become  
“ their *dernier resort*—a little learning is  
“ a dangerous thing—they have not  
“ time to drink deeply, and if their taste  
“ should incline them to politics, every  
“ hedge ale-house may be converted  
“ into a receptacle for readers. Unlike  
“ Auburn’s grey beards, their political  
“ appetites, actuated by education, may  
“ not be appeased by news older than  
“ their ale—no, no, they may require a  
“ more sapid feast ; their natural acumen



“ may prompt them to inquire about  
“ the belligerent powers, and snuffy spe-  
“ culatists will be heard to pronounce,  
“ that by letters from the *Hag* (*i. e.*  
“ Hague) a war with France is *inviteable*,  
“ *id est*, inevitable.”

“ You run away with the argument,”  
returned the Earl, “ and fly from one  
“ extreme to the other, without ad-  
“ mitting a possibility that minds under  
“ the influence of a well-regulated  
“ system (which appears to have gained  
“ the sanction of abler heads than  
“ your’s) might not as well maintain  
“ the soft bonds of amity, as become the  
“ wretched victims of ambition. A life  
“ of innocence crowning useful labour,  
“ with a board ruled by temperance,  
“ must be the result of a decent educa-  
“ tion,—instead of sinking after hours of  
“ toil (too frequently the practice of the  
“ present day) into intoxication and  
“ tumult, when the veil of ignorance  
“ which at present obscures too many,  
“ is partially withdrawn, they will be

“ led to acknowledge what now appears  
“ to be sometimes forgotten, that ‘ all  
“ men are brethren ;’ we shall then no  
“ longer hear of the atrocious murders  
“ (which now disgrace humanity) being  
“ committed in private or in broils at  
“ fairs and other meetings—moderation  
“ will then maintain the place now  
“ usurped by intolerance and faction.”

“ In fact,” rejoined Frederic, “ the  
“ Irish are an intolerable set, witness  
“ my boots, bought in Dublin, and re-  
“ quiring to be new-soled within  
“ three days—I have never sported  
“ them since, and see they are absolutely  
“ falling to pieces—I repeat, they can  
“ do nothing decently in Ireland, wit-  
“ ness my sole.”

“ Nay, Frederic, you entirely mis-  
“ apprehend the matter,” said Lady  
Eleanor, “ which appears to me simply  
“ that an Irish *soul* will not bear to be  
“ trampled on.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

‘ When in such instances we see that some corrupt affections in the soul, urge men on with blind impetuous fury to the perpetration of such deeds, we cannot but pity the person while we abhor the crime they have committed.’

‘ FOSTERING has always been (in Ireland) a stronger alliance than blood,’ remarks an intelligent writer upon the country. Never appeared a more incontrovertible proof of the truth of the assertion, than in the stedfast adherence and unwearied attachment of the faithful Bryan to his hapless master. In their solitary hut upon the Lyle mountains, remote from man, their days passed unchequered by vanity, unbroke in upon by social intercourse; unheeded by the unfortunate Murray, was the lapse of time; whole nights he

wandered amid the surrounding heath, regardless of the warring elements; drenched by the rain, driven by the storm, but not one complaint escaped him; returned at morning dawn, he ever found a cheerful fire, and in Bryan an active friend, ready to administer to his wants, without daring to utter one word, even of sympathy.

On Bryan devolved the entire management of every thing, and while Murray's purse held out, scanty as were his comforts, he could never be said to want for aught within its compass. But a hoard oft resorted to and never replenished, must decrease. Thus with Bryan; his resources were daily diminishing, yet he would not intrude upon the sanctity of his master's sorrows, nor could he tamely see that master reduced to a state of necessity. Upon one of his journies to Bananaghiera, when his spirits and finances were at the lowest ebb, he encountered a straggling party of the heath rangers or banditti, who fre-

quented that road. Handsomely dressed and not in livery, he presented to their view the exterior of a gentleman—unsuspicious of their calling, he passed, but in a moment found himself surrounded and assailed in an extraordinary manner: one of the gang springing upon his shoulders, grasped him so tightly across the face, that his eyes were closed; another of the party pressed the cold muzzle of a pistol to his ear, and swore to blow his brains out should he offer resistance; a third tried to unbutton his coat, whilst the man on his back cried—

“Take his watch—take his purse—  
“take his life.”

Soaked by a heavy fall of rain, the coat would not yield to their efforts—again and again his life was threatened; but finding that no farther violence was attempted, Bryan calmly answered, “Be  
“aisey boys! this is no night for a joke,  
“—come down off my back, and none,  
“of your humbugging.”

The answer was, a pistol snapped in his face, but it burned prime. "Why, " then is it sayrious, yez are?" interrogated Bryan.

"No palaver, but tip us the ready."

"Dieuhl bleurih ahvauister" (the devil "a bit master)—sarra rap is in my "company, but what is amongst yez—"the coat I have ye may take it if ye "have the heart—but sure I was going "to lift it to get a supper for my poor "master—Oghone that the likes of him "should ever be in want of a meal's "meat."

"Shoot the dog," and a pistol was again cocked.

"What master, and where does he "live?" demanded another.

"Why, my own master; but if it's "his name yez want, I'd give ye my life "first—and as to our lodgings, why we "live in a hole on the mountain."

"Let him go—let him go."

"Mind, you," cried the fellow on his back, "don't dar to look round or to

“ follow us one inch, or this bullet shall  
“ floor ye.”

“ I have no wish to look back—I have  
“ no heart to go forward, let alone to  
“ go following after yez—ye done me  
“ no harm—I wish none to yez.”

And on Bryan quietly trudged, not with the hurried pace of a man just escaped from a violent death which might yet overtake him; but with the fearless steady gait of one whose fortunes were not less desperate than their own—a hasty step pursued him, but he turned not. One of the robbers, whom by his voice Bryan knew to be the man who had first proposed to let him go, now laid a hand upon his shoulder, and thus accosted him—

“ You are in distress you say—you  
“ have a brave heart—we will lend you  
“ five guineas—take it.”

“ But how am I to pay it,” asked Bryan, “ when all I am worth in the  
“ world is on my back? I won’t take  
“ it.”

“ What, not even for your master ?”

“ Yes, for him I’d rob the priest himself; but stay don’t tempt me, I am weak—not now.”

“ Come man, don’t stand, shill I shall I—take it or leave it—now or never.”

“ Never, then,” said Bryan, “ whilst I have a rag to my back.”

“ You are a fool, but I like your spirit ;  
“ can your master read ? here is a book  
“ we took from a *customer*, give it to  
“ him ; we have not time for trash.”

Although possessed of sufficient virtue to refuse the first offer, Bryan gladly accepted of the second, and ignorant of the contents, presented it to his master. He knew no questions would be asked ; and how he came by the book might still remain a secret. Murray opened at the Robbers, and reading the *dramatis personæ*, the name of Amelia met his eye. In a burst of frenzy, he dashed the volume from him, struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and rushed from the hut ; the night passed, but he returned not ; Bryan expected him with



the morning light, but he came not; the day advanced, and yet no appearance of his loved master. In the shades of twilight, Bryan scarcely less frantic went in search of his charge, traversed the heath, and was returning in despair, when Coolieen sprung from behind a rock, and leaped upon him.

“ My own darling,” cried Bryan, caressing his favourite, “ where is the master? Bring me to him, Coolieen.” Coolieen wagged his tail, looked wistfully in Bryan’s face, but moved not.

“ Would you keep him all to yourself?” asked Bryan, in a harsher tone than usual; the sagacious animal slunk away, and Bryan followed to a cavity in the rock, where stretched at his length lay Murray, in a sort of trance, his limbs stiffened, and garments dripping with dew.

“ My dear master,” sobbed Bryan, speaking for the first time since their flight, and grasping the cold hand which lay motionless, “ can you rise,—ogh—what shall I do? myself will never be

“able to carry him safely over the  
“rocks; a friend in need, is a friend  
“indeed; but where do the unfortunate  
“find a friend, but in heaven!—And  
“heaven alone can send me help, now  
“—ogh, ogh, ogh, ogh; my master will  
“die here; I cannot stir him.”

Coolieen had again stretched himself upon Murray's breast, as if to restore heat and animation to the senseless form, when bounding from his station, he proclaimed by a loud bark, the approach of strangers, and instantly the report of a pistol was followed by Coolieen's moans; limping and yelping, returned the wounded animal; still he barked, and a party of the gang stood before Bryan.

“Oh! blessed chance,” cried Bryan,  
“Couldn't yez come to do a good turn,  
“without shooting the creature?” as he recognized the men by whom he had been assailed the preceding day; “here  
“lies my master,” he added, “stiff  
“with the cold, and here is Coolieen

“ kilt, oghone, oghone, one sorrow  
“ never comes alone; my own darlant,  
“ where are you hurt; shew us Coo-  
“ lieen.”

“ ’Tis only a paper wound,” answered  
one of the band, “ I’ll give you balsam  
“ that shall cure him before day; there  
“ was nothing but wadding in the pis-  
“ tol; but who will cure your master;  
“ he has fairly hopped the twig.”

“ Help me to rise him, and take him  
“ home, it isn’t far off,” returned Bryan,  
“ and may yez never want a friend to  
“ give a lift when yez stand in need of  
“ it.”

“ Come along, messmate;” and unit-  
ing in a common effort of benevolence,  
called forth by the peculiar feelings of  
the moment, the robbers desiring Bryan  
to carry the dog, carefully raised Mur-  
ray, and tenderly conveyed him to his  
wretched dwelling. The fire was nearly  
extinct; but as if they had forgotten their  
desperate avocation, and were alive  
only to humanity, one gathered sticks

to replenish the dying embers ; another assisted Bryan to dress Coolieen's wound (which was but trivial), whilst a third poured some brandy into Murray's mouth, and disencumbering him of the damp clothes, rubbed his limbs : shortly symptoms of returning respiration gave to Bryan the comfortable hope that his master might revive, and presently Murray faintly pronounced—

“ Bryan—”

“ Here, your honour.”

“ Where is Amelia—where the book ?” and closing his eyes, sunk into a gentle slumber, from which he awoke refreshed. The silence thus broken, Bryan did not suffer himself to relapse into ; but from this opening, persevered in making tender inquiries ; explaining the occasion of Coolieen's wound ; he mentioned the robbers, and their treatment of himself, their humanity towards his master, which ended not here ; Coolieen ever watchful, again announced that intruders were hovering near. The

hut was without fastening, a crazy door closed by a stone, proved just sufficient to resist the storm.

“ Silence, my darlant, and let them “ come an they will,” cried Bryan, patting the dog; “ we have no friends—we “ fear no foes;” whilst he spoke, a stone was thrown with much violence against the door, and Bryan knowing resistance to be vain, opened it; but all was dark and silent without. He was about to retreat, when his eyes fell on a basket, and eagerly seizing it, he re-entered the hut. Never came a more welcome supply; his close attendance on his master had prevented his having leisure to procure the customary necessities, and his little store was nearly exhausted. The contents of ~~the~~ basket were hastily examined; he found bread, meat, whiskey; a pack of cards; fire box and matches; an old candlestick and candles, and food for Coolieen; he waited not to think how those supplies had been procured, or from whence they

came ; but lighting a candle, spread a supper for his master ; his heart smote him as he afterwards partook of the repast, for he felt that the invisible friends were none other than banditti.

The supplies came regularly, and with each, some little additional comfort, still no visible agent appeared. Familiarized by such acts of benevolence, Bryan not only thought of, but spoke of the robbers with grateful warmth ; Murray accustomed to hear them mentioned with regard, and to experience their kindness, felt at first curiosity, then a desire to see and to reward such persevering guardians. By his directions, Bryan, concealed by a furze bush, lay in waiting for the messenger ; and at the next visit intercepted him, and brought him a willing prisoner to the hut ; the hour had arrived to which the robbers had looked forward with impatience. Bryan's courage and independent spirit had interested them—that his master was a *real*

gentleman they doubted not ; of liberal education was a necessary consequence ; they wished for such a leader, and having consulted together, resolved to follow Bryan upon his return to the hole in the mountain, for the double purpose of proving his veracity, and of attempting his master. The scout who had been employed by the gang, faithfully discharged his mission, and at the close of the ensuing day, led the party to Murray's habitation ; the door lay open, and entering without ceremony, they found a still greater appearance of poverty within than they had been taught to expect. The double-barrelled fowling-piece was the only vestige which appeared to show that any superior to a herdsman resided there. It was carefully examined, and a silver plate on which the name of Skeffington-Murray Taswell was engraven, at once betrayed to them the secret and rank of the unhappy recluse. More than ever desirous to gain him over to their interest, they

had walked through the mountain in pursuit of their prey. He was not then in a situation to be spoken with.

Partly from commiseration, but more from the design of making him their friend, had they so unremittingly attended to Murray's wants. Possessed of his secret, they meant to sound him, and if he was averse from their measures, to menace him with a disclosure he seemed so carefully to shun. When Bryan re-entered with the messenger, Murray started; but as the robber advanced with out-stretched hand, forgetful that his trade was that of rapine and bloodshed, Murray remembered but the man who, at a moment of extreme need, had stretched forth an arm to save him from destruction—death he courted—but not at his own hands—in the being before him, he beheld not the robber, but the merciful agent who had been commissioned by a higher power to save his life; and rushing into his arms, Murray buried his face on the



shoulder of an assassin. The sympathy even of such a character, produced an agitation too powerful for the weak state of Murray's nerves; "We must part," he cried. "Let me see you sometimes, "I wish to thank you; but even in " words I am poor."

"Oh, say no more, *captain*," returned the bandit, purposely giving him a title to which he had no claim; but to which he wished his ear to be inured. "You " are a gentleman; I am a gentleman; " we are all of us gentlemen; to be sure " I'll call to see you; we'll all call; I " wish we had more in our power to " do to serve you; you'd serve us in " return; one good turn deserves another, you know."

In the course of a few days the visit was repeated, and by degrees an intimacy with the whole gang took place; who can venture to say to himself, "so " far will I go, but no farther;" of error it hath been remarked, '*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*' Led on by their

wiles, Murray's fall was inevitable; at their united and oft-repeated intreaty, he headed a party, and with feelings compared to which the whirlwind is calm, first raised his hand against the life of a fellow-creature; not long upon his trembling victim, but on himself was turned the deadly weapon: whilst shuddering at such temerity, he called Heaven to witness his vow, that the first drop of blood spilled by his comrades should be the last moment of his hated existence—remonstrances were idle—pillage was their avowed object; that he restrained not. They would have argued that where they might meet with a vigorous opposition, they were called upon in self-defence, to murder their adversary. But Murray was peremptory, and at every future attack stood resolutely determined, first to shoot him that might act with brutality, and then himself. Reconciled to this unhappy mode of life, because it estranged his thoughts from his *sister*,

he plunged into every dissipation within his reach. Cards, dice, and wine, were the recreations in which his leisure hours were passed ; and the once happy, innocent, virtuous Murray, but lately the wretched guilty out-law—proclaimed—and lurking in caverns or hiding in the mountains, his only solace—Bryan's ceaseless affection—his only pleasures—Coolicen and his gun : was now a close prisoner in the gaol of Bal-lanaghiera !

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Grimm.*—‘How gloriously the sun sets to-night !

*Moor.*—When I was a boy, my favourite thought was, that I would live and die like yonder glorious orb—

—— It was a boyish thought.’

THE dread of seeing his brother or Amelia had first driven Murray from Birch Hill ; for months his unhappy father was ignorant of his asylum ; and though he used every effort, and wrote in all directions where he hoped a letter might reach him, still he obtained no information. But his ignorance was bliss, compared with the horror, the grief he experienced, on hearing the fallen condition of his beloved son. Bewildered to agony upon his first expedition with the banditti, Murray recognized not in the trembling wretch who knelt before him, the steward of his

father. Plundered of every thing by the gang, his life, through the interference and express command of Murray, had been spared to him ; but while he yet trembled, as the pistol was held to his forehead, it was from a dread, that in the violence of the agitation which had seized him, Murray's finger might have pressed against the trigger, and have by accident performed what he was most anxious to prevent. When the pistol was averted from himself, and presented by the frantic Murray to his own defenceless breast, he would have thrown up his arm and implored him, for the sake of his father, to spare himself, but that he apprehended Murray would not have survived the discovery ; and whilst the big drops of mingled grief, pity, shame and love, coursed down his rugged cheeks, the band mocked his cowardice, and laughed at his tears.

Reluctantly was this intelligence communicated to Mr. Taswell. Recovered

from the first shock it occasioned, he again wrote many letters breathing the tenderest affection, the most unqualified forgiveness ; in each of which he beseeched Murray to abandon the disgraceful mode of life he had adopted ; to return to an afflicted father, whose days were hurrying to a close, embittered by his degradation ; but not one of them were fated to reach its destination. Still Murray loved his father ; and when the calm hour of reflection brought with it the conviction that he had not conspired against his happiness, he would have flown to his arms, have confessed his misery, and craved that pardon he felt he deserved not : but ashamed of himself, he sought to bury his woes in retirement, and in a rude corner of the mountain to shun the light of day, rather than to appear in the presence of that father, and acknowledge that he was no more worthy to be called his son ; yet while he blamed himself for being the abject thing he was, he

had not in himself sufficient power to turn from his wickedness.

The first intimation he received of Mr. Taswell's death was in the columns of a daily paper in Dublin. Unconscious that his father had offered the reward for his apprehension alive, with the hope of rescuing him from perdition, he had been advised for a while to seek a refuge at a distance, and in a neighbourhood where his person was less known. Early had he learned 'that all who gain must feel the pang of losing,' 'that all who live must die in sorrow.' Sad experience had taught him there was no permanent felicity in this world; days had elapsed since the event had taken place which had robbed him of the only remaining being (except Bryan) to whom his widowed heart had clung; and fearful that he might not arrive to see, for the last time, those features so oft caressed, so stamped upon his memory (ever beaming with fond affection and delight) he hurried to

the post-office, and giving a handful of money to the driver, stretched himself upon the top of the northern mail.

An inward fire consumed him ; he felt that he was a monster whose crimes had destroyed his father, and almost blamed a God of vengeance for having swept away the just, yet spared the unjust ; he remembered not that the ways of Omnipotence are inscrutable ! nor reflected that in divine mercy he might have been suffered to remain for reformation and repentance. “ And is he “ indeed no more ? ” he constantly repeated to himself—“ the excellent—the “ good old man—I will follow him—but “ whither—are we not separated by a “ gulph impassable ? ” The straggling hovel at the entrance of Ballanaghiera seemed deserted as the coach drove past, and with the breeze came the solemn toll of a funeral knell ; it struck upon the mourner’s heart, and every thrill was faithfully re-echoed. As the carriage passed the church-yard, he



sprung from the roof, and was stunned by the fall, but his mind wound to a pitch of more than human strength, remained not long inactive; to accident was his sudden descent attributed by the compassionate few, who raised him from the ground; he revived as the quickened toll of the bell proclaimed that all which remained of a father so loved, was about to be snatched from his sight for ever; and rushing wildly from those who kindly supported him, he prostrated himself upon the coffin.

Scarcely conscious of his situation, unheard were Fortescue's commands; unheeded, Llancharne's kindness; Coolien, of all the spectators of his distress, was alone recognised. Bryan and others of the gang who had mingled with the crowd, had been most active in the attack upon the Ensign; but what could a handful of unarmed men hope to effect against a well-armed and regularly disciplined party? The military prevailed, and in triumph hurried the

hapless victim of despair to a dreary dungeon. There manacled with the heaviest irons, he was cast into a cell ; a scanty sheaf of straw spread for his couch, which the callous turnkey scoffingly assured him was well aired and lately tenanted ; for that his predecessor had but the day before been exalted to the gallows.

“ Never fret man,” cried the ruffian,  
“ we are here to-day, and gone to mor-  
“ row—pluck up your heart—be stout,  
“ and I will teach you a lilt. Rob  
“ Maguire that was here afore you, sung  
“ to the very last. He was condemned  
“ only yesterday, and from the dock  
“ went post-haste to the devil.”

“ When a gibbet I pass,  
I am not such an ass,  
As to blubber and think of my end ;  
But I shut my left eye,  
Nod and wink when I cry,  
Better you there than *Murray* (or I) good friend.”

“ There is a rouser—sing that my  
“ hearty—for where can you live so

“ happy as here if you have money ?—  
“ You have neither rent nor taxes to pay.  
“ Come ; if you’ve the needful, I’ll join  
“ you in a rummer ; what say you to a  
“ pot of ale, or golliogoe of sweet-pea ?  
“ What, are you dumb ?—Then be dumb  
“ and be d——d,” growled the savage,  
as he closed and firmly locked and  
bolted the door upon the tortured Mur-  
ray. A groan of acute anguish was all  
that escaped his lacerated heart.

The assizes had but just commenced :  
in the ordinary course he was brought  
to immediate trial. When arraigned  
and put to the bar, he persisted in ob-  
stinately pleading guilty, notwithstand-  
ing the humane recommendation of the  
judge. The court-house was crowded  
to excess, and when the awful sentence  
of death was pronounced upon him,  
general feelings of compassion and re-  
gret for the prisoner on account of his  
youth and the respectability of his fa-  
mily, were manifested by loud and con-  
tinued murmurs. Clad in deep mourn-

ing, his figure was calculated to excite much interest ; the paleness of death had already overspread his features ; his haggard eye, now fixed on vacancy, now wandered as if in wild pursuit of some object upon which to dwell ; he essayed to speak, not, as he said, to vindicate his character, but to awaken to a sense of their danger those, if any such were present, in whom the indulgence of passion uncontrolled might lead to a situation so forlorn—so degraded.

Encouraged by the Court, he thus proceeded—" I have, my Lord, little more  
" to say. Escaped too soon from  
" happy boyhood, for years I wandered  
" in the unenlightened circuit of my  
" own narrow existence ; uninfluenced  
" by religion, unimproved by study.  
" My mind, unformed by education,  
" with nothing but the feeble light of  
" individual observation to gleam upon  
" my path and guide me through the  
" multiplied varieties of action and  
" event, was unable to cope with temp-

“ tation, or to rescue itself from the in-  
“ fluence of juvenile prepossession. I  
“ was impassioned, prejudiced, and on  
“ my first trial fell from the summit of  
“ earthly happiness, to the deepest  
“ abyss of depravity—of misery.

“ The hand of Providence all directive  
“ as it is, while rolling on the destinies  
“ of the world to completion, establish-  
“ ing its ends in apparent confusion,  
“ and bounding the seemingly wild and  
“ profligate current of human affairs, by  
“ the barrier of immutable wisdom, has  
“ not along the vicissitudes of ages  
“ traced a character so debased by vice ;  
“ a being so hopeless, so wretched, so  
“ lost, as myself. I wish to admonish  
“ others from following my degenerate  
“ example, and when equally tried by  
“ the temptations of this world, to urge  
“ them to look beyond themselves for  
“ support—to seek for it in religion !  
“ How attractive is any study which  
“ presents us with varied objects of  
“ contemplative interest—but how much

“ more to be valued that, which renders  
“ us acquainted with ourselves ; which  
“ warns us of our danger, reproves our  
“ errors, and induces caution, before we  
“ have entered the world, and felt the  
“ afflictions by which experience is  
“ purchased. With her in the retire-  
“ ment of the closet, the gates of life  
“ are thrown open before us ; guided by  
“ her in the busy scenes of the world,  
“ we tread in safety. With philoso-  
“ phical precaution she teaches us to  
“ new model our opinions, and arms us  
“ with firmness in searching the soul  
“ through the tenor of all its ways.  
“ Before her the intricacies of the heart  
“ stand in native exposure ; the ho-  
“ nours of false reputation melt away,  
“ and the tissue of self-deception is no  
“ more. The incense of adulation once  
“ extinguished, how awful to the cor-  
“ rupt is her frown, how sweet to the  
“ virtuous her smile !

“ When arraigned before a higher tri-  
“ bunal to receive the pure and final

“decree which for ever fixes our place  
“in eternity!” . . . . .

Murray ceased to speak, yet his lips continued to move; but overpowered by emotion, he sunk upon the ground in a state of insensibility.

Such was the general feeling when he fell, that a rescue was determined on; and ere the gaoler could secure his prisoner, the keys were wrenched from his grasp, the bolts undrawn, and Murray, cold and senseless, borne from the dock. No resistance was offered, where every one desired his escape; even the benign judge looked on in silence with the secret hope that one so young, so sensible of his errors, might be rescued from immediate punishment, and spared to an age of repentance. A carriage and four horses had drawn up to the door of the court-house; the crowd pressing forward, yet looking back, announced some unusual tumult. In the carriage sat a lady closely veiled; she ordered the door to be opened, the steps to be

let down ; but ere she could inquire the cause of the confusion, Murray, still in a state of insensibility, was, by Bryan, placed by her side—clasped in her arms—and with speed that outstripped the winds, he was soon at a distance from Ballanaghiera.

“ My beloved !——brother”——sighed Mrs. Taswell, while scalding tears fell fast upon his forehead——“ are you again  
“ restored to me——but how——better  
“ to remain thus for ever than know that  
“ thy Amelia——ha——not thy Amelia,  
“ thy *sister* holds thee to her breaking  
“ heart.”



## CHAPTER XIX.

‘ Tu troverai per lo più, che coloro i quali sono a tutti cari non sono gente da svegliare in alcuno gelosia o paura.’

‘ The darlings of the world will be generally found such as excite neither jealousy nor fear.’

AMONGST the many letters which the Earl of Clanroy received upon his arrival in Dublin, was one from Mr. Jesswunt, containing proposals of marriage for Lady Eleanor: although well worded, it was couched more in the lofty form of a demand than of a request, and the whole seemed to imply a certainty of success on the part of the suitor. Why the declaration had been postponed until after their departure from Glenarm castle, caused some surprise; having revolved the matter in his own mind, the Earl first mentioned it to the Countess, and afterwards to Lady

Eleanor, prudently resolving to consult her inclination, and to allow her to decide for herself upon a matter which so immediately concerned her future happiness. But when Lady Clanroy was called to council, she was of opinion that a refusal should be at once returned, without troubling Lady Eleanor upon a subject of which she was so much too young to form any reasonable conclusion.

Obliged to yield to his determination, she stipulated that she should be permitted to state the proposal, and act as interpreter on the occasion, when she suggested that Lady Eleanor's astonishment, blushes, and hesitation, would prevent his lordship coming at the knowledge of her real sentiments ; but that she, wisely judging from what she had herself felt at gay fifteen, could understand *à demi mot* what were her daughter's wishes ; that without taking time to weigh calmly the *pour* and the *contre*, she could at half a glance pro-

nounce whether it was a thing likely to meet her concurrence or disapprobation. These particulars arranged, Lady Eleanor was summoned, and by the Countess half reproached for having allowed Mr. Jesswunt to fancy that she entertained for him a silly ~~p~~enchant, which, from compassion for her flattering weakness, had now induced him to demand her in marriage, not with the diffidence of a gentlemanly suitor, but with the authority of one whose condescension entitled him (upon descending from his stilts) to expect a grateful acquiescence.

“ And pray, child, what answer do  
“ you wish to have returned to his high  
“ mightiness? Your blushes, your hesi-  
“ tation, your tears, tell me you are not  
“ sufficiently thankful for such good-  
“ ness—pray let me acquaint his *Altesse*  
“ that with blushes of delight, and tears  
“ of extacy, you beg to acknowledge his  
“ condescension!”

“ Indeed I should be truly sorry,

“ Madam, to have any such answer returned. Mr. Jesswunt is the last I should have suspected to——”

“ To have made any such proposals—  
“ I knew it—you never gave him the  
“ most distant encouragement. In fact,  
“ I think the letter altogether intended  
“ for some one else, and by mistake addressed to my Lord ; but we wander  
“ from the point, and let me clearly understand you—Is this strange person,  
“ and still more strange suitor, to be  
“ told that you are ready to pop down  
“ upon your knees—to receive the nuptial benediction—to plight him your  
“ faith—to return with him to Kilma—  
“ what is it—Kilmashogue, to desert us  
“ —and in fine as we propose to sail on  
“ Saturday next for the head to implore  
“ him to hasten to Dublin ere we go, to  
“ receive your willing hand ; is this the  
“ burthen of what you wish to have  
“ done ?”

“ Certainly not, Madam.”

“ Well, and what then ?”

“ That I am obliged for his—— ”

“ I shall certainly say no such thing—

“ I mean, my dear, I shall convey to the

“ gentleman your answer, such as ap-

“ pears to me that you desire to have

“ sent, without alluding to the weight

“ of the *obligation* conferred upon you.

“ You may now retire,” and thus ended a conference upon which the peace of the noble generous Jesswunt depended, and which Lady Clanroy but too clearly understood, as materially affected the happiness of her only daughter. But with *maternal tenderness*, at least with such as is too frequently evinced on such occasions, the Countess had predetermined upon a matrimonial connexion for Lady Eleanor with the youthful Marquis of Cameron, who was eminent in *his way* for accomplishments unknown to the Orientalist. But even *this* consideration had not so much weight with Lady Clanroy as his happily being the son of her school-fellow and playmate ; yet the Marquis was allowed to speak

the best slang, to spit the greatest distance, to have the largest whiskers (unluckily red) and to lap up in *silver paper* with a knack peculiarly his own, any story (no matter how obscene) for the ears of his female companions ; besides all this, he was the fashion, an adept in the science of racing, and in the mysteries of the whip and *box*.

By that day's post, a polite but decisive answer was returned to Kilmoyne ; it acquainted Mr. Jesswunt that Lady Eleanor Gray was sensible of the honour he had intended her ; but which she could never accept. And with this succinct reply, the Earl felt satisfied, that had Lady Eleanor's youthful fancy imbibed a weak impress of love for the Orientalist, it was like a figure trenched in ice which with an hour's heat might lose its form. Nothing occurred to retard the departure of the Clanroy family from Dublin, and at nine o'clock on the evening of Saturday, they took possession of the state cabin in the packet,

commanded by Captain Sk—r, having purposely delayed to enjoy the pleasure of the gentlemanly attentions, by which he is so justly distinguished, and which so materially lessen to those who are under his good care the many annoyances (even upon a passage so short) too frequently to be encountered. From Gloucester the Earl repaired to London, Lady Clanroy, Lady Eleanor, and Frederic, to Clifton House. They hoped to be there joined by the Marchioness of Cameron, with whom they were to visit Cheltenham.

The morning after their arrival, a card was presented to the Countess from her uncle the Duke of Dunluce. His Grace acquainted her, that anxious to embrace the daughter of his once dearly loved sister, he had immediately upon his return from the East sought an interview with his *niece*; but informed that the family of Earl Clanroy were in Ireland, and shortly expected, he had postponed making his arrival known; that now he

would do himself the pleasure to pay an early visit at Clifton House, and desired to know had she sufficiently recovered the fatigues of her journey to admit him.

The astonishment, the pleasure this intelligence afforded to Lady Clanroy was unimaginable; she dispatched a courier express with an answer, purporting the happiness this unexpected but long-wished-for meeting would produce, lamented the absence of the Earl and of Lord Glenarm, and intreated his Grace not for a moment to delay a visit, the honour of which her younger son, the Honourable Frederic Gray, had gone in person to solicit. Busied in a variety of conjecture, to the Duke's letter she again referred; no mention was therein made of a Duchess equally desirous to embrace her niece, no family spoken of, no one named by his Grace but himself and her own family. He must have returned alone, she thought; of his being rich there was no doubt, for Hindostan



was the land of wealth. His desire to be re-united to the descendants of his sister, gave a proof of the goodness of his heart, and of his *good* intentions towards those descendants.

When the equipage drew up to the door, her bosom heaved with delight, and as the venerable old man was led through a magnificent suite of apartments to display the grandeur of the establishment to the greater advantage ; she had so far drawn upon her feelings, as to muster a few drops which she not too hastily brushed from her eyes as he fondly pressed her to his heart. Tenderly gazing upon her, he enumerated the many traits of countenance and manner wherein she resembled his departed sister, and then reverted to her family, praised Frederic as being a fine manly boy ; not so handsome as Lord Glenarm, whom he had seen in a shop in London ; but had been unaware of his identity until after he had quitted the house, and desired to see Lady Eleanor,

for he added—"I have a son, to whom  
"if she be as fair as her mother, and  
"good as fair, I wish to see her  
"united."

No further effort was necessary on the part of Lady Clanroy; tears unbidden came fast; this hated son was not only to eclipse Glenarm and usurp the ducal coronet she had so long anticipated for his brow, but was to rival Cameron: there was however some comfort in that reflection, her daughter would in time, be privileged to precede her friend. Putting the best possible face upon the matter, Lady Clanroy expressed her sense of his Grace's kind intentions, but professed that in a matter of such vital import, the inclinations of either party should be particularly consulted; adverted to the late proposals without naming Mr. Jesswunt, enlarged upon the great wealth of the suitor; but gave as the ostensible reason for her having declined the alliance, the horri-

ble prospect of a banishment to Ireland.

“ But, my dear uncle !” she continued,  
“ You speak of *one* son, have I not other  
“ equally near and equally dear rela-  
“ tives, to whom you may in time make  
“ me known ?—Is there no Duchess of  
“ Dunluce ? ——”

Starting from his seat, the Duke paced the room, his face covered with his hand, and when his visible agitation had a little subsided, he replied, “ You  
“ have, my dear niece, undesignedly  
“ touched a chord, which though pre-  
“ pared to expect, I have not yet ac-  
“ quired sufficient firmness to bear the  
“ painful vibration of—it still causes a  
“ pang of acute anguish at my heart. I  
“ had a wife, every thing the most fasti-  
“ dious could desire ; she was torn from  
“ me in youthful loveliness, and by a  
“ death too shocking to permit my ever  
“ having courage to learn the exact par-  
“ ticulars. Our daughter—was also

“snatched from us by a fate which  
“plunged us into the deepest affliction.  
“Our eldest son we had previously  
“lost. In this catalogue of misery, is  
“contained a summary of the principal  
“events of my life; at a future day  
“when my son is with me, you shall  
“hear them more in detail—at present  
“I am unequal to it.”

The Orientalist impatiently awaited the answer to his letter, and when it was actually in his hand, held it a few moments, ere he had sufficient courage to break the seal—at length he perused the contents, and not once, but fifty times over.

“Lord Clanroy has the honour to acknowledge Mr. Jesswunt’s letter of Tuesday—Is requested by Lady Eleanor Gray, with her compliments, to assure Mr. Jesswunt, that although sensible of the intended honour, it is one she can never accept.

“*Merrion Square, Thursday.*”

The coldness, the haughtiness of this reply, so unlike the suavity of the Earl, was at once traced to the real Author. Many projects were conceived, and as quickly abandoned. He would follow the Countess to Bristol, demand an explanation of the cause of his rejection. Lady Eleanor, he felt persuaded, had never been consulted, or if so, she had by her mother's frowns, been deterred from avowing a preference, if such existed. Pride came to his relief, and now he would not marry Lady Eleanor, not if Lady Clanroy were made Queen of England, Lady Eleanor heir presumptive to the throne, and the Queen upon her knee to implore the honour of his alliance. He would accept of Lord Llancharne's invitation to Hilltown. He would write to Sir Hector Mac Neal to expect him in Scotland, he would return by Cheltenham, not to see Lady Eleanor, but to show Lady Clanroy his indifference. He would remain no

longer in Britain. He would—— he knew not what he would do;—days passed, and still he remained in a state of indecision at Kilmoyne. Denied to all visitors, he led a more secluded life than ever; and whilst he flattered himself that he was perfectly calm (and reconciled to the failure of the only wish, except that of being re-united to his father, in which he had ever been defeated), he was a prey to mortification and regret. With redoubled eagerness he devoured the English news, and in the Bath Herald, a paragraph to him of much interest presented a list of fashionable arrivals at Clifton, enumerating the Clanroy family, the Duke of Dunluce, the Marchioness, the Marquis of Cameron. Some énécomiums on Lady Eleanor's beauty followed by an observation, that a treaty of marriage between a certain noble Marquis and the Earl of Clanroy for his lovely daughter was on the *tapis*.

Ordering arrangements to be made

for his immediate departure, the Orientalist in one hour was upon the road to Dublin, and in due time arrived at Clifton. At the Gloucester Hotel, he inquired what persons of distinction were in the house, and being informed, that amongst a number of fashionables, the Duke of Dunluce had there taken up his abode, he wrote the following note, and sent it by Marmont to his Grace.

“Will the Duke of Dunluce admit to an interview a native of Hindostan, from the fortress of Bhurtpore? .

“STUART, son to JEHANARA.”

“My son, my beloved son,” was exclaimed by a voice on the landing place, and in another moment Jesswunt was in the arms of the Duke of Dunluce, and pressed to the bosom of a father!

Hours elapsed before either were sufficiently collected to recount the particulars of which each wished to be informed; Jesswunt spoke of his grandfather, of all his kindness, of his last moments, wherein Runjeet Singh had be-

queathed not only his pardon, but his blessing to the Duke; lamented they had not been better known to each other, and deplored his death, and that of Mr. Macdonald, as evils irreparable. When he adverted to their voyage down the Ganges, and described the horror with which at Bhurtpore they had ascertained the melancholy fate of his mother, the Duke relapsed into a paroxysm of grief. Inquiring for his sister, Mr. Jesswunt, now the acknowledged Marquis of Dalkeith, learned that his mother, fearful of her daughter being also claimed by her father Runjeet Singh, and brought up an infidel, had upon her birth kept that event a profound secret; and when the baby was about two years of age, had intrusted her to an old Hindoo, with letters of introduction to a family in England, to whom she was to deliver the child; that a sufficient retinue of servants had attended her laden with costly presents, amongst others a casket of the richest jewels, containing also



two miniatures on ivory, but unset; one of Jehânara, the other of the Duke, and packets of letters from each, to the Duke's sister, imploring her to receive and cherish their opening rose bud, to have her instructed in every lady-like accomplishment, but above all to make religion the basis of the structure. The Duke had attended them in person to the water's edge, and there with feelings not to be described, had seen the barge rowed from the shore in which his little treasure was conveyed to the vessel then about to sail for Europe.

Many months, years passed, and no account from his sister or from his child ever reached him; his Jehânara had presented him with two more boys, but her anxiety to hear from England impaired her health; she was advised to try change of air, and they all removed from Allahabad to Monghir. Shortly after her arrival there, a Mahâ-jan or merchant, lately returned from Calcutta, had exposed for sale a variety

of curious foreign goods, and the duke wishing to purchase some articles for his Jehânara repaired to the river side where the boat lay; but scarcely had he entered it, when the features of the Mahâjan became convulsed, and in him the duke recognized Heraloll, the confidential domestic to whom the charge of his lovely babe had been committed. His seeming wealth—his sudden illness—all conspired to rouse suspicion; the duke had him seized, confined, and upon his examination he confessed that the fleet in which they had sailed, had safely arrived at Gravesend; that immediate inquiry had been made for the lady to whom their letters were addressed, but that on account of her death they were at a loss how to act; that by chance they had learned the lady had left one daughter now married to some nobleman, and that upon a consultation it was resolved to convey the child and letters to this nobleman, but that one of

the domestics had deserted them, and either returned home or remained concealed in London; that the old and faithful Hindoo had never for a moment lost sight of her nursling or the casket; that at Marlborough, the other servant taking with him every thing portable had absconded; and that, persuaded by a person whom he had hired by way of guide, Heraloll had in an evil moment consented and planned to plunder the Ayah of the casket; and as she understood but little English, there was no fear of her being able to make any discovery. With this design, a driver, on whom they could depend, had been engaged; and upon the nearest common they deliberately stopped, forced the terrified Ayah, with the child clasped in her arms, to quit the carriage, demanded the casket, which being stoutly refused, they all fell upon her, and with savage cruelty, beat her until she relinquished the treasure, with which they

re-entered the vehicle and speedily drove off, leaving the innocent helpless babe and her faithful nurse upon the common, further he could not tell; or whether either of them had survived the alarm, or perished from the injuries they had sustained. Without apprising the duchess of such heart-rending intelligence, the duke removed to the fort of Hattrass, and placed his Jehânara under the protection of her maternal uncle, the Rajah Dia Raw;—then repaired himself to Europe, and by the confession of Heraloll traced the party to the Downs, near Clifton, where he lost the track, and could gain no further account of his unfortunate daughter or her attendant. From thence he proposed to visit London to seek out Mr. Hammersby; but by a vessel which had sailed from Bengal, subsequent to that in which he had arrived, came the dreadful account of the blowing up of the magazine at Hattrass, by which so many unfortunates had perished, and

with others his Jehânara and her two sons. The storm of fate had appeared with inexorable rigour to have pursued him from his cradle, and in this last misfortune to have wrecked all his earthly hopes. A brain fever was the consequence, and on his recovery all thoughts of making out his sister's family vanished. He returned sorrowing to India, where he found the sad intelligence he had received, but too correct.

The Rajah having refused the terms which had been offered to him, the enemy had stormed the fort. In the surrounding ditch of thirty feet in depth and of as many in breadth, they formed no inconsiderable obstacle, but their shells and mortars had been thrown with such success, that the cutwal (governor or chief man of the town) accompanied by the Rajah's vakeel (or ambassador) had announced to their enemies that the kuttrah or town outside of the fort was evacuated, and that the inhabitants

had retired into the fortress. In consequence of which, the besiegers entered the kuttrah, where a scene of much desolation presented itself. Houses filled with spice, silks, cotton, and other property of immense value, were unresistingly plundered. The costly manufactures of Benares; gold and silver kinkobs, rich turbans, and hummerhands, mingled with the beautiful silver and gold muslins of Dacca lay strewn through the streets, and in many places were buried rupees to a considerable amount.

The cannonade had been tremendous, and the enemy still continued to throw their shells into the fort, when just before sun set, the grandest scene imaginable took place in the blowing up of the magazine by which the unhappy Jehânara perished. A tremendous crash was followed by a column of dust, raised to a height of upwards of five hundred yards, so dense and large, that it appeared as though the whole fort had been lifted into the air, where the

column continued collected for more than a quarter of an hour before it dispersed, when human bodies and those of horses were clearly seen to descend, some whole, others shattered and mangled in a manner most horrible. The shock caused by the explosion was like that of an earthquake, and it had evidently shaken their bastions. Had it not been for the injury sustained by the unfortunate inmates, it was a beautiful and truly grand sight to behold forty mortars at once playing upon the fort; yet not one shot was returned until evening, when a few from matchlocks and jinjals were directed against the enemy. At ten o'clock, the fort was discovered to be on fire in two or three different places.

Dia Raw, and about thirty followers, had taken advantage of the darkness of the night to quit the fort, and being dressed and mounted like the irregular cavalry of their enemies, had by them been mistaken for their own patrols,

and been suffered to pass their advanced guards without molestation. The fort was taken next day with but little resistance.

The Rajah reached Bhurtpore in safety, from whom the duke had heard these disastrous particulars; his son Stuart was now his only remaining stay in this world, and when able to undertake the journey, the duke had repaired to Bhurtpore; but as if it were decreed that disappointment should in every undertaking of his life attend him, he there learnt the death of Mr. Macdonald, the illness of Stuart, and of his departure for Europe.

Frantic at being circumvented in his hopes of regaining his son, the duke returned to England; but without any clue by which to discover that son, yet he still fondly cherished the romantic vision that they might meet when least expected. He was his constant theme, and at the moment Jesswunt's note was put into his hands, was consulting with



a friend upon the best measures to pursue for the accomplishment of his desires. The Clanroy family were forgotten equally by the duke and his son for some days; even Lady Eleanor's image had not intruded on Dalkeith: his every thought had been devoted to his father. In recapitulating events, which since his arrival in England had occurred to him, the Marquis adverted to his expedition to Ireland, and with it came the remembrance of Lady Eleanor. To his father he spoke of her with the enthusiasm natural to his character, but described his mortifying rejection, and concluded by vowing to lead a life of celibacy.

In return, the duke apprized him of his own views; but to enhance his pleasure at the certainty of being accepted without incurring the fear of a second refusal, proposed to wait himself upon the young lady, whom he described as very beautiful, very gentle, but rather inanimate; and as the Marchioness of Ca-

meron was that evening to give a concert, he insisted on Dalkeith's being there presented to his newly found relative. In an arrangement which seemed to afford so much pleasure to his father, Dalkeith could not but coincide, premising that should the lady destined for his bride not appear to him calculated to make him happy, his father would not urge an alliance, which in the present state of his heart might destroy him.

Their conference was interrupted by the Marquis of Cameron; and taking this opportunity, the duke repaired to Clifton House, there to announce the arrival of his son, and to prepare Lady Eleanor to receive him with a favourable impression.

"Shall you stay long at Clifton?" inquired the Marquis of Cameron.

"I hope not," returned Dalkeith.

"Have you seen the Olanroys since you came?" \*

"No, my lord."

“ Ha—I wished to have had your  
“ opinion of that piece of still life, Lady  
“ Eleanor Gray. She is one of your  
“ *good* characters, rather tall; yet criti-  
“ cally proportioned; she makes the  
“ *frais* of our parties here; but I think  
“ wants *tact*—nature has done much for  
“ her, and has as successfully effected  
“ what Apelles by a collection of fea-  
“ tures tried to form.”

“ A perfect face?”

“ Yes—though like his statue, she  
“ requires a something still—animation;  
“ she is almost—insipid. How do you  
“ contrive to kill time here?”

“ I have been but too happy since  
“ my arrival to be driven to any such  
“ necessity.”

“ Ha—are you fond of the turf—  
“ what stud have you here, pray?”

“ None—from Ireland I came with  
“ such expedition to meet my father,  
“ that I travelled post; should he return  
“ with me to Kilmoyne, where I chiefly  
“ reside, I shall there be most happy to

“ see your lordship, and to show you  
“ some fine Arabians.”

“ Thank you— you are very good—  
“ in Ireland I never have been, and pos-  
“ sibly never may—I don’t know how it  
“ is, but we are not much in love with  
“ your sham-rogues—eh—have I mis-  
“ called them? they are, I believe, for  
“ the greater part, real knaves of Ire-  
“ land. Lady Clanroy says, the only  
“ thing she found to admire was the  
“ wind—constantly fair for England,  
“ and ever at your command to waft  
“ you from her comfortless shores; but  
“ you are an Irishman by choice—pray  
“ do not spare the thistle.”

“ I am myself by descent a Scots-  
“ man, and may not handle it roughly—  
“ though in common with so many of  
“ that nation, I have like their thistle  
“ down, taken root in a different soil.”

“ Ha—that is not bad—we flourish  
“ better from home you think—eh—?  
“ You read much I presume,” was  
added by the Marquis of Cameron,

while he calmly surveyed a number of new publications at a respectful distance—"Are you bookish?"

"Not absolutely a book worm, but I am particularly fond of reading."

"And pray what do you study—tell me first, is Lady Clanroy's representation of Ireland correct?"

"I may be mistaken in the opinions I have formed of the country, of the inhabitants; but to the annalist of future days, if I am not much deceived, may devolve the task of enrolling her name in the records of nations, when describing her sons, through indigenous ability, towering brighter from every depression. My conclusions are drawn from the enlightened ornaments of her pulpit, her bar, simply emanating from the pure spirit of unpatronized exertion; they have established for themselves a character in which whatever is exalted, eloquent, sapient, and noble are incorporated."

“ Ha—do they all speak as well of  
“ themselves, pray?”

“ I may be partial; yet when I hear  
“ of her having been illiberally attacked  
“ by prejudiced persons, her sons slan-  
“ dered, and undeserved obloquy cast  
“ upon herself and them, I cannot but  
“ feel, that as one of their chosen repre-  
“ sentatives I should betray my trust,  
“ were I to remain mute, when they are  
“ maligned; besides inclination prompts  
“ me to attempt their vindication—”

“ Ha—very good—you are honest—  
“ eh—you had great fun (Glenarm told  
“ me) at the election—all to do over  
“ again—eh—you will not take a seat in  
“ the lower house. What books are  
“ those?—Have you an army list?—  
“ What’s here?”

And the latest number of the ‘ Edin-  
burgh Review ’—‘ De Stael on Litera-  
ture ’—‘ Travels in Greece ’—‘ Voyage  
from Calcutta, with an account of Pulo  
Pinang, the port of Gueda, and present  
state of Atcheen ’—together with ‘ Bu-

chanan's Asiatic Researches,' severally underwent inspection.

"Are any of those works adapted to your taste?" inquired Dalkeith.

"No—I seldom read; I have not time; now and then I take a peep into the red book, and consult Hope on diseases in my dogs. Have you seen Beckford's Hare and Fox Hunting? Do you read the Racing Calender?—Can you recommend me a good Farriery? I have quarrelled with Solleysel—sometimes I study De Brett's Peerage—you must know I pique myself upon a distant relationship with your Lordship—eh—"

You do me infinite honour! was expected, but a silent bow was alone returned, whilst Dalkeith mentally observed, and this—this is the destined husband of Eleanor Gray!—

"Morning is the worst of this place," resumed Cameron, "such ghastly spectres hover about the parades, that at every step you are presented with a

“ memento mori. Do you ever shake  
“ your elbow to banish thought?” He  
produced a handful of bank notes, and  
a curiously wrought gold box with  
dice.

“ I am come straight from my bank-  
“ ers, and feel this an incumbrance in  
“ my pocket,” said he, laying the notes  
on the table. “ What say you, the en-  
“ tire, or nothing against Kilmoyne and  
“ your Arabians?”

“ My Lord, I never play.”

“ What, not play?”

“ Never,” gravely repeated Dalkeith,  
whilst in his mind’s eye a perspective  
of Kilmoyne groves waved luxuriantly,  
and his piebald favourites cropt the  
verdant sward.

“ Ha, you are right, ’tis but vege-  
“ tating; you know nothing of life with-  
“ out play. Play gives a zest to the  
“ whole; without it, what an unmean-  
“ ing round of tiresome sameness should  
“ we be condemned to endure. You  
“ seem quick, let me tutor you; but I



“ shall not promise to make you quite  
“ as knowing as myself; here take  
“ the box.”

“ Excuse me, Marquis; I not only  
“ never have played, but I never will;  
“ it is a point upon which my mind is  
“ completely made up—I——”

“ A truce, I pray you, to lachrymose  
“ morality—I am off—there is a sort of  
“ double refinement in the tone of your  
“ mind, Marquis, which *au prix* of mine  
“ leaves me sadly distanced. However,  
“ we must be friends. You are just  
“ the *Cavaliere Servénte* I should covet  
“ for my *prometheana*. You come to us  
“ to-night, do you not? The Clanroys  
“ are invited; I shall myself present you  
“ to my intended, but not a word of the  
“ match. Papa has not yet been con-  
“ sulted, and *sans son aveu*, I have no  
“ chance——”

“ But have you no apprehensions  
“ from the Lady—may she not——”

“ Not what?—She dare not refuse  
“ me—I should *cut* her. There is no

“ in England a woman could afford to  
“ risk my displeasure, and hitherto  
“ the language of denial is unknown to  
“ me. You are so accustomed to the  
“ briary fence of Irish reserve, that you  
“ will require a few lessons from me,  
“ before you may venture to feel your  
“ way here; yet I do not say, that I  
“ positively will become your preceptor;  
“ you declined my instructions already,  
“ better not volunteer a second time—  
“ eh—”

Again a silent bow was, by the Marquis of Cameron, translated into—such tuition would do me infinite honour.

## CHAPTER XX.

‘ *Così va ’l mondo ! Proponi quel che vuoi, molto più agevole è trovar ragioni per non fare che per fare.*’

‘ Such is life, that whatsoever is proposed, it is much easier to find reasons for rejecting than embracing.’

FROM Clifton-house, the Duke returned in high spirits ; and whilst neither party understood, that the rejected Jesswunt was the accepted Marquis of Dalkeith, or the Lady Eleanor Gray the intended wife, they all prepared to meet in the evening, but with feelings how dissonant. “ You look grave, my dear boy,” observed the Duke, “ and “ you have nothing to fear—take a ride “ —chase this gloom—for happy, lively, “ and agreeable, you must be this evening—I have undertaken *so* much for “ you; the rest you will be desirous to “ accomplish for yourself.”

Horses being ordered by his father's desire, Dalkeith took the road to Clifton-house; it was mere accident; and wholly engrossed by his own ideas, he observed not the coming storm; on the downs a heavy thunder shower, with lightning first roused him—he applied to the groom, a native of the place, for advice as to shelter, and was informed, that to the right there was a cottage farther on, in which they might remain until the storm abated. They found no difficulty in gaining admission, but were wet through, ere they could reach it. “ May “ I beg permission to dry my coat,” inquired Dalkeith, whilst the inmates of the cottage throwing open a door, showed a neat clean room, the floor of which was nicely sanded; they prayed him to enter—whilst he stood at the fire-place, many little prints in simple cases, neatly arranged above the mantelpiece, afforded him amusement; but some better done than others, claimed more of his attention than the rest.

Are those real miniatures, he inquired, or fancy pieces, reaching with his whip to some above the others.

“Likenesses, Sir—that we got from  
“a pedlar woman.”

“May I have a nearer view of them?”

“Oh, with pleasure, Sir;” and one of them was taken down for his inspection.

“Surely I know these features,” he exclaimed; “yet, who can it be? Have  
“you had this picture long?”

“Above sixteen years, Sir.”

“It is very singular, but it bears a resemblance so striking to a Lady I  
“know in Ireland, that if you will part  
“with it, I will buy it.”

“I would not like to part with it,  
“Sir; the frame cost me five shillings;  
“besides, taking it down would spoil  
“the regularity of the remainder.”

“I neither want the frame, nor to  
“destroy the uniformity of the business,  
“my good dame; but the picture  
“must, and will have; here is a gui-

“ nea for your frame, which to-morrow  
“ shall be returned to you with another,  
“ and a prettier face if possible to be  
“ procured at Clifton—will that satisfy  
“ you?”

And with his purchase, Dalkeith returned to the Gloucester Hotel. His father had been in misery from the moment the storm commenced, but his son's safety now banished fear.

“ Behold the purchase I have made,” cried Dalkeith, taking the picture from his pocket; “ this I intend to have well  
“ copied for a friend in Ireland; the  
“ Viscount Llancharne, whose lady I  
“ could almost have sworn, had sat for  
“ the original.”

“ Merciful Providence, my Jehânara,” exclaimed the Duke.

“ She must be my sister,” exclaimed Dalkeith, “ I always felt a brother's  
“ love for her, and she was found on the  
“ Downs, near Clifton.”

A carriage was immediately ordered; the engagement to the Marchioness of

Cameron forgotten, and the father and son in a few moments, on their way to the cottage; the inhabitants confessed, that about sixteen or seventeen years past, a black woman and beautiful child had come there begging; that as she could not speak English, and showed them by signs, that she had been robbed, and severely beaten, they from compassion had taken her in; but the poor-rates being sufficiently heavy, they had on finding she had no money, nor no idea of quitting them, taken her clothes in part payment of the expence she had created to them, and also the pictures which she appeared to think of greater value than gold; and had in exchange given her a more suitable dress, for a mendicant, and turned her out to beg her way home to India, giving her some bread and a bottle of milk for the child. That in two or three days they lamented their treatment of the poor wretch, and followed the road she had taken; but at the moment they came up, a grand car-

riage with many servants had passed on, first ordering decent burial for the poor woman who had just expired, and the child to be removed to a better place than ever they could have done; and being interrogated as to the name of these Samaritans, mentioned the Lady Clanroy; a shriek of delight escaped the Duke, as he reminded Dalkeith of their engagement to the Marchioness, and upon their return, learned from his son how that Lady Llancharne, whom he entertained not the slightest doubt was his long lost daughter had been nurtured, educated, introduced to the world by Lady Clanroy, and finally married to her nephew. So great was his impatience to ascertain every particular relating to that event, that he hardly waited to give time for the arrival of the Countess at Clifton; but hurried to the Marchioness of Cameron's, desiring Dalkeith to follow him with every possible expedition. That his son had been acquainted with the Clanroys, and the



## THE ORIENTALIST.

being he fervently prayed to prove his daughter, there was no doubt; yet as the Duke had been apprised of Dalkeith's promise, and reasons for retaining the name of Jesswunt, he knew they were ignorant of his affinity to them, and he also knew, that being unacquainted with the rank or title of any of his connections, Dalkeith had no suspicion that the relatives of whom he had heard were the Clanroys.

On producing the picture, and comparing dates and circumstances, Lady Clanroy was clearly of opinion that her *élève* was none other than the anxiously sought for daughter of her uncle, and congratulating him that he had still such ties to bind him to existence, the Countess promised to write by the next post, to request Lady Llancharne's presence in England, without assigning her reasons, and at the same time to disclose them fully to her nephew, in order that he might prepare her for the extatic surprise which awaited her; when her

uncle was sufficiently composed to re-enter the concert-room, they returned, and to her inexpressible astonishment and displeasure, the first person she recognized arm in arm with the Marquis of Cameron, was the slighted Jesswunt; not desponding, not heart broken, not like a love sick swain, dejected and drooping, but animated, smiling dignified, and conversing with an ease which at once bespoke *l'homme sans peur et sans reproche*. She thought he recognized her for Cameron, hastily looked round, and as quickly averting his eyes, returned some answer to the preceding question, which produced a still more animated smile. Her glance of scorn was returned by one of total indifference; can it be possible that he forgets me, she asked herself, and addressing her uncle, inquired where was her cousin, hoping in the introduction to Dalkeith, a pretence for escaping all recognition on either side with the Orientalist.

Sir Edmond Harleigh advanced, and accosting the Duke, asserted, that if the Marquis of Dalkeith were not son to his Grace, he should at once pronounce him the finest man in England. “ But where “ is he?” inquired Lady Clanroy; “ I “ have been looking out for him all the “ evening. He is quite a truant; I “ verily believe I must be cross, which “ would be rather unkind.

“ Behold the Marquis,” returned Sir Edmond, and looking in the same direction, still the figure of Jesswunt presented itself, and at the same moment she was familiarly saluted by Cameron; they advanced; the Duke had previously left her in search of his son.

“ Give some account of yourself Lady “ Clanroy,” observed her favourite. “ Where have you been for the last hour “ —closeted, and with—oh! (but slander is so brief I would not countenance the rumour)—with a certain “ nobleman—eh! how happy are some “ men—not a woman in England could

“ cross a field or a ball-room with me—  
“ and yet it is all in fancy and the name—  
“ Heaven knows, I am not naturally  
“ given to gallantry—but rank or file—  
“ they are singled if once known to in-  
“ dulse me with a moment; why I am  
“ so unfortunate I should be at a loss  
“ to conjecture, were it not for their jea-  
“ lousy of each other, and for that of  
“ the men, yet my code has ever been,  
“ that not the name, but the detection  
“ is to be avoided; prudence is a ca-  
“ pital feature in a woman; but whilst  
“ they accuse us of boasting, they rarely  
“ keep their own secret—eh!”

“ You draw a flattering portrait of the  
“ sex, Marquis;” she returned, accom-  
panied by a smile, with which such  
speeches are too frequently encouraged.

“ Ha!—I never flatter—I have been  
“ speaking to Lady Eleanor Gray this  
“ moment for your Ladyship, and  
“ should certainly commit myself again,  
“ but that I perceive there is a differ-  
“ ence; now is that flattery—eh?”

“ My answer may a good deal depend  
“ upon, in what that difference may be  
“ said to consist—some fifty or sixty  
“ summers—perhaps, or as many wrin-  
“ kles—”

“ *The* difference is, you wear rubies  
“ to-night, Lady Eleanor flowers; I find  
“ her Ladyship and Dalkeith are old  
“ friends—He is a fine fellow—but deep  
“ —something starched, eh!—turn round  
“ and defend yourself,” here, he added,  
“ Lady Clanroy says you are sly—  
“ I have had a capital run of luck for  
“ the last month, and could your Lady-  
“ ship credit it, my friend here would  
“ have risked Kilmoyne and his Ara-  
“ bians against my seventy-five thou-  
“ sand pounds or nothing—eh! Mar-  
“ quis—”

Marquis, Kilmoyne, Dalkeith, Jess-  
wunt, repeated the Countess to herself,  
during the last speech, and then half  
aloud,

“ Pray, my Lord, who is the gentle-  
“ tleman you call your friend?”

“ You are always captivating,” was the answer ; “ but this night, Lady Clanroy, “ you are more bewitching than ever. “ Don’t you know your new cousin, “ Dalkeith ; I brought him up for the “ purpose of presenting him to your “ Ladyship, but your beauties have bewildered me, ha ! do not frown so ; “ and yet I do not know, through every “ change of countenance, your’s presents but the greater variety of charms ; “ you smile again, and I am undone— “ eh !”

Making no effort to restrain a smile called forth by a *tirade* of gallantry, pronounced with perfect indifference, and heard with equal composure, the Orientalist distantly returned the forced courtesy of Lady Clanroy.

“ You have been a stranger at Clifton-house since your arrival in England,” observed the Countess—“ We shall see “ you more frequently I hope when “ your *sister* is with us ; I expect my “ nephew and Lady Llancharne as

“speedily as winds and waves may  
“permit.”

“Ha! they are sure of a fair wind—  
“eh!”

The mention of his sister brought with it, the recollection of all Lady Clanroy's kindness to that sister's unprotected infancy, and an act of oblivion to herself for all the *hauteur* he had experienced at her hands. The Countess had calculated upon the effect it might produce in his generous mind, and without being *difficulted* (to borrow her Ladyship's favourite phrase) from her late coldness, now condescendingly added—“My uncle prepared me to  
“meet an Adonis here to-night in his  
“darling son, little imagining that I  
“should in him discover an old *friend*;  
“but where all this time is the Mar-  
“chioness and Lady Eleanor?”

“Will you have a limb—eh?”

“Certainly not, Marquis, while the  
“fear of being ‘*singed*’ is so fresh in  
“my memory,” returned the Countess,

with a smile which conveyed the assurance of his being irresistible in the eyes of the world. Then with a searching glance around, she summoned a reinforcement of dimples to play upon the battery of Dalkeith's memory, which as she intended brought an immediate offer of his arm. "There is no crossing a ball-room with some men, Marquis," was added by way of palliative, for giving a preference so marked to her relative.

"Ha! that is all flim-flam, Lady Clanroy; this is no ball-room, and had it been, your known cruelty would have been *my* protection—eh!" and turning on his heel, *the* Cameron was in another moment deeply engaged in conversation with a very beautiful young married woman, to whom his marked attention had already given rise to surmises, that ere long, the gentlemen of the long robe, might be called upon to say how far in an estate instituted in man's innocence, a usurper might invade



those rights of *worship*, which in such primeval days had been considered a husband's exclusive privilege.

Scarcely trusting the evidence of her senses, Lady Eleanor beheld her mother advancing with Dalkeith, to whom she had been previously introduced; they seemed engrossed by some topic equally interesting; and whilst the countenance of the Orientalist glowed with the most animated expression, he caught the passive hand reclining on his arm, and pressed it with apparent fervour; what could have excited the transport, had he renewed his addresses in a less questionable shape, and was he authorized to speak upon the subject to herself. They drew near, and with the Duke of Dunluce, formed a little group, rather apart from the company; the Countess still conversed with Dalkeith.

“Have I fulfilled my promise?” demanded the Duke; “does my darling “boy equal your expectations, Lady “Eleanor? or had I excited more than

“ he deserved; look at him, is he not  
“ the happy, lively, and *agrecable* being  
“ (if we may judge from the counte-  
“ nance of my niece) whom I prepared  
“ you to expect? answer me one more  
“ question, and I have done. Is he a  
“ man (if divested of rank or fortune)  
“ with whom you could live happily?  
“ answer me truly, for I have not many  
“ years, perhaps hours for maidenly  
“ modesty.”

To evade the direct acknowledgment, Lady Eleanor entered into an explanation of their acquaintance with Dalkeith in Ireland, as Mr. Jesswunt, and led on by the seeming interest the Duke evinced, she described (but touching it lightly) his former proposals and the result. He became agitated, and when she ceased, observed—

“ *I* pardoned my sister, *her* (Lady  
“ Clanroy’s) *mother*, for degrading her  
“ family by a marriage with a mush-  
“ room. *She* (Lady Clanroy) would not  
“ listen to my son, because, relying

“ upon his own merits, he disclosed not  
“ the rank to which he was entitled,  
“ and, with cutting disdain, *she* dis-  
“ carded him. Farewell, Lady Elea-  
“ nor—may you be happy. Dalkeith,”  
he continued, “ I am unwell ; see that  
“ the carriage be ready ;” and whilst  
the Orientalist had flown to obey his  
father’s slightest wish, the Duke ap-  
proached Lady Clanroy, and said  
haughtily—

“ I shall not trouble your Ladyship  
“ to write to Ireland ; I leave Clifton  
“ with sun rise. Before I go, permit  
“ me to say, Madam, that as my views  
“ for my son have undergone an utter  
“ revolution, I beg to withdraw *my* pro-  
“ posals for an union with Lady Eleanor  
“ Gray. When Stuart Jesswunt was by  
“ Lady Clanroy calmly consigned to a  
“ life of sorrow, of disappointed hope,  
“ she cannot wonder if the spirit of  
“ Dunluce disdains to ‘accept an *honour*’  
“ which the Marquis of Dalkeith ought  
“ not now to crave.”

And taking his son’s arm, who re-

turned to say the servants were in waiting, the Duke abruptly departed with deeper traces of indisposition in his countenance, than he had permitted himself to own. In his anxiety for his father, Dalkeith observed not Lady Eleanor's death-like paleness, nor the bursting vexation of the Countess. Complaining of heat, Lady Eleanor was speedily conveyed to another apartment; and from thence in a state of alarming agitation to Clifton House; and although her illness increased visibly, Lady Clanroy calmly gave orders for the travelling carriage to be prepared; and having argued Lady Eleanor into the necessity for an immediate removal, at nearly the same hour in the morning were the Countess with Frederic and Lady Eleanor on their journey to London, and the Duke and Dalkeith upon the road to Ireland!

*Note referred to in p. 146.*

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